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THE
Lyceum Manual

A COMPENDIUM OF PHYSICAL, MORAL, AND
SPIRITUAL EXERCISES

FOR USE IN

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS

CONNECTED WITH

British Spiritualists' Societies
and Kindred Bodies.

COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES BY

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN, ALFRED KITSON
AND H. A. KERSEY.

"Oh, comrades, look backward no longer,
The false must give place to the true;
The fruit that hath ripened and fallen,
Gives place to the bloom of the new."

TENTH (CHILDREN'S) EDITION.

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1914

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

PREFACE.

THIS Manual is designed to be a thoroughly practical work, inculcating the leading ideas of the Progressive and Spiritual Teachings of the day.

The Music (both Sol-fa and Old Notation) for the Lyceum Songs, Musical Readings, &c., in this Manual, will be found in "THE SPIRITUAL SONGSTER"; the page for each is given immediately under the title of each song, &c.; similar references are given to many of the S.C. Recitations which are set to Music, and can thus be utilised as additional Songs.

The Compilers desire to acknowledge their indebtedness to the various Authors and Publishers from whose rich store they have gathered so many bright gems, and especially to those from whom permission had to be obtained, and who so readily granted it. Alterations have been made in some of the originals in order to adapt them to the design of this work; this is frankly admitted here, that no one may regard the Authors as responsible for the few variations which will be found occasionally introduced into their compositions.

This work is a labour of love, with the earnest desire that it may aid in the promulgation of Truth and the Spiritual unfoldment of Humanity.

THE COMPILERS.

ADDENDA:

THE Executive of the British Spiritualists' Lyceum Union, in issuing the tenth edition, beg to tender their grateful thanks to Mr. H. A. KERSEY, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for his generous gift of *The Lyceum Manual* and *The Spiritual Songster* to the Union, and sincerely hope that his earnest desire to thus benefit the Lyceum movement will be fully realised. They also feel deeply sensible of the great trust they have received on behalf of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and will do all in their power faithfully to discharge the same.

ALBERT WILKINSON, PRESIDENT.
ALFRED KITSON, SECRETARY.

The Progressive Lyceum.

OFFICERS.

A Conductor, a Guardian of Groups, a Leader for each Group, a Captain of Guards, and two or more Guards, a Musical Director, a Librarian, a Secretary, and a Treasurer. Assistant Officers can be appointed if required.

LYCEUM.

The members should be divided into six to twelve Groups, each to contain not more than twelve members. Each Group should be represented by a Banner inscribed with the name of the Group, or representation thereof. Members should wear small badges of the colour of the Group to which they belong; for colour of Groups teaching the progressive idea see "A. J. Davis' Lyceum Manual."

The Leaders take charge of each Group, and wear a badge the colour, or bearing the name, or representation of their Group.

Badges of a distinctive colour, or bearing the name or representation of the office, should be provided for all Officers, and which they should wear during the session.

For the duties of Officers see "The Lyceum Constitution," given in this work.

The duty of the Captain and his Guards is: To take charge of the Banners, Badges, and other property of the Lyceum; clearing the hall for the exercises; arranging the seats for the Groups, &c.; to receive Visitors and seat them, as well as to patrol the Hall, and keep order generally, both in the Hall and in the ante-rooms.

In order to obtain as much space as possible for the Marching and Calisthenics, the Guards should clear a large space in front of the rostrum, and place sufficient seats around three sides of it to accommodate the whole Lyceum; the spare seats should be stored out of the way and yet be readily at hand when needed.

THE BELL.

A spring-bell is indispensable in the Lyceum. It not only calls to order, but its silvery tone is the easiest method of preserving it, and its signals the most readily given and understood. The following are the signals:—

One stroke of the Bell is the signal for order.

Two strokes of the Bell calls all Officers to stand up.

Three strokes of the Bell calls all to stand up.

Four strokes of the Bell calls all to be seated.

Five strokes of the Bell dismisses the Lyceum.

PROGRAMME.

LYCEUM SESSION.

As the Officers and Members assemble, they should, after depositing hats, etc., in the ante-rooms, seat themselves in their proper places; the Guardian of Groups at the head, and the Leaders at distances apart sufficient to accommodate their respective Groups; the Guards should be ready with the Banners, Badges, Books, &c.

Leaders should take the names of new members, report them to the Guardian, who will enter them on the register, and issue them tickets of membership.

The Conductor presides, announces the order of exercises, and superintends the whole session. The leading member of the Group should carry the Banner, and this privilege is often highly esteemed, and can be made a reward for early attendance, or the members can take it in turn if preferred.

PROGRAMME.

1. DISTRIBUTION OF BADGES, etc.

At the appointed time for commencing, the Conductor gives one stroke on his bell, signifying that the session has commenced; he then instructs the Guards to distribute the Banners, Badges, Books, &c.

2. OPENING HYMN.

Members shall stand whilst singing: three strokes on the bell calls all to stand up.

3. INVOCATION.

The Conductor should deliver the Invocation, or the Lyceum may repeat a short prayer sentence by sentence; at the conclusion four bells signals all to be seated.

4. CALLING THE ROLL.

The Guardian shall call the roll of officers and mark their attendance in the book; the Leaders then call the rolls of their respective Groups and mark their attendance in the Group Books, or on the Star Cards of Membership if preferred.

5. SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

These consist of rhythmical poems of an instructive and devotional nature. The lines either singly or in clusters, according to the sense, should alternate between the Conductor and the entire Lyceum, including Officers. The Lyceum sits during the Silver Chain Recitations.

6. MUSICAL READING.

Members sing the verses as they occur, and the Conductor or one of the Members reads the other portion between them; stand whilst singing.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

7. GOLDEN CHAIN RECITATIONS.

These consist of questions and answers, or short sentences, on some spiritual, moral, or instructive subject read alternately by the Conductor and the whole Lyceum.

8. RECITATIONS, SINGING, etc., BY INDIVIDUALS.

Recitations, select Readings, appropriate Songs, Duets, etc., by Officers and Members. The Conductor should frequently dwell on the importance of this part of the programme, urging all to be active units in the Lyceum; this will draw out the talents of all, and prepare them for more public work. However simple the contributions of the minor groups may be, they should be encouraged and gradually led upwards. (See Remark No. 4.)

9. COMMITTING A VERSE TO MEMORY.

In the early days of a new Lyceum these should be Hymns which can be marched to, so that the Members may sing whilst marching; when sufficient of these have been learned, any hymn or poem of a cheerful and lively nature may be so dealt with; the addition of a marching song occasionally will give zest to the whole.

10. MARCHING.

Two strokes of the bell calls the Officers to stand up, when they quietly take their places at the head, behind the Guardian of Groups, who leads the Lyceum in marching in single file, counter marching, double ranks, chain-march, etc., etc., the Conductor reserving the Guards at pleasure to assist in maintaining order. Three strokes of the bell calls all to stand up, the Conductor gives the command to "mark time," and counts 1, 2, 3, 4; at 2 all lift the left foot, moving it slightly forward, and replace it when he says 3; the right foot is put through the same motions, and replaced at 4; the Musical Director strikes up some marching tune, and when all are in uniform time the Conductor gives the command "right turn," and all turn to follow the Guardian of Groups.

When the Banners are only used during the Marching, the Guards hand them to the leading members of the groups as they march past the rostrum; in either case they collect them on forming into double ranks for the Chain-March, or previous to Calisthenics. (See Remarks Nos. 1, 2, and 3.)

11. CALISTHENICS.

In order to assume position for Calisthenics, it should be previously ascertained how many the hall will accommodate at full arm's length across—let us say it will accommodate six; on the conclusion of the marching the Lyceum falls into single file as they march round the hall, the leading six take up their extended position across the hall at sufficient distance from the rostrum and face towards it; the seventh will lead the next six in front of these: the thirteenth his six in front of these and so on until all are arranged in front of the rostrum, the least being in front. The Calisthenic exercises

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Officers should, by example, teach the beautiful rules of courtesy, be kind and respectful to each other, assist in keeping order and obeying the rules adopted. Be patient, but firm, with children, so that if possible you may be better able to counteract any evil tendencies within them and cultivate the good.

Have the assembly room or hall neat and orderly—like begets like—if possible adorn the walls with pictures, or significant mottoes, or other symbols of truth; flowers are beautiful and cheering, bring them when procurable.

Punctuality should be inculcated; there should be promptness and precision in all the exercises, and no delays by which the Session is made tedious.

Have no hard tasks for the children, no learning of difficult questions, aim at making the children happy, so that their Sunday may be to them the pleasantest day of the week.

Have the Lyceum well drilled in music; cultivate the dramatic; make the Lyceum the theatre of whatever ennobles the character.

A Choir should be formed in every Lyceum, and placed under the instruction of some competent person. The choir should meet for instruction and practice once during the week; a Band or an Orchestra could also be formed. These will greatly assist in developing the powers of the members, and be fruitful of many happy hours; they are also of inestimable value in assisting to raise necessary funds by means of Concerts, Entertainments, &c.

A good ENTERTAINMENT is sure to win patronage; almost any Lyceum can give one. It may consist of short Dramas, Tableaux, Recitations, Dialogues, Charades, Music—both vocal and instrumental, and a few Lyceum Exercises. ANNIVERSARY and FLOWER SERVICES should be held regularly, at which Sacred Songs, Anthems and Choruses, Part Songs, Cantatas and Operettas, Kindergarten and Action Songs, with Recitations and Dialogues, may be given. Select suitable pieces for the services on Sundays, on week evenings give more scope for the humorous, but in all cases arrange the programme with an eye to variety, so that all passes off cheerful and bright—beware of sameness or dulness. These are a wonderful stimulus to the members, and if rightly managed, they may not only be a source of financial revenue, but of reform.

As an incentive to the members, bring cultivated singers before your Lyceum now and then; also a reading by a master of the art, or an occasional lecture by a special instructor, using designs, &c., these are all very helpful in stimulating talent.

Do not fear precision, it is more conducive to grace than a slipshod, careless manner. In going to the rostrum to recite, sing, &c., go quietly but with alacrity; not as though you were in torture, or made your offer grudgingly; such deportment will mar the pleasure of your hearers. Be glad to do what you can, and show this in your face and manner; do not forget a respectful bow to your audience.

Strive to make others happy, and in doing so you will win happiness for yourself. If anyone should be unkind to you, you cannot afford to return it to them, since every sinful action stains your life.

Silver Chain Recitations.

These consist of rhythmical poems of an instructive and devotional nature. The chief charm of these recitations consists in the rapidly recurring alternations in the pronunciation, causing the children to fix their thoughts on the whole sense of the subject matter, so that they will be ready to recite the words which connect with what the Conductor has spoken. The Conductor reads one line, or one portion of a sentence, according to the sense; then the Lyceum reads the next succeeding portion according to the sense; and so on to the end. The Conductor is supposed to announce beforehand in what manner recitations are to be rendered, whether in single lines, alternately, or in clusters; a few are marked as examples and suggestions in the margins for others. Many pieces in this department will do for Songs, the music for some of which will be found in "THE SPIRITUAL SONGSTER," and the reference thereto will be found immediately under the title.

1 The Divine Order.

Conductor—ALL are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Lyceum—Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
Conductor—That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Lyceum—Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Conductor—Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Lyceum—Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Conductor—Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Lyceum—Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Conductor—Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
Lyceum—As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
Conductor—As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
Lyceum—As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
Conductor—To Him no high, no low, no great, no small,
Lyceum—He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all.
Conductor—Cease then, nor order imperfection name,
Lyceum—Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Conductor—Know thy own self; this kind, this due degree
Lyceum—Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Conductor—Submit,—In this or any other sphere,
Lyceum—Secure to be as blessed as thou canst bear;
Conductor—Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Lyceum—If in the natal or the mortal hour.
Conductor—All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
Lyceum—All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
Conductor—All discord, harmony not understood:
Lyceum—All partial evil, universal good;
Conductor—And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
Lyceum—One truth is clear, *whatever is, is right.*

A. POPE.

Nature's Revelation.

Conductor—GOD of the granite and the rose !
Soul of the sparrow and the bee !
Lyceum—The mighty tide of being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
Conductor—It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
Lyceum—Till from creation's radiant towers,
Its glory flames in stars and suns.
Conductor—O ye who sit and gaze on life
With folded hands and fettered will,
Lyceum—Who only see amid the strife,
The dark supremacy of ill,
Conductor—Know that, like birds, and streams, and flowers,
The life that moves you is divine !
Lyceum—Nor time, nor space, nor human powers,
Your God-like spirit can confine.
Conductor—God of the granite and the rose !
Soul of the sparrow and the bee !
Lyceum—The mighty tide of being flows
Through all Thy creatures back to Thee.
Conductor—Thus round and round the circle runs,
A mighty sea without a shore,
Lyceum—While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise Thee evermore.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

The Workers Win.

Conductor—THE seed which lies inert and cold,
Will neither flower nor fruitage bear,
Lyceum—Unless it struggles through the mould
For light and air.
Conductor—The soul that seeks for Freedom's prize
Must Freedom's battle first begin—
Lyceum—True effort never vainly dies ;
The workers win.
Conductor—Through weary years of want and woe,
The soul irresolute must wait,
Lyceum—While he who strikes the timely blow,
Will conquer fate.
Conductor—The might that nerves the hero's arm
Springs from the manly might within,
Lyceum—The coward only flies from harm ;
The workers win.
Conductor—Yet Truth shall sound her bugle call,
And Justice draw her flaming sword ;
Lyceum—The Spirit of the Lord on all
Shall be outpoured.

Conductor—A countless host, unseen, but near
 To hopeful human hearts akin,
Lyceum—Repeat the words of lofty cheer ;
 “The workers win.”

Conductor—Oh, fainting soul, “take heart of grace” ;
 Though dangers in thy pathway lie,
Lyceum—Pursue thine Heaven appointed ways
 With courage high.

Conductor—One grand eternal law controls
 The life without—the life within.
Lyceum—Heaven is no place for idle souls :
 The workers win.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

4

Your Mission.

(Music, S.S., 115.)

Conductor—If you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,
 Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet,
Lyceum—You can stand among the sailors,
 Anchored yet within the bay,
 You can lend a hand to help them,
 As they launch their boats away.

Conductor—If you are too weak to journey,
 Up the mountain steep and high,
 You can stand within the valley,
 While the multitudes go by,
Lyceum—You can chant in happy measure,
 As they slowly pass along ;
 Though they may forget the singer,
 They will not forget the song.

Conductor—If you have not gold and silver
 Ever ready to command,
 If you cannot, towards the needy,
 Reach an ever open hand,
Lyceum—You can visit the afflicted,
 O'er the erring you can weep,
 You can be a true disciple,
 Sitting at our Father's feet.

Conductor—Do not, then, stand idly waiting
 For some greater work to do ;
 Fortune is a lazy goddess ;
 She will never come to you.
Lyceum—Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare ;
 If you want a field of labour
 You can find it anywhere.

Be Kind to Each Other.

(Music, S.S., 192.)

Recite 1 BE kind to each other the night's coming on,
alter- When friend and when brother perchance may be gone
nate Then, midst our dejection, how sweet to have earned
lines The blest recollection of kindness returned.

2 When day hath departed, and memory keeps
 Her watch, broken hearted, where all she loves sleeps,
 Let falsehood assail not, nor envy disprove;
 Let trifles prevail not against those you love.

3 Nor change with to-morrow, should fortune take wing ;
 But, the deeper the sorrow, the closer still cling,
 Oh, be kind to each other, the night's coming on
 When friend and when brother perchance may be
 gone.

CHAS. SWAIN.

6 When this Old Earth is Righted.

Conductor—THOU shalt lay cross and burden down,
 Humanity, and take thy crown,
 The bride of Heaven in Lily gown,

Lyceum—With every wrong requited;

Conductor—Enthroned for thy achievement vast,
 With each ideal of the past
 One grand reality at last,

Lyceum—When this old Earth is righted.

Conductor—And nations shall not then, as now,
 The cause of righteousness avow,
 With "ego" written on the brow !

Lyceum—But each to each united

Conductor—Shall wear the badge of sacrifice,
 And drop the hypocrite's disguise,
 And face high Heaven with honest eyes,

Lyceum—When this old Earth is righted.

Conductor—No more before Redemption's gate,
 Stumbling at prejudice and hate,
 Humanity shall hesitate,

Lyceum—To liberty half plighted;

Conductor—For truths that loosely lie apart
 Shall be inwrought into the heart
 By Reason's skill and Wisdom's art,

Lyceum—When this old Earth is righted.

Conductor—And freedom's march no more shall pause
 At God Almighty's broken laws.
 The full requirements of her cause

Lyceum—Shall nevermore be slighted;

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—Nor civic strategy elude
Equality and brotherhood ;
And justice shall pronounce it good
Lyceum—When this old Earth is righted.

Conductor—Then urge thy tardy courser, Time !
We watch to hail the blessed prime,
We listen for the morning chime

Lyceum—That heralds the long-plighted ;

Conductor—Humanity and the Divine
Shall wed at Nature's sacred shrine,
Completing Infinite design,

Lyceum—When this old Earth is righted.

AUGUSTA C. BRISTOL.

7 Make Home Pleasant.

(Music, S.S., 43.)

Conductor—MORE than building showy mansions,
Lyceum—More than dress or fine array

Conductor—More than dome of lofty steeples,
Lyceum—More than station, power, sway ;

Guardian—Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,

Lyceum—Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

Conductor—More than lofty, swelling titles,
Lyceum—More than fashion's luring glare,

Conductor—More than Mammon's gilded honours,
Lyceum—More than thought can well compare ;

Guardian—See that home is made attractive,
By surroundings pure and bright,

Lyceum—Trees arranged with taste and order,
Flowers with all their sweet delight.

Conductor—Seek to make your home most lovely ;
Lyceum—Let it be a smiling spot,

Conductor—Where in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot ;

Lyceum—Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest song ;

Guardian—Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belong.

Conductor—There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing e'er to roam ;

Lyceum—Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Memories of that pleasant home.

Conductor—Such a home makes man the better,
Sweet and lasting its control ;

Lyceum—Home with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves an impress on the soul.

Cometh a Blessing Down.

(Music, S.S., 40.)

Conductor—Not to the man of dollars,
Lyceum—Not to the man of deeds,
Conductor—Not to the man of cunning
Leaders—Not to the man of creeds,
Conductor—Not to the man whose passion
 Is for a world's renown,
Lyceum—Not in the form of fashion
 Cometh a blessing down.
Conductor—Not unto land's expansion,
Lyceum—Not to the miser's chest,
Conductor—Not to the princely mansion,
Leaders—Not to the blazon'd crest,
Conductor—Not to the sordid worldling,
 Not to the knavish clown,
Lyceum—Not to the haughty tyrant,
 Cometh a blessing down.
Conductor—Not to the folly blinded,
Lyceum—Not to the steeped in shame,
Conductor—Not to the carnal-minded,
Leaders—Not to unholy fame,
Conductor—Not in neglect of duty,
 Not in the monarch's crown,
Lyceum—Not at the smile of beauty,
 Cometh a blessing down.
Conductor—But to the one whose spirit
 Yearns for the great and good,
Lyceum—Unto the one whose storehouse
 Yieldeth the hungry food.
Conductor—Unto the one who labours
 Fearless of foe or frown,
Lyceum—Unto the kindly hearted
 Cometh a blessing down.

MARY F. TYLER.

9 The World would be the Better for it.

Conductor—If men cared less for wealth and fame,
 And less for battlefields and glory;
Leaders—If writ in human hearts, a name
 Seemed better than in song or story;
Conductor—If men, instead of nursing pride,
 Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
Lyceum—If more relied
 On love to guide—
 The world would be the better for it.
Conductor—If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
 And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
Guardian—If Love's work had more willing hands,
 To link this world with the supernal;

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it,
Lyceum—If “yours” and “mine”
Would once combine—

The world would be the better for it.

Conductor—If more would act the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;

Leaders—If bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;

Conductor—If Custom, grey with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;

Lyceum—If talent shone
In truth alone,—

The world would be the better for it.

Conductor—If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;

Guardian—If hearts had fewer rusted strings,
To isolate their kindred feelings;

Conductor—If men, when wrong beats down the right,
Would strike together to restore it;

Lyceum—If right made might
In every fight,—

The world would be the better for it.

M. H. COBB.

10

Health is Wealth.

Recite
3 lines alternately

1 A CLEAR bright eye
That can pierce the sky,
With the strength of an eagle's vision,
And a steady brain
That can bear the strain
And shock of the world's collision ;

2 A well-knit frame,
With the ruddy flame
Aglow, and the pulses leaping
With the measured time
Of a dulcet rhyme,
Their beautiful record keeping ;

3 A rounded cheek,
Where the roses speak
Of a soil that is rich for thriving ;
And a chest so grand
That the lungs expand
Exultant without the striving ;

4 A breath like morn,
When the crimson dawn
Is fresh in its dewy sweetness ;
A manner bright,
And a spirit light,
With joy at its full completeness.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

5 Oh ! give me these,
Nature's harmonies !
And keep all your golden treasures !
For what is wealth
To the boon of health
And its sweet attendant pleasures !

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

11

The Coming of Angels.

(Music, S.S. 114).

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

- 1 ANGELS bright are drawing near,
Laden with love;
List, you shall their voices hear—
Voices above.
See ! their forms you can behold
Floating in space;
Wait, they will us all enfold
In their embrace.
- 2 Music sweet ! we catch the strain,
Hark ! soft and low,
Now it's borne to us again—
Gentle its flow.
Life, immortal life is theirs,
Joyful its hours;
Freed from mortal ills and cares,
It shall be ours.
- 3 Thanks to God, with souls elate,
He gives us all ;
Joyous in His presence wait,
List to His call.
'Tis His voice that bids us meet
Friends outward gone,
And with gladsome spirits greet
Earth's rising morn.
- 4 Angels bright are coming near,
Bearing their love
Unto us who waiting here,
Trust God above.
See ! their forms you can behold
Floating in space !
Wait ! they will us all enfold
In one embrace.

J. S. ADAMS.

12

Angel Whispers.

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

- 1 COME they, when the shades of evening
Gather softly o'er the earth;
When tired nature, sweetly sleeping,
Waits to wake at morning's birth;

Breathing in the burdened bosom
 Thoughts with such sweet counsel rife,
 That we gather strength from heaven
 For the daily cares of life.

2 Come they, when the veil of sorrow
 Thickly mantles every heart;
 When the weary, anguished spirit
 Sinks beneath affliction's dart,
 Bright-robed messengers of mercy
 To each lonely stricken one,
 Bearing up their silent pleadings
 To a gracious Father's throne.

3 Come they, every woe to soften,
 Every dream of love to bless;
 Every hope of heaven to strengthen,
 Every evil thought repress.
 Silently, yet heavy laden
 With the joys no blight hath stained,
 Filling every thirsty fountain
 That the ills of life have drained.

4 Yes, they come, those Angel whispers,
 Sweetest balm for every smart;
 Come to raise hope's drooping pinions,
 Come to lighten every heart;
 Come to teach us all the lesson,
 Meekly to adore our God,
 Know His Judgments, trust His mercy,
 Bow beneath His chastening rod.

13

Welcome to Angels.

(Music, S.S., 157.)

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

1 WELCOME, Angels, pure and bright
 Children of the living light,
 Welcome to our home on earth,
 Children of the glorious birth.

2 Welcome, Messengers of God,
 Teaching not of anger's rod;
 Love for all earth's weary throng
 Is the burden of your song.

3 Come ye from the realms of light,
 Where the day knows not the night,
 Where the gems of love alone
 Are around your spirits thrown.

4 Oh, we joy to feel you near,
 Spirits of the loved and dear;
 Chains of love around us twine,
 Gems of beauty all divine.

5 Joyously we greet you here,
 Children of a brighter sphere,
 Guide our feet to realms of love,
 To the courts of joy above.

E. C. HENCK.

14**The New Era.**

*Recite 1 HARK! hark! from grove and fountain
2 lines Our joyful songs resound,
alternately And every rock and mountain
Re-echoes them around,
The darkness, earth forsaking,
Before the day flies fast.
And man, redeemed, is breaking
From Error's chain at last.*

*2 The light from God above us
Is beaming in our eyes,
And Angel-friends who love us
Are whispering from the skies.
They speak in accents tender,
And bid us weep no more;
For, clad in robes of splendour,
They tread the heavenly shore.*

*3 They tell us of the beauty
That shines in that bright sphere;
They teach us of our duty
To love each other here.
Oh, Father! guard and guide us;
When death shall close our eyes,
Thy Angels standing near us,
Shall lead us to the skies.*

R. H. BROWN.

15**The Spirits' Mission.**

*Recite 1 THEY come at morn and dewy eve,
2 lines At radiant noon and midnight hour,
alternately To breathe their messages, or leave
The inward tokens of their power.*

*2 Think not their homes are far away
From human sympathy and love.
Nor when desired, that they delay
To leave their Spirit-home above.*

*3 Their mission is the work of love
To kindred in the earthly home,
And we with joy their work approve,
And often kindly bid them come.*

*4 Thrice gladly they the call obey,
When yearning hearts the welcome give,
Receive their love, their care repay,
In their communion joyous live.*

16**The Voice of an Angel.**

*Recite 1 THE voice of an Angel
2 lines Falls sweet on our ears,
alternately It whispers of goodness
That conquers our fears;*

It speaks of a Father
 Who governs in love,
 Who draws all His children
 To bright homes above.

2 It makes our souls hopeful,
 Makes joyful our life,
 Gives strength to our feelings,
 To overcome strife;
 We know that contention,
 That pride, hate, and scorn,
 Will turn to sweet concord
 In Truth's beauteous morn.

3 We know that Truth's brightness
 Shall dawn upon earth,
 Sweet flowers spring around us
 Of heavenly birth.
 Though eager to witness
 All things ruled by Love,
 We wait with calm patience
 These gifts from above.

17 Hand in Hand with Angels.

(Music, S.S. 17).

Recite 1 HAND in hand with Angels, through the world we go ;
alternate Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones know ;
lines Tenderer voices cheer us than we deaf will own ;
 Never, walking heavenward, can we walk alone.

2 Hand in hand with Angels : some are out of sight.
 Leading us, unknowing, into paths of light ;
 Some soft hands are covered from our mortal grasp,
 Soul in soul to hold us with a firmer clasp.

3 Hand in hand with Angels, walking every day,
 How the chain may brighten, none of us can say ;
 Yet it doubtless reaches from earth's lowest one
 To the loftiest seraph, standing near the throne.

4 Hand in hand with Angels, ever let us go ;
 Clinging to the strong ones, drawing up the slow ;
 One electric love-chord, thrilling all with fire,
 Soar we through vast ages, higher, ever higher.

LUCY LARCOM.

18 Friends above us.

(Music, S.S., 148.)

Recite 1 IN the sky that is above us,
2 lines Borne upon the wings of light,
alternately Countless beings live who love us,
 And with blessings glad our sight.
 In the night of darkest sorrow,
 When our hearts are prone to mourn,

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

They speak to us of the morrow—
 Of the day that is to dawn.
2 We are entering but the portal
 Of the life that is to be;
They are walking the immortal
 Pathway of eternity.
We are following their footsteps,
 Ever walking on with God,
In the cloud and in the sunlight,
 'Neath the crown, and 'neath the rod.
3 Whatsoe'er events before us,
 Press we on all undismayed;
God and Seraphs bright are o'er us;
 With us in the light and shade.
Clasp God's hand in hours of sorrow,
 Trust His love in day and night;
Hope shall see the coming morrow,
 Love shall make the future bright. J. S. ADAMS.

19

“Home.”

Recite
2 lines
alternately HOME'S not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls—
Filled with shrines the heart has builded!
Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us.
Home's not merely roof and room—
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom—
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet—and only sweet—
When there's one we love to meet us.

CHARLES SWAIN.

20

Knocking! Knocking!

Conductor—KNOCKING! knocking! Who is there?

Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!

Girls—They are Angels, true and kindly,

From the brighter spirit-shore,

Boys—Come to tell of life immortal;

Wilt thou not unbar the door?

Conductor—Knocking! knocking! Still they're there,

Waiting, waiting, pure and fair,

Girls—But the door is hard to open,

For the weeds and ivy-vine,

Boys—With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round its hinges twine.

Conductor—Knocking ! knocking ! What, still there !
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;

Girls—Yes, the loving hands still knocketh,
And upon the evening air

Words of comfort, sweet and tender,

Boys—Tell the joy of meeting there.

Conductor—Knocking ! knocking ! Yes, they're there !
Waiting, waiting, love so rare !

Girls—Open wide your hearts to love them,
Cast away all doubt and fear ;

Boys—Death and doubt and dread are vanquished
By those Angel words of cheer.

Adapted from MRS. STOWE.

21

Communion of Saints.

Recite 1 SAINTS above hold sweet communion
4 lines With the loved ones yet below,
alternately Blended in unfettered union
 Thoughts that none but Angels know.

2 Oft when weary hearts are aching,
Star-lit glimpses of their peace
Angels bring us, sad ones making
Sharers of their blessedness.

3 When o'er all soft slumber reigning
Chases sordid cares away.
Then the soul, from earth unchaining,
Seeks the light of upper day.

4 Guardian Angels, vigils keeping,
Sing in gentle strains the while,
And the burdened heart and weeping
Often of its griefs beguile.

In unison—5 Guide us, Angels, oh, instruct us.
Gently chiding if we roam !
When our change arrives, conduct us
To our blissful Spirit-Home. MRS. MACKEY.

22

Ministering Spirits.

(Music, S.S., 125.)

Recite 1 THEY are winging, they are winging
2 lines Through the thin blue air their way,
alternately Unseen harps are softly ringing
 Round about us night and day.

Could we pierce the shadows o'er us,
And behold that seraph band,

Long-lost friends would bright before us
In angelic beauty stand.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

2 Lo ! the dim, blue mist is sweeping
Slowly from our longing eyes,
And our hearts are upward leaping
With a deep and glad surprise.
We behold them—close beside us,
Dwellers of the Spirit Land ;
Mists and shades alone divide us
From that glorious seraph band.

3 And we know they hover round us
In the morning's rosy light,
And their unseen forms surround us
All the deep and silent night.
Yes, they're winging—they are winging
Through the thin blue air their way ;
Spirit harps are softly ringing
Round about us night and day.

MRS. S. H. OLIVER.

23 All Thy Works Praise Thee.

*Recite 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
2 lines 2 With all the blue ethereal sky,
alternately 3 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.*

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What, though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
“ The hand that made us is Divine.” JOS. ADDISON.

24 The Unseen World.

*Recite 1 THERE is a state, unknown, unseen,
2 lines 2 Where parted souls must be ;
alternately 3 And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.*

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

- 2 I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread;
Yet Angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.
- 3 The things unseen, O God, reveal,
My spirit-vision clear,
Till I shall see, and know and feel,
That those I love are near.
- 4 Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife,
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life.

JANE TAYLOR.

25

How to Live.

(Music, S.S., 57.)

Recite 1 HE liveth long who liveth well !
2 lines All other life is short and vain.
alternately He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.
Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give :
Else is that being but a dream ;
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

2 Be thou in truthfulness arrayed ;
Hold up to earth thy torch divine !
Be what thou prayest to be made ;
Let steps of charity be thine.
Fill up each hour with what will last ;
Buy up the moments as they go :
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

3 Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldest reap ;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
From hollow words and deeds refrain.
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light. H. BONAR.

26

There's a Home for All.

Recite 1 THERE'S a home for the poor on that beautiful shore,
2 lines When life and its sorrows are ended,
alternately And sweetly they'll rest in that home of the blest,
By the presence of Angels attended.

There's a home for the sad, and their hearts will b.
 When they've crossed o'er the river so dreary [glad
 For bright is the dome of that radiant home
 Where softly repose all the weary.

2 There's a home for the ill, and their bosoms shall
 With rapture of healthful emotion; [thrill
 The invalid's moan there will never be known
 In that world of sweet peaceful devotion.

There's a home for the old, beyond time and its mould,
 When the fair form of beauty has faded;
 And brightly they'll bloom in that happier home,
 Where the splendours of youth are not shaded.

3 There's a home for the young, where the angelic
 That chorus celestial is singing, [strong
 While harps bright with gold, that never grow old,
 Through the glittering arches are ringing.

There's a home for the good, no one there will intrude,
 Neither tempt them with evil or folly;
 They'll calmly repose, free from trials and woes,
 In mansions prepared for the holy.

4 There's a home for the vile, all polluted with guile,
 When cleansed by the quickening Spirit,
 They, too, may be heir to that kingdom so fair,
 And may all its full glory inherit.

There's a home for us all; when the fiat doth call,
 We will fly to the shore o'er the river,
 And join in the song of that beautiful throng,
 And live in its wisdom forever.

27

There's Room in the World.

(Music, S.S., 53.)

Recite 2 lines alternately.

1 'Tis a law of our being most pointedly shown,
 That each man must live out a life of his own.
 Ah! be not too rash to judge of another,
 But ever remember that man is your brother.

2 God made the owl see where man's sight is dim !
 The light that guides you may be darkness to him.
 'Tis a great truth to learn, a prize, if you win it,
 There's room in the world for all that is in it.

3 Down, deep, in the innermost depths of the soul,
 A voice ever sings of a heavenly goal.
 We only by callings differ from others.
 There is but one God for all of us brothers.

4 Then let us not proudly monopolise right,
 Nor ask of our brothers to see with our sight.
 'Tis a great truth to learn, a prize, if you win it,
 There's room in the world for all that is in it.

PREUSS,

28

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

- 1 DEATH is the fading of a cloud,
The breaking of a chain;
The rending of a mortal shroud
We ne'er shall see again.
- 2 Death is the conqueror's welcome home,
The heavenly city's door;
The entrance of the world to come—
'Tis life for evermore.
- 3 Death is the mightier second birth,
Th' unveiling of the soul;
'Tis freedom from the chains of earth—
The pilgrim's heavenly goal.
- 4 Death is the close of life's alarms,
The watch-light on the shore;
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved one gone before.
- 5 Death is the gaining of a crown,
Where saints and angels meet;
The laying of our burden down
At the Deliverer's feet.
- 6 Death is a song from seraph lips,
The day-spring from on high;
The ending of the soul's eclipse,—
Its transit to the sky.

T. L. HARRIS.

29 Think Gently of the Erring.

(Music, S.S., 46.)

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

- 1 THINK gently of the erring one,
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet;
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Which we in weakness trod.
- 2 Speak gently of the erring one,
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

3 Speak kindly to the erring one;
Thou yet may'st lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track;
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee. MISS FLETCHER.

30

A Psalm of Life.

(Music, S.S., 163.)

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

- 1 TELL me not in mournful numbers,
“Life is but an empty dream!”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
- 2 Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.
- 4 In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.
- 5 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—
- 6 Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.
- 7 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

31

The Beautiful.

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

- 1 THE world has much of beautiful,
If man would only see;
A glory in the beaming stars,
The lowest budding tree;
A splendour from the farthest east
Unto the farthest west;
Aye! everything is beautiful,
And we are greatly blest.

2 There is a host of Angels, who
 With every moment throng,
 If we would only list awhile
 The cadence of their song ;
 They speak in every sunny glance
 That flashes on the stream,
 In every holy thrill of ours,
 And every lofty dream.

3 The world is good and beautiful,
 We all may know it well,
 For there are many thousand tongues,
 That every day can tell
 What love has cheered them on their way,
 O'er every ill above ;
 It only needs a goodly heart
 To know that all is love. C. D. STUART.

32

Catch the Sunshine.

(Music, S.S., 120.)

Recite 2 lines alternately

1 CATCH the sunshine, though it flickers
 Through a dark and dismal cloud,
 Though it falls so faint and feeble
 On a heart with sorrow bowed ;
 Catch it quickly ; it is passing,
 Passing rapidly away—
 It has only come to tell you
 There is yet a brighter day.

2 Catch the sunshine ! though life's tempest
 May unfurl its chilling blast,
 Catch the little hopeful straggler,
 Storms will not for ever last ;
 Don't give up, and say, "Forsaken ;"—
 Don't begin to say, "I'm sad !"
 Look ! there comes a gleam of sunshine ;
 Catch it, oh ! it seems so glad.

3 Catch the sunshine ! don't be grieving
 O'er that darksome billow there ;
 Life's a sea of stormy billows—
 We must meet them everywhere ;
 Pass right through them, do not tarry—
 Overcome the heaving tide ;
 There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
 Waiting on the other side.

4 Catch the sunshine ! catch it gladly,
 Messenger in hope's employ ;
 Sent through clouds, through storm and billows,
 Bringing you a cup of joy ;
 Don't be sighing, don't be weeping ;
 Life you know is but a span ;
 There's no time to sigh or sorrow,
 Catch the sunshine when you can.

33**Star of Progress.**

*Recite 1 STAR of Progress, guide us onward
2 lines By thy ever glorious light,
alternately May our motto e'er be "Onward!"
Swerve not to the left nor right.*

*2 Oh, illume our souls when sorrow
Gathers clouds around our hearts,
Show to us the joyous morrow,
Which but life and joy imparts.*

*3 Oh, we greet thy beams with gladness,
Promise of a brighter day,
Which shall chase away all sadness,
While bright glories round us play.*

*4 Shine thou on, thou starry token
Of the joys that are to come,
When by love's bright chain unbroken,
We shall all be gathered home.*

34**"What I Live For."**

*Recite 1 I LIVE for those who love me,
2 lines Whose hearts are kind and true;
alternately For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.*

*2 I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake:
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages
And Time's great volume make.*

*3 I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser by conviction,
And fulfil God's grand design.*

*4 I live to hail that season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;*

When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

5 I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance.
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

GEORGE LENNAEUS BANKS.

35

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

1 WORK, for the night is coming !
Work, through the morning hours,
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the time is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming ;
Work through the sunny noon,
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store,
Work, for the time is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Brave men are wanted here,
Men who will toil and faint not,
Strive and persevere.
Use every gifted talent,
God will increase your store;
Work, for the time is coming,
When man works no more.

S. DYER.

36

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

Speak Gently.

(Music, S.S., 85.)

1 SPEAK gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may.
'Tis full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
 Grieve not the careworn heart ;
 The sands of life are nearly run,
 Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones—
 They must have toiled in vain ;
 Perchance unkindness made them so,
 Oh, win them back again !

5 Speak gently,—'tis a little thing,
 Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
 The good, the joy, that it may bring,
 Eternity shall tell. ELIZA COOK.

37**Are We not Brothers ?**

(Music, S.S., 143.)

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

1 HUSHED be the battle's fearful roar,
 The warrior's rushing call !
 Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
 Are we not brothers all?

2 Want, from the starving poor depart !
 Chains, from the captive fall !
 Great God, subdue th' oppressor's heart !
 Are we not brothers all?

3 Sect, clan, and nation, oh, strike down
 Each mean partition-wall !
 Let love the voice of discord drown,—
 Are we not brothers all?

4 Let love and truth and peace alone
 Hold human hearts in thrall,
 That heaven its work at length may own,
 And men be brothers all ! MRS. SIGOURNEY.

38**Have Faith in One Another.**

(Music, S:S., 164.)

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

1 CHERISH faith in one another,
 When you meet in friendship's name ;
 For the true friend is a brother,
 And his heart should throb the same.
 Though your path in life may differ,
 Since the hour when first ye met,
 Still have faith in one another,
 Ye may need that friendship yet.

2 Oh, have faith in one another,
 When ye speak a brother's vow ;
 It may not be always summer,
 Not be always bright as now ;
 And when wintry clouds hang o'er ye,
 If some kindred heart ye share,
 And have faith in one another,
 Oh, ye never shall despair.

3 Then have faith in one another,
 And let honour be your guide;
 Let the truth alone be spoken,
 Whatsoever may betide.
 The false may reign a little season,—
 Doubt ye not, it sometimes will;
 But have faith in one another,
 And the truth shall triumph still.

E. J. CARPENTER.

39*Recite*
2 lines
alternately

1 ONE by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall;
 Some are coming, some are going;
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

2 One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each,
 Let no future dreams elate thee,
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

3 One by one,—bright gifts from heaven,—
 Joy斯 are sent thee here below;
 Take them readily when given,
 Ready, too, to let them go.

4 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
 Do not fear an arméd band;
 One will fade as others greet thee,
 Shadows passing through the land.

5 Do not look at life's long sorrow,
 See how small each moment's pain;
 God will help thee for to-morrow,
 So each day begin again.

6 Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its tasks to do or bear;
 Luminous the crown, and Holy,
 If thou set each gem with care.

7 Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passion hours despond,
 Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.

8 Hours are golden links, God's token,
 Reaching Heaven; but one by one,
 Take them, lest the chain be broken.
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

40*Recite*
2 lines
*alternately***Things that Never Die.**

(Music, S.S., 71.)

1 THE pure, the bright, the beautiful.
 That stirred our hearts in youth;
 The impulse of a wordless prayer,
 The dream of love and truth,

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes,
These things shall never die.

2 The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
That kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed.
That plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh,
The sorrow of a contrite heart :
These things shall never die.

3 The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss.
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

4 Let nothing pass, for ev'ry hand
Must find some work to do ;
Lose not a chance to waken love ;
Be firm, and just, and true ;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And Angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

41 Words and Acts of Kindness.

(Music, S.S., 63.)

Recite

1 LITTLE words of kindness,

2 lines

How they cheer the heart !

alternately

What a world of gladness

Will a smile impart ?

How a gentle accent

Calms the troubled soul,

When the waves of passion

O'er it madly roll !

2 Little acts of kindness

Nothing do they cost ;

Yet, when they are wanting,

Life's best charm is lost.

Little acts of kindness,

Richest gems of earth,

Though they seem but trifles,

Priceless is their worth.

3 Little deeds of kindness,

Little words of love,

Make our earth an Eden,

Like the Heav'n above.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Little deeds of mercy
Done by ev'ry hand,
Bind and bless all nations
In one loving band.

42

Better than Gold.

Conductor—**1** BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand-fold,

Lyceum—Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;

Guardian—A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow;

Lyceum—With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Conductor—**2** Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere;

Lyceum—Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untried by the lust of cares of wealth;

Guardian—Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennable a poor man's cot,

Lyceum—For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman;

Conductor—**3** Better than gold is the sweet repose,
Of the sons of toil when their labours close;

Lyceum—Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep,

Guardian—Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows his aching head!

Lyceum—His simple opiate labour deems
A short road into the land of dreams.

Conductor—**4** Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,—

Lyceum—The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,

Guardian—However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by Heaven's decree,

Lyceum—The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

MRS. J. M. WINTON.

43

What is Noble ?

Recite
2 lines
alternately

1 WHAT is noble? to inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?

There must be some other merit

Higher yet than these to see !

Something greater far must enter

Into life's majestic span,

Fitted to create and centre

True nobility in man.

2 What is noble? 'tis the finer

Portions of our mind and heart,

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan,
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for man!

3 What is noble? is the sabre
Nobler than the humbler spade?
There's a dignity in labour
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world in aiding mind!
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind.

4 What is noble? that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps, like Angel's traces,
That mankind may follow still;
E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble—who advances
Freedom, and the cause of man! CHAS. SWAIN.

44 The Promised Land To-morrow.

Boys—1 HIGH hopes that burn like stars sublime
Go down the heavens of freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need them:

Girls—But never sit we down and say,
“There's nothing left but sorrow;”
We walk the wilderness to-day,
The promised land to-morrow.

Boys—2 Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming;
But life beats in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming.

Girls—And freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good barque aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow.

Boys—3 Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling features glisten;
Lo! now the dawn bursts up the skies,
Lean out your souls and listen.

Girls—The world rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with our sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day,
Brings victory to-morrow.

Boys—4 Through all the long dark night of years
The people's cry ascended;

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

And earth was wet with blood and tears,
'Ere their meek sufferance ended :

Girls—The few shall not for ever sway,—
 The many toil in sorrow;
 The bars of hell are strong to-day,
 But will be broke to-morrow.

Conductor—5 O Youth, flame earnest ;—Still aspire,
With energies immortal ;
To many a haven of desire
Your yearning opes a portal :
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day,—
The harvest comes to-morrow.

GERALD MASSEY.

45

Let it Pass.

Conductor—I BE not swift to take offence;
Leaders—Let it pass, let it pass.

Conductor—Anger is a foe to sense;
Leaders—Let it pass, let it pass.

Lyceum—Brood not darkly o'er a wrong,
Which will disappear ere long,
Rather sing this cheery song,
Let it pass, let it pass.

*Conductor—2 Echo not an angry word,
Leaders—Let it pass, let it pass.*

Conductor—Think how often you have err'd;
Leaders—Let it pass let it pass.

Lycœum—Since our joys must pass

Byttam. Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass, let it pass.

Conductor—3 If for good you've taken ill,
Leaders—Let it pass, let it pass.

ductor—O, be kind and gentle sti

Leaders—Let it pass, let it pass.
Lyceum—Time at last makes all things

Let us not resent but wait.

Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
 Let it pass, let it pass.

46

Get up early.

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

- 1 GET up early ! time is precious,
Waste it not in bed ;
Get up early ! while the dewdrops
O'er the fields are spread ;
Get up early ! when the red sun
First begins to rise ;
Get up early ! when the darkness
Fades from earth and skies.

2 Get up early ! it is sinful
 To be wasting time;
 Get up early ! while the gay birds
 Sing their morning chime;
 Get up early ! while the flowers
 Blush upon the sod ;
 Get up early ! while all nature
 Blesses nature's God.

47 The World is Full of Music.

(Music, S.S., 106.)

Recite 1 THE world is full of music,
2 lines If we will only hear ;
alternately Sweet sounds will ever greet us,
 Our burdened hearts to cheer ;
 There's music in the breezes
 That fan the wood and plain,
 And in the roaring tempest,
 Or in the gentle rain.

2 The world is full of music,
 The song-bird in the dell
 Pours forth a strain delicious
 That holds us like a spell ;
 And touched by skilful fingers,
 The magic keys of art
 Respond in wondrous echoes,
 That thrill the human heart.

3 The world is full of music ;
 We need not list in vain ;
 The wondrous harp of nature
 Is set to every strain ;
 Down in the caves of ocean,
 And in the fields of air,
 Is melody for ever ;
 There's music everywhere.

E. R. LATTA.

48 What Might Be Done.

Recite 1 WHAT might be done if men were wise ?
2 and 3 lines What glorious deeds, my suffering brother ?
alternately Would they unite,
 In love and right,
 And cease their scorn of one another ?

2 All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
 All vice and crimes might die together,
 And fruit and corn,
 To each man born,
 Be free as warmth in summer weather,

3 The meanest wretch that ever trod,
 The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
 Might stand erect
 In self-respect,
 And share the teeming world to-morrow.

4 What might be done? This might be done,
 And more than this, my suff'ring brother;
 More than the tongue
 E'er said or sung,
 If men were wise and loved each other.

CHAS. MACKAY.

49**Trip Lightly.**

(Music, S.S., 104.)

Recite
2 lines
alternately

1 TRIP lightly over trouble,
 Trip lightly over wrong;
 We only make grief double,
 By dwelling on it long.
 Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?
 Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
 Why sing to forms unsightly?
 Why not seek joy instead?

2 Trip lightly over sorrow,
 Though all the way be dark;
 The sun may shine to-morrow,
 And gaily sing the lark.
 Fair hopes have not departed,
 Though roses may have fled;
 Then never be down-hearted,
 But look for joy instead.

3 Trip lightly over sadness,
 Stand not to rail at doom,
 We've pearls to string of gladness,
 On this side of the tomb.
 While stars are nightly shining,
 And heaven is overhead,
 Encourage not repining,
 But look for joy instead. J. H. LESLIE.

50**Cherish Kindly Feelings.**

(Music, S.S., 119.)

Recite
2 lines
alternately

1 CHERISH kindly feelings, children,
 Nurse them in your heart;
 Don't forget to take them with you,
 When from home you start.
 In the school-room and the parlour,
 At your work or play,
 Kindly thoughts and kindly feelings
 Cherish every day.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

2 Cherish kindly feelings, children,
 Towards the old and poor,
For you know they've many blighting
 Hardships to endure;
Try to make their burdens lighter,
 Help them in their need,
By some sweet and kindly feeling,
 Or some generous deed.

3 Cherish kindly feelings, children;
 While on earth you stay,
They will scatter light and sunshine
 All along your way;
Make the path of duty brighter,
 Make your trials less,
And whate'er your lot or station,
 Bring you happiness. MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

51

Life's Builders.

Conductor—How the busy builders throng,
 Ever coming, ever going,

Lyceum—Day by day their great walls growing,
 To the hammer's ringing song.

Conductor—Whether reared on Fashion's highway,
 Or on close and crowded by-way,

Lyceum—Still are homes for men upspringing,
 Still is labour's anthem ringing

Guardian—Where the workman plays his part,
 Stout of hand and true of heart.

Conductor—Thus, with deeper meaning fraught,
 Viewless mansions all are rearing,

Lyceum—On their shadowy walls appearing
 All the work our hands have wrought.

Conductor—Though we build for song or story,
 Carve out cross or crown of glory,

Lyceum—Silently, and very slowly,
 Build we on foundations lowly

Guardian—Laid with word, or deed, or pen,
 Hidden in the hearts of men.

Conductor—Therefore, should you build, my friend,
 Nobly, with high scorn refusing
 Low aims offered for the using;

Lyceum—Doubtful ways to some good end.

Conductor—Write above life's archway golden,
 These strong words of knighthood olden.

Lyceum—“*Better stony truths unfearing
Than a lie with smooth veneering;
Richer Honour's empty purse
Than a pilfered universe.*”

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—Lay foundations deep and wide,
Not on white sands idly drifting,
Lyceum—But upon the rocks, uplifting
All their grandeur o'er the tide;
Conductor—Build so wide that every other
Struggling soul shall be your brother.
Lyceum—Light a beacon for the weary,
Toiling long through darkness dreary.
Guardian—That your towers may stand complete,
Crowned with benedictions sweet.
Conductor—Let your works be fair to see,—
Lyceum—Trace the lines of grace and beauty
Round the rugged front of duty;
Conductor—And, where'er your lot may be,—
Wayside tent, or marble palace,
Cottage girt about with lilies.—
Lyceum—Make life something worth the living,
Use God's gifts, whate'er the giving;
Guardian—And his record pure shall tell
You have builded true and well.
Conductor—Build your mansion sure, my friend,—
From foundation stone to rafter,
Lyceum—Build it for the vast hereafter,
Making strength and beauty blend
Conductor—Like a hint of grace supernal,
Like a dream of domes eternal,
Lyceum—Where the shafts of sunrise quiver,
O'er the homes beyond the river,
Guardian—On the streets by angels trod.
In the city of our God. ANNIE HERBERT.

52 Scatter the Germs of the Beautiful.

(Music, S.S., 112.)

Recite 1 SCATTER the germs of the beautiful !
2 lines By the wayside let them fall,
alternately That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
 And the vine on the garden wall;
 Cover the rough and the rude of earth
 With a veil of leaves and flowers,
 And mark with the opening bud and cup
 The march of summer hours.
2 Scatter the germs of the beautiful
 In the holy shrine of home,
 Let the pure and fair and the graceful there
 In their loveliest lustre come;
 Leave not a trace of deformity
 In the temple of the heart,
 But gather about its hearth the gems
 Of nature and of art.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

3 Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temple of our God,
Of the God who starred the uplifted sky,
And who flowered the trampled sod ;
Building a temple for himself
And a home for ev'ry race,
He reared ev'ry arch in symmetry,
And curved each line in grace.

4 Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depth of ev'ry soul ;
They shall bud and blossom and bear the fruit
While the endless ages roll ;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And truth, love, and joy about your path
In Paradise shall bloom. MRS. L. A. COBB.

53

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

1 FROM behind the veil they're calling—
Spirit-voices, sweet and clear :
Dew-like are their love-words falling
On the soul's attentive ear ;
Kind advice and friendly warning,
Blessings pure as untrod snow,
Angels shower on mortals, yearning
Life's mysterious ways to know.

2 Yet the sceptic, in his blindness,
Drives them from his heart away,
Spurns their proffered aid and kindness,
Draws night's curtain o'er his day ;
Friends he loved, when roughly shapen
In the flesh they met his eyes,
Mourn in spirit, lone, forsaken,
Whilst their presence he denies.

3 Children of this age of wonder,
Would you in God's likeness grow ?
Rend the olden bands asunder
That restrain your reason now ;
Let your free minds draw magnetic
Draughts from nature's wisdom-spring,
That you may in strains prophetic
Of the blessed future sing. EMMA S. BOOTH.

54

The Beautiful Shore.

(Music, S.S., 100.)

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

1 THERE'S a beautiful shore where the loved ones are
'Mid the flowers decked in evergreen bloom, [gone,
And we know they have crossed o'er the dark death-
wave.
And they dwell in that bright Angel home.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

They have fought the good fight, and the faith have kept :
And they join the angel throng ;
And the soft melting notes of the chorus above
In beauty are borne along.

2 Oh, that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
And the flowers and the evergreen trees,
We shall see when the death-damp is on our brow,
And the breath faintly dies on the breeze ;
We shall meet the beloved who have gone before,
And have bloomed in the world of peace,
When our spirits shall pass to that holier shore,
Where sorrows for ever cease.

3 To that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
To the flowers and the evergreen glade,
We shall one day ascend, like the brave of yore,
And repose in the beautiful shade.
We must bear the good part, must not shrink from toil,
Till the pilot shall bear us o'er
To the union of hearts in the land of the blest,
Where parting shall come no more.

MRS. O. S. MATTESON.

55 Hope On, Hope Ever.

Conductor—HOPE on, hope ever ; though to-day be dark,
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow ;
Lyceum—Though thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow.

Conductor—Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,
With none to echo back thy thought or love thee,
Lyceum—Cheer up, poor heart, thou dost not beat in vain,
For God is over all, and heaven above thee :
Hope on ! Hope ever !

Conductor—I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and taunt,
With the heart's honest pride at midnight wrestle
Lyceum—To feel the killing canker worm of want,
While rich knaves in their pilfered luxury nestle

Conductor—For I have felt it : yet from earth's cold real,
My soul looks out on coming things and cheerful,
The warm sunrise floods all the land ideal ;
Lyceum—And still it whispers to the worn and tearful,
Hope on ! Hope ever !

Conductor—Hope on, hope ever : after darkest night,
Comes, full of loving life, the laughing morning
Lyceum—Hope on, hope ever. Spring-tide flushed with light,
Aye crowns old winter with her rich adorning.

Conductor—Hope on, hope ever : yet the time shall come
When man to man shall be a friend and brother,
And this old world shall be a happy home,
Lyceum—And all earth's family love one another,
Hope on ! hope ever ! GERALD MASSEY.

56**Steps of Progress.**

(Music, S.S.. 89.)

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

- 1 STEP forward, dear friends, and keep time with the
Be manly as men in the ardour of youth, [truth.
Step forward, not backward, nor ever aside;
At bidding of custom, ambition, or pride;
Step boldly, but truly, erectly, and well;
The fruit of your labours the future will tell,
If you are but faithful, and never despair,
But live for the truth, and its *glory* declare.
- 2 Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the
Leave error behind you, like angels of light;[right
Step firmly but gently, nor even in ire;
The bush on Mount Horeb burned not in the fire;
Step onward, and upward; what others have done
But opens the way to fresh labours begun;
Oh, learn the great truth that the right shall pre-
If you will but step, all oppression shall fail. [vail;
- 3 Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the
That cometh to you in your loftiest mood; [good
Step gently, but nobly, on errands of peace,
Till slavery, warfare, and hatred shall cease;
Step truly, and firmly, and bodily, but light;
Ne'er crushing a worm by your cautionless might,
Step kindly, but step, and you'll surely proceed;
The true, and the right, and the good will succeed.

BUTTS.

57**Deeds versus Creeds.***Recite
2 lines
alternately*

- 1 THIS is what the angels teach
“ Better by far to work than preach;”
This is what they always say,
“ Better by far to work than pray.”
- 2 “ Better a kind and loving deed
Than wordy cant, or priestly creed;
Better a loaf to a hungry one,
Than mumbled prayers, or organ’s tone.”
- 3 “ Better for cold, a good warm fire,
Than all the prayers beneath church spire;
Better by far to dry the tear,
Than cause its flow through slavish fear.”
- 4 And this great truth our minds must store,
Loving deeds are the open door,
Through which God’s angels enter in
To purify a soul from sin.
- 5 You better thus a soul can draw,
Than drive by fear of broken law,
And all the bolts of wrathful Jove
Will fail to win like deeds of love.

HORACE M. RICHARDS.

58**The Golden Side.**

(Music, S.S., 83.)

*Recite 1 THERE is many a rest in the road of life,
2 lines If we would only stop to take it;
alternately And many a tone from the Better Land,
If the querulous heart would make it !
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaleth.*

*2 Better hope tho' the clouds o'er you hang so low ;
Ever keep the sad eyes still lifted ;
The sweet sunny sky will be peeping through
When the ominous clouds are rifted !
There was ne'er a night but that had a day,
Or an evening without a morning ;
The darkest hour as the proverbs say,
Is the hour before the dawning.*

*3 There is many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That's richer by far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miserly hoarded treasure ;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a dear mother's prayers to heaven,
Or some lone wanderer's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.*

*4 Oh, 'tis better to weave in the web of life
The most beautiful golden filling,
To do all life's work with a cheerful heart,
And with hands that are swift and willing.
Than to snap the frail, tender, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder ;
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit still and grieve and wonder.*

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

59**Trust to the Future.**

*Recite 1 TRUST to the future; though gloomy and cheerless,
2 lines Prowls the dark past like a shade at thy back,
alternately Look not behind thee : be hopeful and fearless ;
Steer for the right way, and keep on the track.
Fling off despair, it hath strength like a giant ;
Shoulder thy purpose, and, boldly defiant,
Save to the right, stand unmoved and unpliant :
Faith, and God's promise, the brave never lack.*

*2 Trust to the future : the present may fright thee,
Scowling so fearfully close at thy side
Face it unmoved, and no present can blight thee ;
He who stands boldly each blast shall abide.*

Never a storm but the tainted air needs it,
 Never a storm but the sunshine succeeds it :
 Each has a lesson ; and he alone reads it
 Rightly, who takes it, and makes it his guide.

3 Trust to the future ; it stands like an Angel,
 Waiting to lead thee, to bless and to cheer ;
 Singing of hope, like some blessed evangeli,
 Luring thee on to a brighter career.
 Why should the past or the present oppress thee ?
 Stamp on their coils ; for, with arms to caress thee,
 See, the great future stands yearning to bless thee.
 Press boldly forward, nor yield to a fear.

4 Trust to the future ; it will not deceive thee,
 So thou but meet it with brave heart and strong.
 Now begin living anew, and, believe me,
 Gladness and triumph will follow ere long.
 Never a night but there cometh a morrow ;
 Never a grief but the hopeful will borrow
 Something of gladness to lighten the sorrow :
 Life unto such is a conqueror's song.

5 Trust in the future, then ; cease from your weeping ;
 Faith and a firm heart are all that you need,
 God and His Angels have yet in their keeping
 Harvests of joy if we'll sow but the seed !
 Trust to the future, all life will be glorious ;
 Trust, for in trusting the soul is victorious ;
 Trust, and in trusting be strong and laborious ;
 Up and be doing, and give God the meed !

60**The Beautiful Land.**

Recite 1 line alternately 2 lines

1 THERE'S a beautiful land by the spoiler untrod,
 Unpolluted by sorrow or care,
 It is lighted alone by the presence of God,
 Whose throne and whose temple are there ;
 Its crystalline streams, with a murmurous flow,
 Meander through valleys of green ;
 And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow
 Of a splendour no mortal hath seen.

2 And throngs of glad singers, with jubilant breath,
 Make the air with their melodies rife ;
 And one known on earth as the Angel of death
 Shines there as the Angel of life.
 An infinite tenderness beams from his eyes ;
 On his brow is an infinite calm ;
 And his voice, as it thrills through the depth of
 Is as sweet as the seraphim's psalm. [the skies,

3 Through the amaranth groves of that beautiful
 Walk the souls who were faithful in this ; [land
 And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the zephyrs
 That evermore murmur of bliss. [are fanned,

They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,
 And breathe the sweet odour of flowers,
 More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze
 In Araby's loveliest bowers.

4 Old prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame,
 Blazing out o'er the darkness of time;
 And martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,
 Nor turn from their purpose sublime;
 And saints and bright Angels, a numberless throng,
 Who were loyal to Truth and to Right,
 And left, as they walked through the darkness of wrong,
 Their footprints encircled with light.

5 And the dear little children who went to their rest
 Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,
 While the Angel of morning still tarried a guest,
 Their spirits' pure temple within.
 All are there, all are there, in that beautiful land,
 The land by the spoiler untrod;
 And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the breezes are fanned
 That blow from the gardens of God.

6 My soul hath looked in through the gateway of dreams,
 On the city all paved with gold,
 And heard the sweet flow of its murmurous streams,
 As through the green valleys they rolled;
 And though it still waits on this desolate strand,
 A pilgrim and stranger on earth,
 Yet it knew, in that glimpse of the beautiful land,
 That it gazed on the home of its birth.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

61 There Must be Something Wrong.

*Recite 1 WHEN earth produces, free and fair,
 2 lines alternately The golden waving corn;
 When fragrant fruits perfume the air,
 And fleecy flocks are shorn,—
 While thousands move with aching head,
 And sing this ceaseless song,—
 “ We starve, we die, oh ! give us bread ! ”
 There must be something wrong.*

*2 When wealth is wrought, as seasons roll,
 From off the fruitful soil ;
 When luxury from pole to pole
 Reaps fruit of human toil ;
 When, from a thousand, one alone
 In plenty rolls along,
 While others only gnaw the bone,—
 There must be something wrong.*

*3 And when production never ends,
 The earth is yielding ever ;
 A copious harvest oft begins,
 But distribution never.*

When toiling millions work to fill
 The wealthy coffers strong :
 When hands are crushed that work and till,
 There must be something wrong.

4 When poor men's tables waste away
 To barrenness and drought,
 There must be something in the way
 That's worth the finding out.
 With surfeits one great table bends,
 While numbers move along ;
 While scarce a crust their board extends,—
 There must be something wrong.

5 Then let the law give equal right
 To wealthy and to poor ;
 Let Freedom crush the arm of Might ;
 We ask for nothing more.
 Until this system is begun,
 The burden of our song,
 Must and can be this only one—
 There must be something wrong.

62 We Love the Father.

(Music, S.S. 134).

[This little song was chanted by a happy group of children from the Summer Land, and the lady medium who heard it was enabled to record both the words and the music.—Additional words by Miss E. C. ODIORNE.]

Recite 1 We love the Father, He's so good,
2 lines 2 We see Him in the flower,
alternately 3 We hear Him in the rain drop,
He speaketh in the shower.
His smile is in the sunlight,
His beauty in the bow,
We hear His whisper in the breeze,
And in the zephyr low.

2 His wisdom's in the dew-drop,
That sparkles on the lea,
His truth is in the violet's hue,
His love's in all we see.
He's merciful and kind to all,
And ever just and true,
To those who truly on Him call,
He ever gives their due.

3 He soothes the stricken mourner's heart,
He aids the weary soul,
And leads them while He joy imparts,
To an eternal goal.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

In nature's grandest works we find
His great immortal skill;
Then let us each with humble mind,
Learn to obey His will.

4 Oh, may we ever gentle be,
In all our works and ways,
In all our conduct frank and free,
And His great goodness praise.
In everything we look upon,
His image we can see,
We love the Father, He's so good,
And teaches us to be.

63 Ring out the False, Ring in the True.

Recite
2 lines
alternately

- 1 Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
- 2 Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false ring in the true.
- 3 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
- 4 Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
- 5 Ring out false pride in place and blood
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
- 6 Ring in the valiant and the free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be. A. TENNYSON

64

Recite
2 lines
alternately

Footsteps of Angels.

- 1 WHEN the hours of day are numbered
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight.
- 2 Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

3 Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

4 With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

5 And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

6 Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the Spirit's voiceless prayer—
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Blessings from their lips of air.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

65

Smile and be Contented.

(Music, S.S., 117.)

Recite
2 lines
alternately

1 THE world grows old, and men grow cold,
To each while seeking treasure,
And what with want and care and toil,
We scarce have time for pleasure;
But never mind, that is a loss
Not much to be lamented;
Life rolls on gaily if we will
But smile and be contented.

2 If we are poor and would be rich,
It will not be by pining;
No, steady hearts and hopeful minds
Are life's bright silver lining.
There's ne'er a man that dared to hope
Hath of his choice repented;
The happiest souls on earth are those
Who smile and are contented.

3 When grief doth come to rack the heart,
And fortune bids us sorrow,
From hope we may a blessing reap,
And consolation borrow;
If thorns may rise where roses bloom,
It cannot be prevented;
So make the best of life you can,
And smile and be contented.

66

The Angel Guest.

Recite
2 lines
alternately

1 How pure in heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

2 In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The Spirits from their golden day,
Except like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

3 They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imagination calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest.

4 But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within. A. TENNYSON.

67

Speak the Best we Can.

Recite

2 lines

alternately

1 NAY, speak no ill!—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

2 Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No: let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

3 Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can. CHAS. SWAIN.

68

Joy shall Come at Last.

Recite

2 lines

alternately

1 WHEN the day of life is dreary,
And when gloom thy course enshrouds,
When thy step is faint and weary,
And thy spirit dark with clouds,
Steadfast still in thy well-doing,
Let thy soul forget the past:
Steadfast still the right pursuing,
Doubt not joy shall come at last,

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

2 Striving still, and onward pressing,
Seek not future years to know,
But deserve the wished-for blessing ;
It shall come, though it be slow ;
Never tiring, upward gazing,
Let thy fears aside be cast,
And thy trials tempting, braving,
Doubt not joy shall come at last.

4 Keep not then thy mind regretting ;
Seek the good, spurn evil's thrall ;
Though thy foes thy path besetting,
Thou shalt triumph o'er them all ;
Though each year but bring thee sadness,
And thy youth be fleeting fast,
There'll be time enough for gladness.
Doubt not joy shall come at last.

69

Do Good.

Recite 1 Do good ! do good ! there is ever a way,
2 lines A way where there's ever a will :
alternately Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
 And to-day when to-morrow comes still.
If you've money, you're armed, and can find work
In every street and lane, [enough
If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters though
Will be sure to return it again. [rough,

2 If you've any old clothes, an old bonnet, or hat,
A kind word, or a smile true and soft,
In the name of a Brother confer it, and that
Shall be counted as gold up aloft.
God careth for all, and His glorious sun
Shines alike on the rich and the poor !
Be thou like unto Him, and bless every one,
You will find your reward evermore.

70

Life is what we make it.

Recite 1 "LET'S oftener talk of nobler deeds
 And rarer of the bad ones,"
2 lines And sing about our happy days,
 And not about the sad ones.
 We were not made to fret and sigh,
 And when grief sleeps to wake it ;
alternately Bright happiness is standing by—
 This life is what we make it.

2 "Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it,"
A light there is in every soul
Who takes the pains to win it.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

O, there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it:
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

3 "All praise to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!"
Thanks be to them for countless joys,
We ne'er had known without them,
Oh, this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
"This life is what we make it."

CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

71

Keep your Balance.

Recite 1 "KEEP your balance," firm and steadfast,
2 lines As through life you onward go.
alternately Not like aspen, weakly bending,
 Every way the wind doth blow.

2 "Keep your balance," should you ever
Climb the giddy heights of fame;
Better you had ne'er ascended
If your climbing ends in shame.

3 "Keep your balance," when men praise you,
Guard your steps with double care,
Flattering tongues can wound, remember
Often when they speak most fair.

4 "Keep your balance," firm and steadfast,
As through life you onward go;
Prayerfully tread the path of duty,
Upright through it, weal or woe!

72

Work is Prayer.

Conductor—BROTHERS! be ye who ye may—
Sons of men! I bid ye pray!

Leaders—Pray unceasing—pray with might!—
Pray in darkness—pray in light!—

Lyceum—Life hath yet no hours to spare—
Life is toil, and toil is prayer.

Conductor—Life is toil, and all that lives,
Sacrifice of labour gives!

Leaders—Water, fire, and air, and earth,
Rest not, pause not, from their birth—

Lyceum—Sacred toil doth nature share—
Love and labour!—work is prayer!

Conductor—Patriot ! toiling for thy kind !
 Thou shalt break the chains that bind !—
Leaders—Shape thy thought, and mould thy plan,
 Toil for freedom—toil for man :
Lyceum—Sagely think and boldly dare—
 Labour ! labour !—work is prayer.

Conductor—Brother ! round thee brothers stand—
 Pledge thy truth, and give thy hand—
Leaders—Raise the downcast—help the weak,—
 Toil for good—for virtue speak ;
Lyceum—Let thy brethren be thy care—
 Labour ! labour !—work is prayer.

DUGANNE.

73

Speak not Harshly.

Recite 1 SPEAK not harshly when reproving
 2 lines Those from duty's path who stray :
 alternately If we would reclaim the erring,
 Kindness must each action sway.
 Speak not harshly to the wayward ;—
 Win their confidence—their love ;
 They will feel how pure the motive
 That hath led us to reprove.

2 Speak not harshly to the stranger,
 Though he comes in humble guise ;
 Think how slight a thing would kindle
 Gladness in a stranger's eyes.
 Speak not harshly to the felon,
 Though like adamant his heart,
 Touch one chord of fond affection,
 And the scalding tear may start.

3 Speak not harshly to the orphan,
 He hath borne of grief his share ;
 Add not to his heavy burden,
 Add not to corroding care.
 Speak not harshly, was the precept
 Which to man the Angels taught :
 May that precept ever guide us—
 Gentle words will cost us nought. F. J. CROSBY.

74

Help Others.

Conductor—GIVE as God has given thee—
 With a bounty full and free ;
Leaders—If he hath with liberal hand,
 Given wealth to thy command,
Lyceum—From the fulness of thy store
 Give thy needy brother more.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—If the lot his love doth give
Is by earnest toil to live,

Leaders—If with nerve and sinew strong
Thou dost labour hard and long;

Lyceum—Then, e'en from thy slender store
Give, and God shall give thee more.

Conductor—Hearts that are with grief oppressed;
Forms in tattered raiment dressed;

Leaders—Homes where want and woe abide;
Dens where vice and misery hide;

Lyceum—With a bounty large and free,
Give as God hath given thee.

Conductor—Wealth is thine to aid and bless,
Strength to succour and redress:

Leaders—Bear thy weaker brother's part;
Strong of hand and strong of heart;

Lyceum—Be thy portion large or small,
Give, for God doth give thee all.

75 A New Faith for the Old Creeds.

Recite 1 LET superstition be destroyed,
2 lines And falsehood cast away,
alternately That liberty may be enjoyed,
 And truth hold sovereign sway.

2 Let thought be free to all mankind,
 And reason's light illume
 The long-benighted realms of mind,
 Dispelling clouds of gloom.

3 Let conscience rule us every day,
 That we may honour truth,
 And her supreme commands obey
 Through life, from early youth.

4 Let kindness fill the human heart
 With sympathy for all
 And bid us knowledge to impart
 The mind to disenthral.

5 Let love prevail o'er every breast,
 And happiness abound;
 May all mankind be truly blest,
 Humanity be crown'd.

E. KING.

76

Song of the Angels.

Recite 1 Do you hear the loving Angels?
2 lines They are coming, coming now;
alternately Radiant with the Spirit's brightness,
 Crowns of glory on each brow.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

- 2 And these pure and blest immortals
Are our own—our very own;
Cross they oft the heavenly portals,
Visit us in earthly home.
- 3 Dear ones whisper words of blessing,
When our hearts incline to hear:
Pearls of truth they now are bringing,
Gifts of God from Angel-Sphere.
- 4 Do you listen to the singing?
Cherub voices join the strain,
Telling us in tones all joyous:
“Death is but eternal gain!”
- 5 Welcome we the blessed tidings!
Take our loved ones by the hand,
To be led in peace and wisdom
Safe into the Spirit-Land.
- 6 Yes, they come, they come in gladness;
We that gladness now may share;
Welcome ever, holy minstrels,
Guide us, lead us, everywhere.

MRS. F. A. KIMBALL.

77

The Presence of Angels.

(This also makes a good dialogue for two).

Conductor—DID you ever think that Angels
Were around our weary way?
Did you ever think they listened,
Hearing what we had to say?

Lyceum—Yes, I've often thought that Angels
Were around us day and night;
If the veil were only lifted
We could see their robes of white.

Conductor—Do those Angels ever strengthen—
Help support our weary load?
Will they give us timely succour
Ere we faint upon the road?

Lyceum—Did not Angels strengthen Jesus
When so weary, weak was he?
And we may, if we but ask it,
Strengthened by the Angels be.

Conductor—Did those Angels ever whisper
Words of comfort for your fears,
When you tossed upon your pillow,
And that pillow wet with tears?

Lyceum—When o'erwhelmed with grief and sorrow,
And earth dark and dreary seems;
Then come Angels (God permitting)
Whispering to us in our dreams.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—Did you ever think, if faithful,
Loving God, and man below,
Earth might be a type of heaven
If we'd try to make it so?

Lyceum—If we try to do our duty,
Live unselfishly below,
Daily shall a glimpse of heaven
Cheer us as we journeying go.

IN UNISON.

All—Do we ever doubt and question—
Idly question, doubt, and fear?
There's a voice above the tumult
Saying to us loud and clear:

All that gives us peace and comfort
When these earthly ties are riven—
All that gives support in trial
Must proceed from God and heaven.

MRS. C. B. FITCH.

78

Invitation to the Lyceum.

Recite two lines alternately.

- 1 COME to our Lyceum, say the Angels to mankind,
'Tis heaven's way to teach you to elevate the mind.
Unlike the "spider and the fly," we seek to cheer and bless
And give no invitation from a heart of selfishness.
- 2 The people of the Spirit-Spheres are taught upon this plan
And what is good for Angels, surely must be good for man;
This glorious scheme is not a dream, but of angelic birth,
And by its peaceful teaching, will make heaven upon earth.
- 3 'Tis healthy, moral, pure, and right, and heaven will bless the trial
And will by proper training, give the "curse" a flat denial!
By love, purity, and intellect, it teacheth us to know
That right and truth in every soul, need only help to grow
- 4 The physical it cultivates with exercise and song;
The mental with right symbols, and high purpose it makes strong;
The moral it encourageth with sympathy's sweet power;
The spiritual in its genial rays expandeth like a flower.
- 5 Its methods are persuasive, teaching people with their might
To shun the wrong because 'tis wrong, do right because 'tis right;
And not depend on any scheme, by which their sins to shirk;
But seek eternal happiness, thro' justice, truth, and work.
- 6 It does not foster vanity, by fashion is not owned;
But makes you love the Angels more—by them it has been crown'd;
It will not bring you gold, or power! ambition it won't feed;
But to sweet peace and happiness triumphantly will lead.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

7 The old system is a chaos, so hopeless, so complete,
Where black and white, and wrong and right, in wild confusion
meet,
These schools are what the world needs, right teaching to ensure,
To regulate the present and the future to secure.
In unison.

8 Will you accept the invitation, and walk in, sisters all?
Will you, or won't you, brothers, now heed our earnest call?

79

Children.

*Recite 1 THIS life is a school, where all must learn,
2 lines And the children of earth must each in turn
alternately Pass through their classes; gain the truth,
And rise to the land of immortal youth.
'Tis hard for the children, whilst here below,
To struggle and strive 'neath care and woe,
The battle is hard and the struggle is long,
But praise and joy is the victor's song.*

2 Weak are the children, yet they grow
From childhood upward, plough and sow—
Sow on the pathway of life their seeds,
Good, bad, and indifferent earthly deeds.
The children are loved by a Father's love,
Are watched by the Angels that dwell above,
Are guided, and guarded, when they will,
But often roam where death doth kill.

3 Roam in the pathway of sin's delight,
Out in the darkness of error's night;
Away from the Father's love and care,
And from the Angels watching fair;
Yet their wayward feet must ever turn
To where the sacred fires do burn,
Through sorrow and pain to be purged by fire
And freed from the dross ere they go up higher.

4 Oh Children arise, and onward go,
And learn the truth, for thus I trow,
You will leave behind your load of care,
And mount to dwell with the Angels fair;
To learn in the college of Spirit-Life,
The fruits of your earthward toil and strife;
To reap your recompense in Heaven,
For the trials and woes 'gainst which you've
striven.

5 Upward and onward! then be your cry,
As ye go to the mansions that are on high;
No longer children, but sons of God,
No longer toiling on earth's dark sod;
But rising as men and women pure,
With knowledge and strength that must endure:
Give God the praise for His wonderful plan,
For the love He has shown to His creature—Man.

"LIGHTHEART" thro' E. W. WALLIS.

The Angels' Song.

(Music, S.S., 130.)

Recite 1 It came upon the midnight clear,
^{2 lines} That glorious song of old,
alternately From Angels bending near the earth,
 To touch their harps of gold—
 “ Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
 From Heaven's all gracious King !”
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the Angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
 With peaceful arms unfurled,
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world ;
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on heavenly wing,
 And ever o'er its babel sounds
 The blessed Angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife,
 The world has suffered long ;
 Beneath the Angels' strain have rolled
 Ten thousand years of wrong ;
 And man, at war with man, hears not
 The love-song which they bring :
 Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the Angels sing !

4 And ye beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way,
 With peaceful steps and slow,
 Look now ! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing ;
 O rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the Angels sing.

5 For lo ! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet bards foretold,
 When, with the ever-circling years
 Comes round the age of gold ;
 When peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendours fling,
 And the whole world sing back the song,
 Which now the Angels sing. E. H. SEARS.

The Visible Creation.

Recite 1 THE God of nature and of grace
^{2 lines} In all His works appear ;
alternately His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

- 2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
 By Him in wisdom planned :
 'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
 The ocean round the land.
- 3 Lift to the firmament your eye,
 Thither His path pursue :
 His glory, boundless as the sky,
 O'erwhelms the wondering view.
- 4 He bows the heavens, the mountains stand
 A highway for our God :
 He walks amid the desert sand :
 'Tis Eden where He trod.
- 5 The forests in His strength rejoice ;
 Hark ! on the evening breeze,
 As once of old, the Lord God's voice
 Is heard among the trees.
- 6 Here on the hills He feeds His herds,
 His flocks on yonder plains ;
 His praise is warbled by the birds,
 O could we catch their strains !
- 7 Mount with the lark, and bear our song
 Up to the gates of light,
 Or with the nightingale prolong
 Our numbers through the night.
- 8 In every stream His bounty flows,
 Diffusing joy and wealth ;
 In every breeze His spirit blows
 The breath of life and health.
- 9 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
 Upon the lap of earth,
 That teems with foliage, fruit and flowers,
 And rings with infant mirth.
- 10 If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,
 How beautiful beyond compare
 Will Spirit-Land be found. JAS. MONTGOMERY

82

Back-bone.

Conductor—1 WHEN you see a fellow mortal,
 Without fixed or fearless views,

Leaders—Hanging on the skirts of others,
 Walking in their cast-off shoes,

Conductor—Bowing low to wealth and favour,
 With abject uncovered head,

Guardian—Ready to retract or waver,
 Willing to be drove or led ;

Lyceum—Walk, yourself, with firmer bearing.
 Throw your moral shoulders back,

 Show your spine has nerve and marrow,
 Just the thing too many lack.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—2 When you see a politician,
 Crawling through contracted holes,
Guardian—Begging for some fat position
 In the ring or at the polls.
Conductor—With no sterling manhood in him,
 Nothing stable, broad, or sound,
Leaders—Destitute of pluck or ballast,
 Double-sided all around;
Lyceum—Walk, yourself, with firmer bearing,
 Throw your moral shoulders back,
 Show your spine has nerve and marrow,
 Just the thing too many lack.
Conductor—3 When you see a theologian,
 Hugging close some ugly creed,
Leaders—Fearing to reject or question
 Dogmas, which blind leaders heed,
Conductor—Holding back all noble feeling,
 Choking down each manly view,
Guardian—Caring more for forms and symbols
 Than to know the good and true;
Lyceum—Walk, yourself, with firmer bearing,
 Throw your moral shoulders back,
 Show your spine has nerve and marrow,
 Just the thing too many lack.
Conductor—4 When you hear them heed this sonnet,
 For 'tis worth its weight in gold,
Lyceum—And you may depend upon it
 'Tis the truth though plainly told;
Conductor—See the men who have succeeded,
 With them this fact is well-known,
Lyceum—That the one thing so much needed
 Is more pluck and more back-bone.
Conductor—Walk yourself, with firmer bearing,
 Throw your moral shoulders back,
Lyceum—Show your spine has nerve and marrow,
 Just the thing too many lack.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

83 Trust in God, and do the Right.

(Music, S.S., 13.)

Recite 1 COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
2 lines Though thy path be dark as night,
alternately There's a star to guide the humble:
 “Trust in God, and do the right.”
2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
 “Trust in God, and do the right.”
3 Perish policy and cunning!
 Perish all that fears the light!
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 “Trust in God, and do the right.”

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

- 4 Trust no party, sect, or faction,
 Trust no leaders in the fight;
 But in every word and action,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
- 5 Trust no lovely forms of passion,
 Fiends may look like Angels bright;
 Trust no custom, school, or fashion;
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
- 6 Simple rule and safest guiding,
 Inward peace and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
- 7 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man, and look above thee,
 "Trust in God, and do the right."
- 8 Courage, brother, do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble:
 "Trust in God, and do the right."

NORMAN MACLEOD.

84

A Gentle Kind Word.

(Music, S.S., 34.)

*Recite 1 A GENTLE word hath a wonderful power
2 lines The weary breast to beguile,
alternately For it gladdens the eye, it lightens the brow,
 And changes the tear to a smile,
 In the genial sunshine it sheds around,
 The shadows of care depart,
 And we feel in its gentle and soothing tone,
 There's a balm for the wounded heart.*

*2 Oh, watch thou then that thy lips never breathe
 One cross, ungentle, harsh word,
 For that which is lightly and so idly said,
 Is often too deeply heard.
 And although for the moment it leaves no trace,
 For pride may the wound conceal,
 Remember, the spirit that's calm and still,
 Will be always the first to feel.*

*3 It may not be in thy power, perchance,
 To reach an eminent place,
 Or to blazon thy name on history's page,
 As a friend to the human race.
 But when wearied with toil and the cares of life,
 Though the world behold thee not,
 One gentle and kindly word then may soothe
 Some desponding brother's sad lot.*

4 Since life's a thorny and difficult path,
 Where toil's the portion of man,
 We all should endeavour while passing along,
 To make it as smooth as we can.
 Give the angel of peace a place in thy heart,
 Wherever thy fortune may fall,
 With a sweet friendly smile, a free open hand,
 And a gentle, kind word for all.

85

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

Sometime.
 (Music, S.S., 25.)

1 SOMETIME, when right comes uppermost
 The old wrongs all must die,
 Pure love will conquer evil's host,
 And all his power defy;
 Then there shall be no starving poor
 Begging the rich for bread,
 Peace will unlock the prison door,
 All shall be clothed and fed.

2 Sometime, when right comes uppermost
 The land must all be free,
 Price then will be the same as cost,
 That good time yet shall be;
 The right to home, the right to land,
 The right to live and love,
 The right to work with willing hand,
 All men will then approve.

3 Sometime, when right comes uppermost
 Disease will disappear,
 Both men and women then may boast
 Of death they have no fear;
 Pure temples full of living light,
 Our bodies shall become,
 The bless'd abode where Spirits bright
 Make heaven within their home.

4 Sometime, when right comes uppermost
 The Angels from above
 Will fill each heart, a holy host,
 With wisdom, light, and love.
 Then hypocrites, with former cant,
 Will not pervert the Word;
 Nor pharisees self-righteous rant,
 But all shall know the Lord.

5 Sometime, when right comes uppermost
 Monopolies must fail,
 Then capital no more will boast,
 For labour shall prevail;
 United true hearts, strong and brave,
 Combined for human good,
 Will then make wealth become the slave
 Of one grand brotherhood.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

86**Heavenly Communion.**

*Recite 1
2 lines alternately*

- 1 SWEET are the ties that bind in one
The family above,
For through their hearts the raptures run
Of God's eternal love.
- 2 There everlasting Spring unfolds
The flowers of every clime,
And every form the mind beholds
Is beauteous and sublime.
- 3 God's love is glory in the sky
And music in the air,
And every breath is melody,
And every thought a prayer.
- 4 These are the Angel friends who come
When night is calm and still;
With visions of their blessed home
Our quickened hearts to thrill.
- 5 Upon the suffering martyr's way
Hope's brilliant light they shed,
To every child of woe they say,
" Dear heart, be comfortèd."
- 6 Give us, our Father! so to live
That we may feel and see
Those fairest Angels who receive
Their life's sweet love from Thee. T. L. HARRIS.

87 Wisdom orders all things well.

(Music, S.S., 47.)

*Recite 1
2 lines alternately*

- 1 WHEN old wrongs from earth shall perish,
When old forms give place to new,
Men like Angels then will cherish
Only what proves just and true.
Thumb-worn creeds the truth repressing
Will, like shadows, fade away;
White-wing'd peace the whole earth blessing
Then will bring the golden day.
- 2 Crowns and thrones will have to crumble,
Peace shall reign from shore to shore,
Right will then make old wrongs tumble,
They shall fall to rise no more.
Truth and might will wed together,
Joyful let this anthem swell:
" Peace on earth shall reign for ever,
Wisdom orders all things well."
- 3 When mankind has learn'd this teaching.
Wars and woes will surely cease,
Then the world shall need no preaching,
Love will fill all hearts with peace.

Wisdom from her shining portals
 Will prove all things work for good,
 Angels then will talk with mortals,
 And make earth one brotherhood.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

88

Hold Fast.

(Music S.S., 180.)

Recite 1 WHEN once you seize the Right and True,
2 lines Hold fast! hold fast!
alternately Let not temptation conquer you,
 Hold fast! hold fast!
 Stand firmly on your ground, and when
 You meet the frowns of wicked men,
 Oh, ne'er give o'er but firmly then
 Hold fast! hold fast!

2 Fear not that you shall conquer'd be,
 Hold fast! hold fast!
 If you for good work constantly
 Hold fast! hold fast!
 No power shall cheat you of success
 If faithfully you onward press,
 And heaven will grant a crown at last;
 Hold fast! hold fast!

3 The weakest man is he who falls;
 Hold fast! hold fast!
 Because the tempter to him calls;
 Hold fast! hold fast!
 The strongest is the man who stands
 Unmoved, when wrong his work commands,
 And for the Right holds up his hands;
 Hold fast! hold fast!

C.B.D.

89

A Faith Sublime.

Recite 1 It is a faith sublime and sure,
2 lines That ever round our head
alternately Are hovering, on noiseless wing,
 The Spirits of the dead.

2 It is a beautiful belief,
 When ended our career,
 That it will be our ministry
 To watch o'er others here.

3 To bid the mourners cease to mourn,
 The trembling be forgiven;
 To bear away from ills of clay
 The deathless soul to heaven.

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

4 Lo, now the past is bright to us,
And all the future clear;
For 'tis our faith that after death
We still shall linger here. J. H. PERKINS.

90

Ring the Bell Softly.

(Music, S.S., 135.)

In Memoriam.*

Recite 1 SOMEONE has gone from this strange world of ours,
2 lines No more to gather its thorns and its flowers,
alternately No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid ;
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet ;
Weary with parting, though soon we shall meet,
Someone has gone to the bright golden shore ;
Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before !

2 Someone is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in ;
Joyous as birds when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their [light ;
Weary with sowing in sorrow to reap,
Weary with labour and welcoming sleep,
Someone's departed for heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before !

3 Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street ;
Loved ones have whispered that someone is blest,
Free from earth's trials and taking sweet rest ;
Yes ! there is one more in angelic bliss,
One more to cherish, and one more to kiss,
One more departed to heaven's bright shore ;
Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before !

DEXTER SMITH.

*This Silver Chain Recitation can be recited, together with suitable Songs, at the interment of a deceased member's remains, or in any Memorial Service in the Lyceum, it can also be sung.

91

The Sowers.

Recite 1 LITTLE children, you are sowers
2 lines In the fertile fields of life,
alternately Day by day your weak hands scatter
Seeds of peace or seeds of strife,
Seeds of woe or seeds of gladness,
Seeds of smiles or seeds of tears
Seeds of joy or seeds of sadness,
Seeds of hope or seeds of fears.

2 Seeds of never dying beauty,
 Seeds of bitterness and wrong,
 Seeds of holy, fadeless duty
 Sweet as Angels' purest song.
 Fair the fertile soil is lying.
 And the seeds your hands must sow
 While the golden hours are flying—
 As you scatter they will grow.

3 Sow the weed—vile weeds will flourish,
 Sow the flowers and flowers will bloom,
 For the self-same soil will nourish
 Light and joy or doubt and gloom;
 But your hands must do the gleaning
 When the harvest has been grown.
 Do you get the solemn meaning?
 Each shall reap as he has sown.

4 None can put aside the worm-wood
 Though its bitterness you quaff,
 None can gather up the brambles,
 None can winnow out the chaff;
 And if harvests fair of beauty
 You would gather by-and-by,
 You must scatter seeds of duty,
 O'er the fields that round you lie.

5 Little children, you are sowers,
 For the better land above,
 May your hands by Angels guided
 Only sow the seeds of love—
 So that when shall fall around you
 Sunlight of the harvest day,
 You will find no thorns to wound you
 And no wrongs to bar your way.

EMMA TRAIN.

92

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

Angry Words.

1 ANGRY words are lightly spoken,
 In a rash and thoughtless hour;
 Brightest links of life are broken
 By their deep insidious power.
 Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
 Ne'er before by anger stirred,
 Oft are rent past human healing
 By a single angry word.

2 Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
 Bitter poison-drops are they,
 Weaving for the coming morrow
 Saddest memories of to-day.
 Angry words—oh ! let them never
 From the tongue unbridled slip;
 May the heart's best impulse ever
 Check them e'er they soil the lip !

3 Love is much too pure and holy,
 Friendship is too sacred far,
 For a moment's reckless folly
 Thus to desolate and mar.
 Angry words are lightly spoken ;
 Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd ;
 Brightest links of life are broken
 By a single angry word.

93**Deeds, not Words.**

Recite 1 NOT for ever on thy knees
2 and 3 lines Would our Father have thee found ;
alternately There are burdens thou canst ease ;
There are griefs our Father sees ;
Look around.

2 Work is prayer if done for God,
 Prayer which God, delighted, hears ;
 See beside yon upturned sod,
 One bowed 'neath affliction's rod—
 Dry her tears.

3 Not high-sounding words of praise
 Does God want 'neath some grand dome ;
 But that thou the fallen raise ;
 Bring the poor from life's highways,
 To thy home.

4 Worship God by doing good ;
 Works, not words; kind acts, not creeds !
 He who loves God as he should,
 Makes his heart's love understood
 By kind deeds.

5 Deeds are powerful, mere words weak,
 Battering at high heaven's door.
 Let thy love by actions speak ;
 Wipe the tears from sorrow's cheek ;
 Clothe the poor.

6 Be it thine life's cares to smother,
 And to brighten eyes now dim,
 Kind deeds done to one another,
 God accepts as done, my brother,
 Unto Him.

H. BONAR.

94**Over and Over Again.**

Recite 1 OVER and over again,
2 lines No matter which way we turn
alternately We always find in the Book of Life
Some lessons we have to learn.
We must take our turn at the mill,
We must grind out the golden grain,
We must work at our task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

2 We have no power to stay
 The forces of sun or shower;
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
 That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
 And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
 Over and over again.

3 Over and over again,
 The brook through the meadow flows,
And leaps with joy as it hears men say—
 “ The ponderous mill-wheel goes ! ”
Once doing will not suffice,
 Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
 May come if we try again.

4 The path that has once been trod
 Is never so rough for the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
 Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
 And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
 To render us fit for heaven.

95 Where there's a will there's a way.

Recite 1 line alternately 2 lines

1 WE have faith in old proverbs full surely,
 For wisdom has traced what they tell;
And Truth may be drawn up as purely
 From them, as it may from “ a well.”
Let us question the thinkers and doers,
 And hear what they honestly say,
And you'll find they believe, like all lovers,
 In “where there's a will there's a way.”

2 The hills have been high for man's mounting,
 The woods have been dense for his axe,
The stars have been thick for his counting,
 The sands have been wide for his tracks;
The sea has been deep for his diving,
 The poles have been broad for his sway,
But bravely he's proved in his striving,
 That “ where there's a will there's a way.”

3 Have ye vices that ask a destroyer,
 Or passions that need your control?
Let Reason become your employer,
 And your body be ruled by your soul.
Fight on, though ye bleed in the trial,
 Resist with all strength that ye may;
Ye may conquer sin's host by denial;
 For “ where there's a will there's a way.”

SILVER CHAIN RECITATIONS.

4 Have ye poverty's pinching to cope with?
Does suffering wear down your might?
Only call up a spirit to hope with,
And dawn may come out of the night.
Oh, much may be done by defying
The ghosts of despair and dismay;
And much may be gained by relying
On "where there's a will there's a way."
5 Should ye see afar off what's worth winning,
Set out on the journey with trust,
And ne'er heed if your path at beginning
Should be among brambles and dust.
Though it is but by footsteps ye do it,
And hardships may hinder and stay,
Press forward and be sure you'll get through it
For "where there's a will there's a way."

96

*Recite
2 lines
alternately*

Pass it on.

1 HAVE you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on;
'Twas not given for you alone;
Pass it on;
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears;
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.
2 Did you hear the loving word—
Pass it on.
Like the singing of a bird?
Pass it on;
Let its music live and grow,
Let it cheer another's woe;
You have reaped what others sow—
Pass it on.
3 'Twas the sunshine of a smile—
Pass it on;
Staying but a little while;
Pass it on;
April beam, a little thing,
Still it wakes the flowers of spring,
Makes the silent birds to sing—
Pass it on.
4 Have you found the heavenly light!
Pass it on;
Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone;
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in someone's sky,
He may live who else would die,—
Pass it on.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

5 Be not selfish in thy greed,
 Pass it on;
 Look upon thy brother's need,
 Pass it on;
 Live for self, you live in vain,
 Live for Truth, you live again,
 Live for Love, with love you reign—
 Pass it on.

HENRY BURTON.

97 Speak, no matter what Betide.

(Music, S.S., 147).

Recite 1 HE who seeks the Truth and trembles
2 lines At the dangers he must brave,
alternately Is not fit to be a free man;
 He at best is but a slave.
Be thou like the noble Jesus,
Scorn the threat that makes thee fear;
Speak, no matter what betide thee,
Let them strike but make them hear.

2 Be thou like heroic martyrs;
 Never fear, thou shalt not fall;
 If a free thought seeks expression,
 Speak it boldly, speak it all.
Face thine enemies, accusers;
 Scorn the prison, rack, or rod,
And if thou hast truth to utter,
 Speak, and leave the rest with God.

W. D. GALLAGHER.

98 Two Sides of Life.

Recite 1 THERE is a shady side of life,
2 lines And a sunny side as well,
alternately And 'tis for any one to say
 On which he'd choose to dwell;
For every one unto himself
 Commits a grievous sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out
 And shuts the shadows in.

2 The clouds may wear their saddest robes,
 The sun refuse to smile,
 And sorrow with her troop of ill,
 May threaten us the while;
But still the cheerful heart hath power
 A sunbeam to provide;
And only those whose souls are dark
 Dwell on life's shady side.

99

Live for Something.

Recite 1 LIVE for something ! be not idle,
2 lines Look about thee for employ ;
alternately Sit not down to useless dreaming,
 Labour is the sweetest joy.
 Folded hands are ever weary ;
 Selfish hearts are never gay ;
 Life for thee hath many duties—
 Active be, then, while you may.

2 Scatter blessings in your pathway—
 Gentle words and cheering smiles ;
 Better far than gold or silver,
 Are their grief-dispelling wiles ;
 As the pleasant sunshine falleth
 Ever on the grateful earth,
 So let sympathy and kindness
 Gladden well the darkened hearth.

3 To hearts that are oppressed and weary
 Drop the tear of sympathy ;
 Whisper words of hope and comfort ;
 Give and thy reward shall be
 Joy unto thy soul returning,
 From this perfect fountain head ;
 Freely as thou freely givest,
 Shall the grateful light be shed.

ANON.

100

There is no Death.

Recite 1 WE do not die—we cannot die ;
2 lines We only change our state of life,
alternately When these earth temples fall and lie
 Unmoving 'mid the world's wild strife.

2 There is no death in God's wide world ;
 But one eternal scene of change ;
 The flag of life is never furled,
 It only taketh wider range.

3 And when the spirit leaves its frame,
 Its home in which it long hath dwelt,
 It goes, a life that's real to claim,
 As if in this it had but slept.

4 Then let us not speak of the "dead,"
 For none are dead—all live, all love :
 Our friends have only changed, have sped,
 From lower homes to homes above.

J. S. ADAMS.

Golden Chain Recitations.

These consist of questions and answers, or short sentences, on some spiritual, moral, or instructive subject, read alternately by the Conductor and the whole Lyceum.

101

The Beatitudes.

Conductor—Blessed are the faithful;

Lyceum—For they shall dwell in the confidence of men and Angels.

Conductor—Blessed are the dutiful;

Lyceum—For they shall find the peace which cannot be bought or sold.

Conductor—Blessed are the punctual;

Lyceum—For they have learned the lesson which stars and planets teach. They are students of God.

Conductor—Blessed are the orderly;

Lyceum—For theirs is the first law of progress.

Conductor—Blessed are the innocent;

Lyceum—For they shall have peace of conscience.

Conductor—Blessed are the pure in heart;

Lyceum—For they shall see God.

Conductor—Blessed are the faithful, the dutiful, the punctual, the orderly, the innocent, the pure in heart;

Lyceum—For theirs is the republic of Heaven.

102

The Three Rules.

Conductor—What is the lowest rule of human conduct?

Lyceum—The Iron Rule.

Conductor—What is the next higher rule?

Lyceum—The Silver Rule.

Conductor—What is the highest rule of human conduct?

Lyceum—The Golden Rule.

Conductor—What is the Iron Rule?

Lyceum—Evil for Evil.

Conductor—What is the Silver Rule.

Lyceum—Good for good.

Conductor—What is the Golden Rule?

Lyceum—Good for evil.

Conductor—Why do you consider the Iron Rule the lowest?

Lyceum—Because it is the expression of the animal faculties of the mind, and the law of brutes and savages.

Conductor—Why is the Silver Rule better?

Lyceum—Because it is the Golden Rule half expressed, and, therefore, superior to the Iron Rule.

Conductor—Why is the Golden Rule the highest and the best?

Lyceum—Because it is the essence of our spiritual perceptions of right; and, flowing from the highest faculties of our nature, must be the best guide in the conduct of life.

A. J. DAVIS.

103

Brotherhood.

Conductor—What is the bond of union?

Lyceum—Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.

Conductor—What is the commandment of Brotherhood?

Lyceum—Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

Conductor—What is the law of Angels?

Leaders—All men are my brothers; all women are my sisters; all children are my children.

Conductor—What does love require?

Lyceum—Instruction for the ignorant, sympathy for the fallen, rest for the weary, kindness to the unthankful, succour to the distressed, forgiveness to the erring. A. J. DAVIS.

Conductor—Ever hold in remembrance this talismanic sentiment, making it a part of your being :—My country is the universe; my home is the world; my religion to do good; my heaven wherever a human heart beats in harmony with mine. THOMAS PAINE.

104

A Ladder of Light.

Conductor—What is the first step towards progress?

Lyceum—A desire to know and follow truth.

Conductor—What is the second step?

Lyceum—A willingness to receive it, without dictating how it shall come.

Conductor—What is the third step?

Lyceum—Courage to cherish and defend it, making it a part of our lives.

Conductor—What law of progress ought we always to remember?

Lyceum—Fraternal love. We should do as we would be done by.

Conductor—What is the first lesson in fraternal love?

Lyceum—Faith in our fellow-beings; faith that there is in every human soul a desire to be good.

Conductor—What does this faith teach us?

Lyceum—Charity, which covereth a multitude of sins; that sins flow from weakness and imperfection, and we pity where we cannot blame.

Conductor—Does charity necessitate toleration?

Lyceum—“The greatest good of the greatest number,” should be the motto of nations and individuals.

Conductor—What is the grand ultimate of truth?

Lyceum—“The truth shall make you free.” EMMA R. TUTTLE.

105

The Nature of Man.

Conductor—What is man?

Lyceum—He is a trinity in unity: spirit, spirit body, and earthly body.

Conductor—What is the spirit?

Lyceum—It is the immortal, indestructible portion of our nature. It is the life itself.

GOLDEN CHAIN RECITATIONS.

Lyceum—A condition of life consequent upon its fuller unfoldment.
Conductor—What is the law of life?

Lyceum—Eternal progression.

Conductor—Whence and whither?

Lyceum—From imperfection towards perfection.

Conductor—By what means?

Lyceum—The expansion of sympathy, the acquisition of knowledge, and thus increase of power.

Conductor—What do we leave at death?

Lyceum—The physical body, and all pertaining only to it.

Conductor—What do we retain?

Lyceum—The character and intelligence fashioned on earth still pursuing its development. ANON.

Conductor—Spirit-Life then is an active life; a social life; a retributive, constructive, and progressive life. Reason and affection, conscience and memory go with us into the future state of existence.

Lyceum—Life and death are both beautiful links in the chain of endless being. J. M. PEEBLES.

107 The Kingdoms of Nature.

Conductor—What is the lowest kingdom in nature?

Lyceum—The Mineral.

Conductor—What is the name of that kingdom immediately above the Mineral.

Lyceum—The Vegetable.

Conductor—What is the next above the Vegetable?

Lyceum—The Animal.

Conductor—What above the animal?

Lyceum—The Human.

Conductor—What rises above the human, the highest and most glorious of all?

Lyceum—The Spiritual.

Conductor—What do you mean by the Mineral Kingdom?

Lyceum—The base of the grand pyramid of existence.

Conductor—What do you mean by the Vegetable Kingdom?

Lyceum—The first step of this pyramid, wrought by the action of living forces.

Conductor—What do you mean by the Animal Kingdom?

Lyceum—The second step, including the vast domain from the beginning of sentient life to the bounds of the human.

Conductor—What do you mean by the human kingdom?

Lyceum—The third step, on which man stands alone, as the representative of developed reason and intellect, and prophecy of immortality.

Conductor—What do you mean by the Spiritual kingdom?

Lyceum—The infinite apex, the crowning glory of life's grand pyramid, the region of infinite force, and the destination of all progress. HUDSON TUTTLE.

108

The Lyceum.

Conductor—What is the Lyceum?

Lyceum—The school of a liberal and harmonious education.

Conductor—What is its object?

Lyceum—The unfoldment of the faculties in their due order and degree.

Conductor—How is this attained?

Lyceum—By removing obstacles to self-development, and providing the expanding intelligence with the food which it can assimilate according to its needs.

Conductor—What are the two divisions of its study?

Lyceum—The physical and the mental nature.

Conductor—How does it accomplish physical education?

Lyceum—By a series of calisthenics, arranged so as to exercise every portion of the body.

Conductor—In what way is mental advancement obtained?

Lyceum—By such instruction as calls forth the powers of the pupils, through judicious information and careful discussion.

Conductor—Of what use are the recitations and responses?

Lyceum—They embody selections of great truths, thus impressed upon the memory, awakening the understanding and gladdening the heart.

Conductor—What is the chief principle of our system?

Lyceum—Harmony.

Conductor—What is its particular manifestation?

Lyceum—Music and singing, in which our unity of feeling and purpose is symbolised and expressed.

Conductor—What is the invariable accompaniment of all our exertions?

Lyceum—Pleasure. That which is right is always delightful to the healthy spirit.

Conductor—What distinguishes the Lyceum method from other modes of tuition?

Lyceum—Its comprehensiveness, variety, and tolerance, and its perfect accordance with the laws of nature.

Conductor—What is its most characteristic quality?

Lyceum—That it teaches a religion of reason, beauty, truth, and goodness.

Conductor—What is its glorious aim?

Lyceum—The spiritual, moral, and intellectual elevation of its members, and through them of the world at large.

Conductor—Let us remember this, and each recognising the lofty standard of our commonwealth, fulfil his or her part in faithful devotion. So shall we come to realise its highest ideal.

109 Spiritual Commandments.

Conductor, I.—Thou shalt search for truth in every department of being :—

Lyceum—Test, prove, and try if what thou deemest *is* truth, and then accept it as the word of God.

Conductor, II.—Thou shalt continue the search for truth all thy life :—

Lyceum—And never cease to test, prove, and try all that thou deemest to be truth.

Conductor, III.—Thou shalt search by every attainable means for the laws that underlie all life and being ;—

Lyceum—Thou shalt strive to comprehend these laws, live in harmony with them, and make them the laws of thine own life, thy rule and guide in all thy actions.

Conductor, IV.—Thou shalt not follow the example of any man or set of men ;—

Lyceum—Nor obey any teaching or accept of any theory as thy rule of life that is not in strict accordance with thy highest sense of right.

Conductor, V.—Thou shalt remember that a wrong done to the least of thy fellow creatures is a wrong done to all ;—

Lyceum—And thou shalt never commit a wrong wilfully and consciously to any of thy fellow-men, nor connive at wrong done by others without striving to prevent or protesting against it.

Conductor, VI.—Thou shalt acknowledge all men's rights to do, think, or speak, to be exactly equal to thine own ;—

Lyceum—And all rights whatsoever that thou does demand, thou shalt ever accord to others.

Conductor, VII.—Thou shalt not hold thyself bound to love, or associate with those that are distasteful or repulsive to thee ;—

Lyceum—But thou shalt be held bound to treat such objects of dislike with gentleness, courtesy, and justice, and never suffer thy antipathies to make thee ungentle or unjust to any living creature.

Conductor, VIII.—Thou shalt ever regard the rights, interests, and welfare of the many as superior to those of the one or the few ;

Lyceum—And in cases where thy welfare, or that of thy friend, is to be balanced against that of society, thou shalt sacrifice thyself, or friend, to the welfare of the many.

Conductor, IX.—Thou shalt be obedient to the laws of the land in which thou dost reside ;—

Lyceum—In all things which do not conflict with thy highest sense of right.

Conductor, X.—Thy first and last duty upon earth, and all through thy life, shall be to seek for the principles of right, and to live them out to the utmost of thy power ;—

Lyceum—And whatever creed, precept, or example conflicts with those principles, thou shalt shun and reject, ever remembering that the laws of right are—in morals, JUSTICE; in science, HARMONY; in religion, THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD, THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, the immortality of the human soul, and compensation and retribution for the good or evil done on earth.

Given by the Spirits through Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTON.

110 The Ten Laws of Right.

Conductor, I.—Manifest TEMPERANCE in all things.

Lyceum—Whether physical, mental, moral, affectional, or religious.

Conductor, II.—Give JUSTICE to all creatures that be:—

Lyceum—Justice being the exercise of precisely the same rules of life, conduct, thought, or speech that we would desire to receive from others.

Conductor, III—Show GENTLENESS in speech and act:—

Lyceum—Never heedlessly wounding the feelings of others by harsh words or deeds; never hurting or destroying aught that breathes, save for the purpose of sustenance or self-defence.

Conductor, IV.—Speak TRUTH in every word or thought spoken or acted;—

Lyceum—But reserve harsh or unpleasing truths where they would needlessly wound the feelings of others.

Conductor, V.—Exercise CHARITY in thought, striving to excuse the failings of others.

Lyceum—Yes, and charity in speech, veiling the failings of others; charity in deeds, wherever, whenever, and to whomsoever the opportunity offers.

Conductor VI.—In ALMSGIVING be generous.

Lyceum—Visiting the sick and comforting the afflicted in every shape that our means admit of, and the necessities of our fellow-creatures demand.

Conductor, VII.—Exhibit SELF-SACRIFICE at all times:—

Lyceum—Wherever the interests of others are to be benefited by our endurance.

Conductor, VIII.—Be TEMPERATE yet firm in defence of our views of right;—

Lyceum—And protest against wrong, whether for ourselves or others.

Conductor, IX.—Display INDUSTRY in following any calling ye may be engaged in;—

Lyceum—And in devoting some portion of our time, when otherwise not obliged to do so, to the service and benefit of others.

Conductor, X.—Manifest LOVE—above and beyond all;—

Lyceum—Seeking to cultivate in our families, kindred, friend, and amongst all mankind generally the spirit of that true and tender love which can think, speak, and act no wrong to any creature living;

Guardian—Remembering always, that where love is, all the other principles of right are fulfilled beneath its influence and embodied in its monitions.

Conductor—We shall ever hold these ten *principles of right* to be obligatory upon all men, as they are the deductions evolved from the laws of being, and therefore in strict harmony with the divine order of creation. Man's opinion concerning science and theology are subject to change according to surrounding circumstances, training, or personal experience; but the *religion of right, morality, and love*, and the *commandments of Duty*, originating from the principles inherent in life and being, can never change until man ceases to be, or the harmonies of the universe are themselves changed or annihilated.

Given by the Spirits through MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN.

111

Matter and Spirit.

Conductor—What are the two great divisions of nature?

Lyceum—Matter and spirit.

Conductor—What is matter?

Lyceum—The material of which everything is made.

Conductor—What is spirit?

Lyceum—It is pure, eternal, and intelligent force.

Conductor—Of what is matter composed?

Lyceum—Atoms.

Conductor—What is an atom?

Lyceum—It is an invisible centre from which force emanates.

Conductor—What are the three states of matter?

Lyceum—Solid, liquid, and gaseous.

Conductor—How do we learn the qualities of matter?

Lyceum—By means of its emanating force or spirit.

Conductor—Do we know anything of matter except by means of its forces?

Lyceum—It is unseen, unfelt, and unknown.

Conductor—Will you illustrate this grand truth?

Lyceum—As we learn of the sun by means of its light, heat, and gravitation, so do we learn of the atom by its attraction, methods of combination, and other qualities.

Conductor—Can we not learn of an atom by contact?

Lyceum—When we come in contact with a solid, it is not the atom we touch, we only touch the sphere of its emanating force.

Conductor—What is the relation between matter and force?

Lyceum—They are inseparable, co-existent, and co-eternal.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

112 The Religion of Humanity.

Conductor—What is the religion of humanity?

Lyceum—The acknowledgment, reverence, and worship of the Divine in men.

Conductor—What is the measure of the Divine so manifested?

Lyceum—The degree in which their thoughts and actions benefit their kind.

Conductor—How is it worshipped?

Lyceum—By emulative imitation, the sincerest adoration.

Conductor—What is its prophet?

Lyceum—Genius.

Conductor—What is genius?

Lyceum—Spiritual insight.

Conductor—Upon what is it based?

Lyceum—Love and wisdom.

Conductor—From whence do they proceed?

Lyceum—From the Deity.

Conductor—What is our highest conception of Deity?

Lyceum—As the Genius of goodness, omnipotent and eternal.

Conductor—What is prayer?

Lyceum—The soul's aspiration.

Conductor—How is it expressed?

Lyceum—In words, thought, and action.

Conductor—What are its effects?

Lyceum—It induces in us a superior condition of trust, strength, and feeling; and it draws to us benevolent spirits anxious to assist and bless us.

Conductor—Is it then a positive power in the world?

Lyceum—Yes, a mighty one, whose influence pervades the whole sphere of being.

Conductor—What must the possession of so potent a force impress upon us?

Lyceum—The necessity for absolute purity, generosity, forbearance, and forgiveness. A.D.

Conductor—By prayer we draw nearer to the Supreme Spirit—God.

Lyceum—Let us worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Conductor—Study Him, honour Him, glorify Him in thyself. Thou canst not misunderstand or fail to know Him. In the Heavens, in the boundless Universe, He is the MACROCOSM, the infinitely large; on earth and in thyself, He is the MICROCOSM, the infinitely little. In the comprehension of the mystery of God, in the apprehension of His glorious creation of suns, systems, worlds, earth, men, and all created things, lies the basis of the religion of humanity.

113

Life and Death.

Conductor—As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchemist, so is death the test of our lives.

Lyceum—To judge of a life examine the period of it; at its last it appeareth without dissimulation.

Conductor—He hath not spent his life ill who knoweth how to die well.

Lyceum—He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought; neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

Conductor—Wouldst thou learn to die nobly: let thy vices die before thee.

Lyceum—Join esteem to thy admiration: unite friendship to thy love.

Conductor—So shall thou find that contentment surpasseth raptures, and that tranquility is of more worth than ecstasy.

Lyceum—Presume not in prosperity; despair not in adversity; court not dangers, nor meanly fly from them.

Conductor—The wise man maketh everything the means of his growth.

Lyceum—He governed the good: he conquereth the evil; he is unmoved in all.

Conductor—Think not the longest life the happiest; that which is best employed doth man most honour; himself shall rejoice after death in its harvest.

BRAHMANIC.

114 The True and the False.

Conductor—What is the sweetest and best of all things?

Lyceum—Love.

Conductor—What is the worst?

Lyceum—Cruelty.

Conductor—What is the noblest of all things?

Lyceum—To do our duty.

Conductor—What is the basest?

Lyceum—To be treacherous towards others.

Conductor—What is the grandest of all things?

Lyceum—The Divine mind.

Conductor—What is the meanest?

Lyceum—An envious disposition.

Conductor—What is the purest of all things?

Lyceum—Charity.

Conductor—What is the foulest?

Lyceum—A slanderous tongue.

Conductor—What is the most beautiful of all things?

Lyceum—A good life.

Conductor—What is the ugliest?

Lyceum—A deformed spirit.

Conductor—What is the wisest of all things?

Lyceum—Adherence to truth.

Conductor—What is the most foolish?

Lyceum—Vanity.

Conductor—What is the rarest of all things?

Lyceum—A mind which is purely self-sustaining.

Conductor—What is the most pleasing of all things?

Lyceum—The contemplation of all God's excellencies.

Conductor—What is the most distressing?

Lyceum—The contemplation of vice and her attendant evils.

MRS. EMMA S. LEDSHAM.

115 The Word of God.

Conductor—Do we want to contemplate God's power?

Lyceum—We see it in the immensity of the creation.

Conductor—Do we want to contemplate His wisdom?

Lyceum—We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed.

Conductor—Do we want to contemplate His munificence?

Lyceum—We see it in the abundance with which He fills the earth.

Conductor—Do we want to contemplate His mercy?

Lyceum—We see it in His not withholding that abundance even from the unthankful.

Conductor—Nature is the universal exponent of God; and reason is the external exponent of nature.

Lyceum—Nature and reason combined constitute the only true and reliable standard of judgment.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—The creation speaketh a universal language, independently of human speech or human language, multiplied and various as they may be.

Lyceum—It is an ever-existing original, which every man can read.

Conductor—It cannot be forged or counterfeited.

Lyceum—It cannot be lost, altered, or suppressed.

Conductor—It does not depend upon the will of man; it publishes itself from one end of the earth to the other.

Lyceum—This word of God preaches to all men, all nations, and all worlds.

THOMAS PAINE.

116

Wisdom.

Conductor—What is wisdom?

Lyceum—To judge liberally, to think purely, and to love thy neighbour.

Conductor—Who gains wisdom?

Lyceum—He who is willing to receive instruction from all sources.

THE TALMUD.

Conductor—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Lyceum—For the merchandise of it is better than silver, and the gain thereof more than fine gold.

Conductor—Wisdom is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared with her.

Lyceum—Length of day is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour.

Conductor—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Lyceum—Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee, love her, and she shall keep thee.

THE BIBLE.

Conductor—Love is the life of man, wisdom is the light in which love sees.

E. SWEDENBORG.

117

"Precepts."

Conductor—He that loveth pleasure shall be spiritually poor.

Lyceum—He that loveth possessions shall not be rich.

Conductor—Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.

Lyceum—Where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

Conductor—But lay up for yourselves treasures of the spirit.

Lyceum—Of holiness, and truth, and love, for where the treasure is there will the heart be also.

Conductor—Do not give your alms before men, and when ye pray let it be in private.

Lyceum—Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

GOLDEN CHAIN RECITATIONS.

Conductor—Suffer little children to seek the teacher.

Lyceum—Cherish them, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

THE BIBLE.

Conductor—Judge liberally, think purely, and love thy neighbour.

Lyceum—He gains wisdom who is willing to receive instruction from all sources.

Conductor—He is the mighty man who subdueth his temper.

Lyceum—He is rich who is content with his lot.

Conductor—He is deserving of honour who honoureth mankind.

Lyceum—Study is more than sacrifice; charity is greater than all.

THE TALMUD.

Conductor—The world is sustained by the learning of the wise, the justice of the great, the prayers of the good, and the valour of the brave.

THE KORAN.

Lyceum—Envy not the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

BRAHMANIC.

Conductor—Brethren, love one another!

Lyceum—Worship in spirit and in truth.

THE BIBLE.

Conductor—The best preacher is the heart.

Lyceum—The best teacher is time.

Conductor—The best book is the world.

Lyceum—The best friend is God.

THE TALMUD.

118

Love.

Conductor—Though we speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not love, we are become as sounding brass or tinkling cymbals.

Leaders—Love suffereth long, and is kind.

Lyceum—Love enviiheth not; love is not puffed up.

Conductor—Though we have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though we have all faith, so that we could remove mountains, and have not love, we are nothing.

Leaders—Love seeketh not her own.

Lyceum—Love is not to be provoked; love thinketh no evil.

Conductor—Love hopeth all things, endureth all things, rejoicing in the truth.

Leaders—Prophecies may fail; tongues may cease.

Lyceum—Knowledge may vanish away.

Conductor—But love never faileth, nor ceaseth, nor vanisheth.

Leaders—Love your enemies.

Lyceum—Bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you.

Conductor—Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.

THE BIBLE.

121 The Unity and Eternity of Labour.

Conductor—What a glorious thing is human life!

Lyceum—How glorious man's destiny!

Conductor—We behold all round about us, one vast union.

Lyceum—no man can labour for himself, without labouring at the same time for all others.

Conductor—The truth becomes an inward benediction, lifting the soul mightily upward.

Lyceum—The feeling of our dignity and power grows strong when we say : “ Being is not objectless and vain ; we all are necessary links in the great chain which reaches forward into Eternity.”

Conductor—All the great and wise and good, whose names we read in the world's history, have laboured for us.

Lyceum—We have entered into their harvest.

Conductor—We tread in their footsteps from which blessings grow.

Lyceum—We can undertake the sublime task which they once undertook.

Conductor—We can try to make our common Brotherhood wiser and happier.

Lyceum—We can build forward where they were forced to leave off, and bring nearer to perfection the great edifice which they left uncompleted.

Conductor—And at length we, too, must leave it and go hence.

Lyceum—Oh ! this is the sublimest thought of all : We can never finish the noble task of life : We can never cease to work : We can never cease to be.

Conductor—What men call death cannot break off this task, which is never ending.

Lyceum—No period is set to our being : we are ETERNAL.

Conductor—We lift our heads boldly to the threatening mountain peaks, and to the roaring cataract, and to the storm-clouds swimming in the sky overhead, and say

Lyceum—We are ETERNAL, and defy your power.

Conductor—And thou Earth and thou Heaven, mingle in the wild tumult : and ye Elements, foam, rage, and destroy these atoms of dust,—these bodies we call ours !

Lyceum—SPIRIT, with its fixed purpose shall hover brave and triumphant over the ruins of the universe.

Conductor—For it is ETERNAL.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

122 Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

Conductor—What is the law of liberty?

Lyceum—The right of every man to act as he thinks is right, providing that he infringes not upon the equal rights of all other men.

Conductor—What is the law of mental freedom?

Lyceum—Tolerance. The right of every mind to think and judge for itself upon all matters of belief and opinion.

Conductor—What is the law of equality?

Lyceum—That to all the same opportunities of attaining knowledge and truth shall be thrown open unreservedly.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—What is the law of fraternity?

Lyceum—That every man is bound to assist his comrades and to work with them as a brother, instead of against them as an enemy, making love the guide as well as the crown of human achievements.

Conductor—What is the basis of these laws?

Lyceum—Conscience and justice, the common conscience of mankind.

Conductor—What is the completion of the law of liberty as taught by conscience?

Lyceum—That of duty, which imperatively demands of each, subserviency to right, fulfilment of obligations, and earnest activity in doing good.

Conductor—What is the completion of the law of equality?

Lyceum—That of individuality, which discovers to us that absolute equality of similarity of natural gifts is unknown, and that therefore we must allow for differences and degrees.

Conductor—What is the completion of the law of fraternity?

Lyceum—That of wisdom, which demands the due development of each along with that of the whole and recognises itself as a component unit of the humanity which it is its life purpose to exalt.

Conductor—How, then, shall the world be made a heaven?

Lyceum—The power is within us, justice and tolerance, liberty and duty, equality and individuality, fraternity and wisdom, are the angels of our deliverance.

Guardian—But the beginning and the end of all is Love. A.D.

123

The Religion of Use.

Conductor—What is the principle of the religion of use?

Lyceum—That all its rites must be such as minister to the welfare of humanity.

Conductor—What does consideration of the welfare of our fellows involve?

Lyceum—Care for everything developing them, and the conditions amongst which they move.

Conductor—What are its three planes?

Lyceum—The material, the mental, and the spiritual.

Conductor—What are its commandments upon the material plane?

Lyceum—That every human being must be able to obtain the necessities of physical health and happiness.

Guardian—That social irregularities must be removed, and the unjust division of labour and possessions regulated.

Leaders—That science must be cultivated to its highest pitch, in order that the severer manual and mechanical employments may be abolished.

Conductor—What are its commandments upon the mental plane?

Lyceum—That every restraint upon inquiry and reason must be destroyed.

Guardian—That the intellectual faculties of each be unfolded to their fullest possibility.

Leaders—That the sphere of scientific knowledge be extended until it includes all the phenomena with which we are acquainted.

Conductor—What are its commandments upon the spiritual plane?

Lyceum—That a clear and accurate understanding of the spiritual universe by the common heritage.

Guardian—That the superior regions of thought, emotion, imagination, aspiration and conscience be universally educated.

Leaders—That the lives and beings of all be moulded by an ever-present consciousness of the sublime and eternal relations of God and man.

Conductor—How are those who own this religion to express their devotion?

Lyceum—By themselves becoming, as far as possible, its ardent exponents.

Leaders—And consecrating their lives to advance its ideal in others.

Conductor—What does this Religion render sacred?

Lyceum—All life, all thought, and all action.

Leaders—All places and all times.

Conductor—What are its sacrifices?

Lyceum—The baser parts of us to become more pure.

Leaders—The better parts of us to make others holy.

Conductor—What is its inspiration?

Lyceum—Love.

Conductor—What are the manifestations of this spirit?

Lyceum—Incessant effort. Neglecting nothing.

Leaders—From the slightest word to the most momentous deeds, directing its energies to the religious fulfilment of those duties.

Conductor—What is the gospel of this religion?

Lyceum—Truth.

Conductor—What is its God?

Lyceum—Goodness.

Conductor—What is its Temple?

Lyceum—The spheres of eternal life and eternal labour.

Guardian—All religion has religion to life, and the life of religion is to do good.

Conductor—What is a reform?

Lyceum—A re-adjustment of the conditions of life, bringing them into harmony with the higher needs and aspirations of humanity.

Conductor—Are such alterations required?

Lyceum—They are necessary and inevitable to all growth.

Conductor—In what departments of being do they appear?

Lyceum—In all that relates to man and nature.

Conductor—Who among mankind attain to the office of reformers?

Lyceum—The wise, the just, the good, and the inspired, all who are above or beyond their own day.

Conductor—What is their reward for signal services in the cause of right and freedom?

Lyceum—On earth persecution, neglect and sorrow; beyond it love, honour, and power.

Conductor—What is reform in its highest sense?

Lyceum—The sign of a ceaseless aspiration, the continual triumph of the spirit over obstacles to its progress.

Conductor—What are reformers in this light?

Lyceum—The redeemers and benefactors of mankind, the angelic ministers of Divine Providence.

Conductor—The first task of the reformer is within himself; out of his own character he manifests his mission to the world.

A.D.

125

The Conduct of Life.

Conductor—Since the days that are past and gone, and those that are to come may not find thee, it behoveth thee, O man, to employ the present.

Lyceum—This instant is thine, the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Conductor—Whatever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly; defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Lyceum—Idleness is the parent of want, and of pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

Conductor—Endeavour to be first in thy calling, whatever it may be, neither let anyone go before thee in well doing.

Lyceum—Envy not the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

Conductor—Scorn to depress thy competitor by dishonest or unworthy methods.

Lyceum—Strive to raise thyself above him only by excelling him; so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honour, if not with success.

Conductor—Hear the words of prudence, give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart.

Lyceum—Her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her; she is the guide and mistress of human life.

Conductor—A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune; his greatness of soul is not to be cast down.

Lyceum—His happiness dependeth not upon her smiles; therefore with her frowns he is not dismayed.

Conductor—He meeteth the evils of life as a man goeth forth unto battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Lyceum—His calmness and courage alleviate the weight of his misfortunes; his constancy surmounts them.

Conductor—A good death is better than an evil life; strive therefore to live as long as thou oughtest, not as long as thou wouldest.

Lyceum—While thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preserve it. Complain not of the shortness of thy time; remember that with thy days thy cares are shortened.

Guardian—He who gave thee Life as a blessing, shortened it to make it more so.

126

The Philosophy of Life.]

Conductor—Let us be liberal after the example of our great Creator, and give to others with the same consideration that He hath given to us.

Leaders—He that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and man.

Lyceum—For without it we can be neither sociable nor religious.

Conductor—Tranquility is a certain equality of mind, which no condition of fortune can either exalt or depress.

Leaders—It raises us as high as we can go.

Lyceum—It is human perfection.

Conductor—Generosity, gratitude, and tranquility are the strength and splendour of the soul.

Leaders—A sound mind makes a happy man.

Lyceum—He that fears serves.

Conductor—The foundation of happiness is wisdom and virtue.

Leaders—Wisdom is to know what we ought to do.

Lyceum—Virtue is to do it.

Conductor—Virtue is an immortal state that belongs to mortality.

Leaders—All virtues are in agreement.

Lyceum—All vices are at variance.

Conductor—A clear conscience is the testimony and reward of a good life.

Leaders—No man is happy who depends upon fortune for his happiness.

Lyceum—It is preposterous to place the good of a reasonable creature on unreasonable things.

Conductor—No man is ever poor who seeks for what he wants within himself.

Leaders—The greatest wealth of a man is to have a mind that subjects all things to itself.

Lyceum—Such a one goes not to Heaven. Heaven comes to him.

Guardian—A good man is influenced by God Himself, and has a kind of Divinity within him.

SENECA.

127

Parents and Children.

Conductor—Consider, thou who art a parent, the importance of thy trust.

Guardian—A wicked child is an enduring reproach.

Conductor—The soil is thine own, let it not want cultivation; the seed which thou sowest that also shalt thou reap.

Guardian—Reverence the virtues of thy children, remembering that they are now immortal souls.

Conductor—Teach them obedience.

Lyceum—And they shall bless thee.

Conductor—Teach them modesty.

Lyceum—And they shall not be ashamed.

Conductor—Teach them gratitude.

Lyceum—And they shall receive benefits.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—Teach them charity.
Lyceum—And they shall gain love.
Conductor—Teach them temperance.
Lyceum—And they shall have health.
Conductor—Teach them prudence.
Lyceum—And fortune shall attend them.
Conductor—Teach them sincerity.
Lyceum—And they shall be strong.
Conductor—Teach them justice.
Lyceum—And the world shall honour them.
Conductor—Teach them diligence.
Lyceum—And their wealth shall increase.
Conductor—Teach them benevolence.
Lyceum—And their minds shall be exalted.
Conductor—Teach them science.
Lyceum—And their lives shall be useful.
Conductor—Teach them religion.
Lyceum—And their death shall be happy.
Conductor—The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia.
Guardian—Children, honour your parents. Love and serve them. BRAHMANIC.

128 The Family of Nations.

Conductor—What does history disclose to us?
Lyceum—Man's trials : man's conquests : man's progression.
Leaders—The process of civilisation.
Conductor—What are the ascending grades of organised life?
Lyceum—The individual : the family : and the nation.
Leaders—Nations are individuals in the family of man.
Conductor—What do the most ancient records discover?
Lyceum—Three countries.
Conductor Which are those countries?
Lyceum—India, the birthplace of religion; Egypt, the cradle of science; and Greece, the home of philosophy, poetry, and art.
Conductor—What are those powers parallel to and mingling with these?
Lyceum—Three races.
Conductor—Will you state them?
Lyceum—The Persians, with their Zend Avesta; The Jews, with their two Testaments; and the Arabs, with their Koran.
Conductor—What followed these streams?
Lyceum—Three Powers.
Conductor—Name them?
Lyceum—Italy, the land of great cities, e.g., Rome, Venice, and Florence; Spain, the monarch of the two worlds; and the Netherlands, the saviours of religious liberty.
Conductor—What are the glories of modern times?
Lyceum—Three peoples?
Conductor—Describe these?

Lyceum—The French, with their rare intelligence : The Germans, with their lofty thought : and the Anglo-Saxons, the pioneers of political freedom, the enlightened advocates of consistent advance.

Conductor—Has the history of nations any teachings?

Lyceum—Russia and Turkey, darkened by ignorance, remain in want ; Spain and Austria are crushed by priestly despotism ; Hungary and Poland fell victims to internal dissensions, and ambition of relentless neighbours.

Leaders—Ignorance, superstition, discord, and tyranny are the common foes of all mankind.

Conductor—Was the European the first civilisation ?

Lyceum—No. It is the offspring of others whose memory has passed away.

Conductor—Have there been any contemporary with it ?

Lyceum—Yes, three.

Conductor—Define them.

Lyceum—The Aztec, and the Peruvian, destroyed by bigoted fanatics ; and the Chinese, which having lost the impulse of progression, has therefore lost its life also.

Conductor—What will be the probable future of national existence ?

Lyceum—Each nation will perfect itself harmoniously in its own sphere, until all are blended in a superb whole.

Conductor—Does that perfection involve the loss of nationality ?

Lyceum—Not in its true sense ; they will be distinct in their offices, but united in their operation, like the various limbs and organs of the human body.

Conductor—Is then humanity in reality a union ?

Lyceum—Yes ; even as God is. Its many members mutually assist each other, they are governed by an intelligence and a sympathy, which, the same in every race, blends the millions of mankind in one holy brotherhood of aim and being.

A.D.

129

The Senses.

Conductor—Thy soul is the monarch of thy frame ; suffer not its subjects to rebel against it.

Lyceum—The body is as the globe of the earth ; thy bones the pillars that sustain it on its basis.

Conductor—As the ocean giveth rise to springs, whose waters return again into its bosom through the rivers ; so runneth thy life from the heart outwards, and so returneth it unto its place again.

BRAHMANIC.

Lyceum—Keep the currents of life pure by pure habits, and all thy being shall be healthful.

Conductor—Is not thy nose the channel to perfumes ; thy mouth the path to delicacies ?

Lyceum—Are not thine eyes the sentinels that watch for thee ; thine ears the chambers of sound where the soul listens enchanted ?

Conductor—Are not thy lungs as the winds of heaven, and thy nerves the feelers that touch the spheres of things ?

Lyceum—And all the organs of thy body and thy brain, are they not ministers of good to the inward spirit that actuates and directs all motions ?

J. O. BARRETT.

Conductor—Preserve thy soul in moderation; teach thy spirit to be attentive to its good; so shall these, its ministers, be always to thee conveyances of truth.

Lyceum—Why, of all things living, art thou made capable of blushing? The world shall read thy shame upon thy face; therefore do nothing shameful.

BRAHMANIC.

130

Truth.

Conductor—Truth is the soul's deepest and divinest conviction.

Lyceum—Our conceptions of truth unfold as the soul expands and approaches the more perfect standard, the absolute.

Conductor—Seek ye the truth, "for the truth shall make you free."

Lyceum—For truth is God's, and hath a power sacred unto itself: a power that stirs the living souls of men, and lifts them up from lowliness to light.

Conductor—"The truth shall make you free."

Lyceum—For hope, fair hope, and all her train of eloquent resolves, do stand upon the watch, and guard you well.

Conductor—"The truth shall make you free."

Lyceum—For faith, strong faith, stands sterling sentinel upon the rock and tower of God's eternal purposes with man.

Conductor—"The truth shall make you free."

Lyceum—For love, pure love, is God's divinest attribute, and wins all human hearts to learn and keep His law.

Conductor—And faith, hope, truth, that teach us to be free, do culminate and blossom all in love.

Lyceum—For "God is love"; if we but trust Him so, then all these goodly gifts take root in us.

131

Esteem Thyself.

Conductor—What should be the first ambition of everyone?

Lyceum—To command his own esteem. One cannot retain the esteem of others who is not worthy of his own.

Conductor—Is self-esteem vanity?

Lyceum—No. It is the consciousness of having lived righteously.

Conductor—Can we esteem ourselves when we cheat and deceive our fellow-beings?

Lyceum—No. We feel that we do not deserve trust. We grow weak, faltering, and unsafe.

Conductor—How can we best gain our own esteem?

Lyceum—By being honest in our dealings, truthful in the utterance of our opinions, brave in vindicating them when assailed, and courageous in living them, always testing their merits by their results.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

Conductor—Behold a part of God Himself within thee! Remember thine own dignity, nor dare descend to evil, or meanness.

BRAHMANIC.

132

Heavenly Wisdom.

Conductor—Who is a wise man and endowed with knowledge amongst you? Let him show, out of a good conversation, his works with meekness of wisdom.

Lyceum—But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth.

Conductor—Ye are, then, unwise and foolish.

Lyceum—For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

Conductor—But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

Lyceum—And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.

Conductor—Suffer rather than inflict suffering.

Lyceum—Bless them that persecute you.

Conductor—Lead us onward, O Divine Wisdom.

THE BIBLE.

133 Physical, Moral and Spiritual Order.

Conductor—What do we chiefly learn regarding physical, moral, and spiritual order?

Lyceum—Firstly: we learn of a physical order, which embraces us and all the world.

Conductor—What else does it teach us?

Lyceum—Secondly: of a moral order, which governs our relations to every living thing.

Conductor—What else do we learn?

Lyceum—Thirdly: of a spiritual order, whereby all souls are immortal.

Conductor—What good results from a knowledge of this order and conformity thereto?

Lyceum—The attainment of that happiness which all men desire.

Conductor—Can you give a summary of those precepts which experience proves will lead to happiness?

Lyceum—Yes. There are twelve great truths which form the substance of true religion and philosophy; they can be divided into four groups.

Conductor—What is the first group?

Lyceum—A three-fold goal: purity, justice, and truth.

Conductor—What is the second group?

Lyceum—Three faculties to be disciplined and cultivated in striving to reach it: affection, will, and reason.

Conductor—What is the third group?

Lyceum—Three vices to be conquered: intemperance, idleness, and worldliness.

Conductor—What is the fourth group?

Lyceum—Three virtues whereby progress may be insured: thoughtful self-respect, self-denying work, and single-eyed devotion.

Conductor—What do we chiefly learn by these great truths?

Lyceum—We learn three things: What we have to avoid; what we owe to ourselves; and what we owe to our neighbours.

Conductor—What has man to avoid?

Lyceum—His three great enemies are disease, ignorance, and injustice.

Conductor—What does he owe to himself?

Lyceum—Firstly—To maintain that health of body by which he is related to the physical order; Secondly—Cultivation of such practical energy as may enable him to fulfil his duties in the Moral Order; Thirdly—That proper development of his faculties which makes him truly a spirit being.

Conductor—What does man owe to his neighbour?

Lyceum—His duty to himself will necessarily lead him to perform his duty to others; and his relations to his fellow-creatures will multiply in proportion to the development of his sympathies and life.

134 Life and Happiness.

Conductor—Life is immortal; there is no death, only a change from a lower to a higher state of existence, as the caterpillar changes from its state to that of a higher.

Leaders—An injury done to a caterpillar will have its effect on the butterfly.

Lyceum—An injury to our physical or moral nature will have its effect on our spiritual nature, and thus we must reap that which we sow.

Conductor—The object of life is happiness.

Leaders—Suffering arises from the wrong methods that are employed to obtain happiness; thus the drunkard seeks it in intoxicating drinks.

Lyceum—And thereby impoverishes his home, starves his children, and ruins his life.

Leaders—The glutton seeks it in gormandizing.

Lyceum—And thereby reduces his manhood below the level of the beasts, disorders his body, and engenders disease, pain, and suffering.

Leaders—The sensualist seeks it in carnal gratifications and lust.

Lyceum—And thereby shortens his days, fills his body with filth and corruption, and becomes an object of loathing, and a warning to mankind.

Leaders—The gambler seeks it in betting.

Lyceum—And thereby blunts his sense of honesty; seeking to become rich without rendering an equivalent for it; and in his misfortunes he pulls down the fortunes of his families and friends.

Leaders—The miser seeks it in hoarding great treasures.

Lyceum—And thereby shuts out of his life the soul-stirring influence of love, sympathy, and benevolence; and thus dwarfs his manhood to a demon of selfishness.

Conductor—When men are tired of chasing the alluring phantom of carnal pleasures and vain ambitions, they begin to learn wisdom through suffering.

Guardian—Happy is he who is not led away by these false lights.
Conductor—Seek ye then the true pathway.

Lyceum—It is not to be found in mere appetite; nor in hoarding wealth, or acts of selfishness; for thereby people are allowed to starve and die through want; whilst God has given an abundant supply for all.

Conductor—The root of all evil is ignorance and selfishness.

Lyceum—The source of all true happiness is in labouring to bless and make others happy.

ALFRED KITSON.

135

Self-Abnegation.

Conductor—Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world.

Lyceum—With it, everywhere shalt thou bear a cross.

Conductor—If thou seekest thine own will and pleasure, thou shalt never be quiet and free from care, for in everything somewhat will be wanting.

Lyceum—Of necessity we must have patience if we would possess inward peace.

Conductor—On this error, that a man inordinately loveth himself, all sorrow dependeth.

Lyceum—It is little we suffer in comparison with those who have gone before.

Conductor—If a man give all his substance, yet it is as nothing.

Lyceum—If he do great penances they are yet but little.

Conductor—If he be of virtue and devotion, there is something needed.

Lyceum—If he attain all knowledge he is yet afar off.

Leaders—One thing is yet wanting.

Lyceum—That having left all, he leave himself, go out of himself, and retain nothing of self-love.

Leaders—Forsake thyself, resign thyself.

Lyceum—Then all that is immoderate, superfluous, or painful, shall pass away.

THOS. à KEMPIS.

Conductor—It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures.

Lyceum—We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being great, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world.

Conductor—If we mean to act nobly, and seek to know the best, we must fix our minds on lofty ends, and not on what will happen to us because of them.

Lyceum—No man can be great, he can hardly keep from being wicked, unless he give up thinking about pleasure and reward, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful.

Conductor—To struggle against powerful wrong, to try to raise men to the highest deeds they are capable of, this is to be great.

Lyceum—By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we do not quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

“GEORGE ELIOT.”

136 The Teachings of Spiritualism.

Conductor—What does Spiritualism prove?

Lyceum—It proves man's immortality, and the existence of a spiritual universe.

Conductor—What effect has such proof upon humanity?

Lyceum—It destroys all fear of death, annihilates the doctrine of eternal punishment, and substitutes the cheering assurance of eternal progress.

Conductor—What else does it do?

Lyceum—It sweeps away the idea of a personal Devil, and locates the sources of evil in man's own imperfections.

Conductor—What does Spiritualism teach?

Lyceum—It denies the immoral and soul-corrupting doctrine of any vicarious atonements for sin, and on the testimony of millions of immortal spirits, solemnly affirms that every guilty soul must arise and become its own Saviour.

Conductor—What does it teach regarding the Creator?

Lyceum—It ignores the degrading conception of a partial and vindictive God, and substitutes the worship of an Infinite, Eternal and all perfect Spirit, an Alpha and Omega, all Love, Wisdom, and Law.

Conductor—What does it teach respecting Heaven and Hell?

Lyceum—It demolishes the absurd and materialistic conception of the theological heaven and hell making each a state of happiness or misery dependent on the good or evil within the soul itself.

Conductor—What is it hostile to, and what does it promote?

Lyceum—It is the death-blow to superstition, sectarianism, and religious persecution, but the friend and promoter of all reforms that tend to elevate and benefit humanity.

Conductor—What standard of Truth does it adopt and how is it enforced?

Lyceum—Whilst Spiritualism proclaims that there is a standard of Truth in everything, it acknowledges man's incapacity to discover all Truth, and therefore it fetters no one's opinions, and teaches, but never enforces its beliefs on anyone.

Conductor—What theories does it advocate regarding spiritual life?

Lyceum—Concerning all spiritual life, state, and being, Spiritualism accepts no theories that are not sustained by proven facts and corroborative testimony.

Conductor—What effect will Spiritualism have upon Science and Religion?

Lyceum—Its phenomena—being all based upon immutable principles of law—open up endless arenas of new research for science, and its concensus of revelations being founded upon facts, tend to place true religion on the basis of science, and vitalize science with all that is true and practical in religion.

Conductor—What good has it done for humanity?

Lyceum—Spiritualism is a ceaseless incentive to practice good; it reunites the friends separated by death; strengthens the weak and desolate by the presence of Angel guidance and protection; cheers the afflicted with the certainty of another and better world, where justice will be done and every wrong will be righted.

GOLDEN CHAIN RECITATIONS.

Conductor—Is there anything in Spiritualism to fear?

Lyceum—It is terrible only to the guilty, proving that spirit eyes can and do read every secret crime, and that all crimes must be abandoned and atoned for by personal suffering and personal compensation, before any guilty soul can attain happiness hereafter.

Conductor—What is the creed of Spiritualism?

Lyceum—Spiritualists have no creed, but mostly unite in affirming the following simple summary of principles:—

The Fatherhood of God.

The Brotherhood of Man.

The Immortality of the Soul, and its personal characteristics.

The Proven Facts of Communion between departed Human Spirits and Mortals.

Personal Responsibility, with Compensation and Retribution hereafter for all the good or evil deeds done here.

And a path of Eternal Progress open to every human soul that wills to tread it by the path of eternal good.

Given by the Spirits through

MRS. EMMA H. BRITTEN.

137 The Nature of Spiritualism.

Conductor—What is Spiritualism?

Lyceum—Spiritualism is the knowledge of everything pertaining to the spiritual nature of man; it is a science, a philosophy, and a religion, presenting a just view of man's duty, destiny, and immortal relations.

Conductor—Does it include anything else?

Lyceum—Yes, as Spirit is the moving force of the universe, so Spiritualism, in its widest scope, embraces the whole realm of Nature.

Conductor—How is Spiritualism a science?

Lyceum—Spiritualism is based upon well-proven, world-wide facts, which can and have been scientifically classed; it promotes the search for truth in every department of being, and is therefore the science of life.

Conductor—How is it a philosophy?

Lyceum—It comprehends man and the universe in all their varied relations, physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual.

Conductor—How is it a religion?

Lyceum—Because it gives us a juster conception of the Creator and His works, prompts us to act up to our highest sense of duty, and stimulates spiritual growth and purity of life, thus preparing us for the immortality which it proves.

Conductor—Who are Spiritualists?

Lyceum—In its broadest sense, they are those who believe in a continued future existence, and that departed spirits can and do communicate with man.

Conductor—In what other light can you view them?

Lyceum—It is only as they cultivate their noblest faculties, live true lives, and for ever strive to improve in goodness and wisdom are they entitled to the name in its highest meaning.

Conductor—You say this pertains to the nature of man, please define his nature.

Lyceum—Man is a thinking, reasoning, self-conscious, and morally responsible being; the highest type of being that has yet lived on earth.

Conductor—Can you tell anything more respecting him?

Lyceum—Man is a threefold being, composed of a physical or earthly body, a spiritual body, and an innermost spirit.

Conductor—What is the physical body?

Lyceum—The earthly body is the temple of the soul, it is the basis on which it rests; by the bodily senses the soul is brought into contact with the physical world.

Conductor—What is the spiritual body?

Lyceum—The spiritual body is an organised form, evolved by and out of the physical body, having corresponding organs and development, and resembles the physical body.

Conductor—Can you tell anything further of the spiritual body?

Lyceum—It outlives the change called death, and becomes the external body of the spirit.

Conductor—What is the innermost spirit?

Lyceum—The intelligent, ethereal, and immortal part of man, the life itself, a spark from the Divine.

Conductor—What is the soul?

Lyceum—The term soul is nearly synonymous with that of the spirit and is often so used; but as it leads to confusion of thought we refrain from using it.

138 Death and the After Life.

Conductor—What is death?

Lyceum—Death is the separation of the earthly body from the spiritual body; it is the mightier second birth.

Conductor—What results from this?

Lyceum—The body decays, changes its form, and returns to the earth from which it was eliminated; but the spirit unharmed passes to the new life freed from its earthly bonds.

Conductor—Why can we not see spirits?

Lyceum—Because our physical senses are so obtuse; we cannot see the air around us and yet we cannot exist without it, and it is as real as any other form of matter.

Conductor—How then do we get to know of all this?

Lyceum—By the testimony of disembodied Spirits who return and communicate with us, and the nature of the manifestations they produce to prove their presence.

Conductor—Can it be proved that the Spirit exists freed from the body?

Lyceum—Yes; the well-proven facts of spirit communion are the great and all-conclusive proof.

Conductor—Is there anything else to support this?

Lyceum—Yes; the spiritual experiences of many souls whilst still living in the earthly body.

Conductor—But are not both of these miraculous?

Lyceum—No; all is in accordance with nature; there can be no

GOLDEN CHAIN RECITATIONS.

miracle nor supernatural event, as law rules supreme in the spiritual as well as in the physical realm.

Conductor—Have we anything to fear from this second birth?

Lyceum—Nothing whatever, it is as natural as the previous one by which we were born into this earthly life.

Conductor—Is the Spirit affected by the change called Death?

Lyceum—Death does not affect the Spirit morally or intellectually, it is simply another birth into a higher state; it is the same individual, with precisely the same faculties, who is welcomed by Spirit-friends, and introduced to its new life.

Conductor—Is it best to die young, or live to old age?

Lyceum—The plan of Nature teaches that man should mature in age, and the separation take place, as gradually and beautifully as the fruit ripens and drops from the tree which produced it.

Conductor—What do spirit friends say regarding this?

Lyceum—Spirits all tell us that there is a great loss incurred by going to the spirit-world before we have reaped the full experience to be gained from the lessons of this life.

Conductor—What is that universal instinct which makes us cling so tenaciously to this life?

Lyceum—It is a natural barrier against the temptation to enter the Spirit World before we are prepared for it, or to cowardly fly from the troubles and cares of this life.

Conductor—How is the Spirit affected by sudden or violent deaths?

Lyceum—They may in some cases be painful, but they have no permanent effect on the Spirit; the physical body may be crushed to atoms, but the Spirit is unharmed; it passes the storm, leaving the body wrecked and shattered.

Conductor—What relation has the Spirit to its new home?

Lyceum—The Spirit-world is a REAL world, in fact more real than is the earth, and the Spirit holds the same relation to it as a man holds to physical nature.

Conductor—What relation has earth-life to spirit-life?

Lyceum—The knowledge, attainment, and experience of the earth-life form the basis of the Spirit-Life. Hence arises a most powerful incentive to do good and control our evil passions and sins lest they stain and deface the beauty of our spirit-body, which being immortal, it will take long ages to erase therefrom.

Conductor—What is the general experience of Spirit people in Spirit Life?

Lyceum—All the good, all the wisdom gained on earth is retained in the World of Spirits, and from this a path of never-ending progress opens to every soul that wills to walk therein.

Conductor—Explain this more fully.

Lyceum—Eternal progress is a growth, a blossoming and ripening up of the spiritual nature; the spiritual body, afame with spirit, and a perfect structure self-balanced, becomes more and more ethereal and beautiful as the individual unfolds and advances in the morning land of immortality; ultimately becoming so refined, purified, and spiritualised as to be beyond the power of man's mind to conceive or human tongue to utter.

Children in Spirit-Life.

Conductor—Do young children survive the change called death the same as adults?

Lyceum—Yes, they are immortal, for death cannot touch the spirit.

Conductor—Do they enter the Spirit-World as Spirit-Children?

Lyceum—Yes, every being begins that life from the point at which it leaves this one.

Conductor—Do not these helpless little ones feel very lonely when they enter that new and strange world?

Lyceum—No, for good and loving Spirit Friends gather round to welcome the little stranger, and minister to its needs, which in like manner was done by earthly friends upon its birth into this life.

Conductor—Who are these Spirit Friends who minister to its wants?

Lyceum—If the child's earthly mother has preceded it to the World of Spirits, she, if worthy, takes charge of it and bestows that care and love upon it which only a mother can render; if otherwise it is placed in charge of a good Spirit who is specially noted for love of children.

Conductor—Although good, may not these spirits sometimes lack the necessary qualifications?

Lyceum—The greatest care is exercised in selecting the one *most* fitted to rear and train these little ones.

Conductor—Is this invariably the case, are not some neglected or unnoticed occasionally?

Lyceum—In every case when a child leaves the mortal form, it finds friends, companions, and teachers in the Spirit-World adapted to its needs; not one is overlooked or even assigned in a careless way to anyone who will take them.

Conductor—What does this Spirit Mother or Guardian do with the little Spirit?

Lyceum—She takes it to its Spirit Home.

Conductor—What are their homes like?

Lyceum—There are no such homes on earth, none so joyous, full of beauty, so warm, sunny, or bright: it is easier to imagine such a home, than to express it in words.

Conductor—Do Children grow in Spirit-Life?

Lyceum—Certainly, for it would not be just to hinder their development; their spirit bodies grow transcendently lovely, no human mind can conceive of the beauty and grace of these little ones.

Conductor—Are there any schools in the Spirit-World?

Lyceum—Yes, they are called Progressive Lyceums, the method of teaching is mostly by object lessons, and the entire surroundings are so arranged as to awaken only thoughts of the good, the true, and the pure.

Conductor—What is the nature of the instruction given?

Lyceum—Groups of Spirit Children meet to learn the lessons of life, develop all the highest and noblest attributes of mind, and cultivate the strongest and purest health for the Spirit form; the teachers draw forth the inner powers of the young minds, and thought is developed and love awakened; the lessons are both

entertaining and instructive; all work in concord and delight to please each other; thus they grow in harmony, sympathy, and love.

Conductor—Do these spirit children ever return to visit their earthly friends?

Lyceum—Yes, their guardians bring them back to their earthly homes, that they may learn the lesson of earth-life, feel the warmth of parental love, and know the joy of earthly affections.

Conductor—Are these visits prolonged?

Lyceum—When a healthy spiritual atmosphere pervades the home, they often remain for days, and sometimes are privileged to communicate with their earthly parents, and thus bless and enlighten them with a knowledge of immortality.

Conductor—Is their development quicker or slower than on earth?

Lyceum—Having no material body to hinder them, they thus escape pain, weariness, and disease; their acquisition of knowledge is not of that forced character known on earth; their surroundings are pure, noble, and elevating, instead of evil and degrading, from which they are carefully guarded, therefore they progress quicker than they would on earth.

Conductor—Have they any companions?

Lyceum—Yes, children who like themselves have known little or no evil, and as a consequence whose aspirations are pure and holy.

Conductor—What is the next step in Spirit-Life for these children?

Lyceum—When sufficiently developed for the work, these young people depart to take their places as teachers, guides, and helpers to the needy and lowly of earth, or to the ignorant and darkened minds who enter Spirit-Life from thence.

Conductor—What are the results of this?

Lyceum—As they are early taught that by helping others—if done unselfishly—they help themselves, they are ever ready to offer the helping hand to those weaker than themselves; this develops the soul and advances them in their spiritual condition towards that higher knowledge for which they ever aspire and strive; in a word, they unfold as the rosebud opens to the sun, or the petals of the lily unclose to the light of day, as they become purer and truer, higher and holier, they assume a form of perfection and beauty.

Compiled by H. A. KERSEY.

140

Mediumship.

Conductor—What is a medium?

Lyceum—A medium is a person through whose organic structure departed Spirits can communicate with people in this life.

Conductor—What is the basis of mediumship?

Lyceum—Mediumship rests upon sensitiveness.

Conductor—What is sensitiveness?

Lyceum—Sensitiveness is a faculty pertaining to our spiritual nature, and is acute in proportion as that spiritual nature dominates the physical senses.

Conductor—Have all this gift?

Lyceum—It is possessed more or less by all, but by a few only in a remarkable degree.

Conductor—What is the nature of mediumship?

Lyceum—Mediumship, both for physical manifestations and those of a mental character, is purely constitutional; it cannot be bought or sold, and does not depend upon moral or intellectual development.

Conductor—Can you tell me anything more respecting it?

Lyceum—It is variable in the same individual, may be induced or intensified, may manifest itself suddenly or at long intervals; only once in a lifetime, or be a steadfast quality; it may have all degrees of acuteness from the faintest mental impressibility to powerful and wonderful physical manifestations.

Conductor—Has the medium influence on the phenomena?

Lyceum—Yes, every medium has a personality more or less positive, and all communications are covered more or less thereby; subtle differences in the organism cause variety in the manifestations. Spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works.

Conductor—Has the spirit manifesting much effect upon the phenomena?

Lyceum—Most certainly; nothing is so strongly marked as the individuality of the operator, and this, of course, is another great cause of the variety shown.

Conductor—Has sex anything to do with mediumship?

Lyceum—No, it is common in both sexes; there are more female mediums developed because the occupations of males in this life are a hindrance to the development of medial powers.

Conductor—Do mediums exhibit any peculiarity?

Lyceum—Yes, waywardness of character, and a disposition to be too easily influenced by surrounding circumstances or persons, but the broadest charity should be bestowed upon them, they being often left in such a negative state as to become the prey of conflicting influence.

Conductor—What should mediums do in their highly responsible positions as the portal between two worlds?

Lyceum—Their mediumistic susceptibility does not remove their responsibility, it is in vain to put the blame of short-comings on invisible beings, for all can choose their associates; they should seek the best gifts and strive to live up to their highest ideal, and if any Spirit attempts to lead them from the path of honour and rectitude, they should be discarded at once; they should seek the companionship of those true and noble spirits who will never lead astray, but ever urge them onward in the pathway of right.

Compiled by H. A. KERSEY.

141

Spiritual Gifts.

Conductor—What are spiritual gifts?

Lyceum—The manifestations of Spirit friends to prove their presence and immortality.

Conductor—What is the nature of these manifestations?

Lyceum—They consist of phenomena which may be broadly divided into two classes,—the physical, or those in which material objects are acted upon, or apparently material bodies produced; and the

GOLDEN CHAIN RECITATIONS.

mental, or those which consist in the exhibition by the medium of powers or faculties not possessed in the normal state.

Conductor—Describe those physical phenomena.

Lyceum—Producing sounds of all kind, from a delicate tick to heavy blows like those made by a sledge hammer; altering the weight of bodies, moving articles without human agency, releasing mediums from every description of bonds, even from welded iron rings; preserving from the effects of fire; producing writings, drawings, or painting on papers, slates, &c., placed beyond human reach; musical instruments played whilst similarly secured; luminous appearances, such as sparks, stars, globes, clouds, &c.

Conductor—Are there any other kind of physical manifestations?

Lyceum—Yes, those wonderful ones of hands, faces, or entire human figures, generally covered with flowing drapery; these human forms are visible and tangible to all present; they sometimes speak, or otherwise palpably manifest their presence, and are known as materialised forms; also there are spirit photographs, a purely physical experiment, which produces often the recognised portrait of some deceased friend or acquaintance.

Conductor—Enumerate the mental phenomena.

Lyceum—Automatic writing, clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance-speaking, impersonation, healing, &c.

Conductor—What is automatic writing?

Lyceum—The medium writes involuntarily in a language, or of a matter unknown to him, and sometimes whilst conversing with others upon another subject.

Conductor—What is clairvoyance?

Lyceum—Clairvoyance, or clear seeing, is a faculty by which some mediums see the forms of deceased persons unknown to them, and describe their peculiarities so minutely that their friends at once recognise them; other mediums read sealed letters and give appropriate answers; or distant places, or people, are seen and accurately described.

Conductor—What is clairaudience?

Lyceum—Clairaudience, or clear hearing, is a faculty by which some mediums hear voices, which often impart information to them not previously known, this often accompanies clairvoyance, and by it they obtain names, dates, and particulars connected with the individual seen by them.

Conductor—What is trance-speaking?

Lyceum—Trance and inspirational speaking are states in which the medium is more or less unconscious and speaks often on matters and in a style far beyond his own capacity.

Conductor—What is impersonation?

Lyceum—Impersonation, or transfiguration, is a state in which the medium appears to be changed into another person; speaks, looks, and acts the character in a marvellous manner.

Conductor—What is healing?

Lyceum—Healing of disease has various forms; sometimes by making mesmeric passes; by rubbing; or by merely laying on of hands; sometimes the medium in the trance at once discovers the hidden malady, describes accurately the appearance of the internal

parts affected, or the patient's symptoms, and prescribes a remedy.

Conductor—Are these extraordinary occurrences supported by any kindred phenomena?

Lyceum—Yes, thought transference, apparitions, hauntings, witchcraft, magic, warnings, dreams, visions, premonitions, irresistible impulses, etc., experienced by all classes of people in all ages and nations, all point in the same direction.

Conductor—How are these remarkable phenomena produced?

Lyceum—It is not known, we only know the results; these Spirit Friends say they use the magnetism of the medium, combined with that which they can obtain from persons present, to produce the phenomena; but as to the method employed, possibly we have no experience as yet to enable us to grasp their meaning.

Conductor—Are all Spirit messages to be relied on?

Lyceum—No, we must test, prove, and try them in order to ascertain the truth.

Conductor—Have these spiritual gifts served any useful purpose?

Lyceum—They have healed the sick, comforted the afflicted, and dried the mourner's tears; and finally, they have proved beyond all cavilling doubt, that our fondest desires and brightest hopes of immortality will all be realised, because they have brought us into close, direct, and sweet communion with our nearest and dearest friends, who, having passed through the change called death, know all about it and are therefore the right ones to speak to us and all the world with full knowledge and authority, because they have entered into and are now enjoying life in the Spirit World.

Compiled by H. A. KERSEY.

142 The Aim of Spiritualism.

Conductor—The aim of Spiritualism is to effect a complete at-onement and unison of man with God, till every action and thought of man is in perfect harmony with the Divine Will.

Guardian—It makes absolute religion the point where man's will and God's will are one and the same.

Conductor—It lays down no creed, asks no symbol, and reverences no time or place exclusively.

Lyceum—It cheerfully lives out its religion in all times and places, acts, words, and thoughts.

Conductor—It considers forms and ceremonies as not essential.

Lyceum—It only reckons them as useful to those who need them.

Conductor—It does not make the means the end.

Lyceum—It prizes the sign only for the sake of the signification.

Conductor—Its temple is all space; its shrine, the good heart; its creed all Truth; its ritual, works of good and use.

Lyceum—Its profession of faith, a divine life; good works without, spiritual beauty and purity within; and deeds of love to God through his creatures.

Conductor—It does good for goodness' sake.

Lyceum—It asks no pardon for its sins, it only seeks the opportunity to atone for them.

Conductor—It bows to no idols.

Lyceum—Whether made of wood or of metal; of flesh or of parchment; or even of authorities, or of books.

Conductor—It is reverent to Truth only.

Lyceum—And rejects all falsehood, though upheld by antiquity or power.

Conductor—It counts no good word profane because a heathen spoke it.

Lyceum—Nor a lie sacred though uttered by those the world calls sacred.

Conductor—Its watchword is “BE YE PERFECT AS GOD IS PERFECT.”

Lyceum—It makes each man his own redeemer and his own priest; but gladly accepts of every true word, every earnest exhortation to good, or wise counsel spoken by others.

Conductor—It calls God, Father, not King; Christ, Brother, not Redeemer; the heavens our Home, not Heaven.

Lyceum—Its sum of prayer is “THY WILL BE DONE”; its Church that of Nature and all holy souls wherever gathered together.

Conductor—Oh, come let us worship in this Holy Temple.

Guardian—Let us worship the Father in Spirit and in Truth.

Lyceum—All true aspiration, all noble effort, is worship.

143

Our Rights.

Conductor—Man is an immortal intelligence, capable of infinite progress, therefore has self-evident rights.

Lyceum—His existence is incontrovertible evidence that he has the right to all the essential conditions for the maintenance of such existence.

Guardian—To withhold such would be to defeat the object of his creation.

Conductor—He has the right to fresh air and pure water, which by reason of their nature cannot be monopolised.

Lyceum—He has the right to wholesome food, through the ministrations of love.

Conductor—Hunger stimulates to labour, and is supplied thereby.

Lyceum—He has the right to the fruits of his honest labour.

Conductor—He has the right to labour in any direction, provided such does not conflict with the rights of others.

Lyceum—He has the right to the opportunity to labour for the sustenance of himself and family.

Conductor—He has the right to warm clothing and good shelter.

Lyceum—For these are necessary for his physical health and development.

Conductor—He has the right to rest in order to recuperate his jaded powers.

Lyceum—He has the right to leisure to cultivate his superior faculties.

Conductor—He has the right to education and culture.

Lyceum—Education is the food of the mind, as bread is that of the body.

Conductor—He has the right to think and reason, for this is the road to freedom.

Lyceum—He has the right to break the bonds of ignorance and superstition.

Conductor—He has the right to unbounded enquiry, and to form his own opinions thereon.

Lyceum—He has the right to obey the behests of his own conscience.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—He has the right to liberty.

Lyceum—But liberty must not be confounded with license.

Conductor—He has the right to the joys of a happy home.

Lyceum—For around the family hearth cluster all that is beautiful in love and friendship.

Conductor—He has the right to the love and esteem of his fellow beings.

Lyceum—But he must bestow the same love upon them in return.

Conductor—He has the right to enjoy the largest measure of happiness.

Lyceum—Happiness is the result of obedience to all the laws of his being.

Conductor—We must accord to others the same rights that we claim for ourselves.

Lyceum—Our own rights are limited when they conflict with the rights of others.

Conductor—The rights of the individual must yield to the rights of the many.

Lyceum—Our object should ever be the happiness of all, even to the humblest, for it is essential to their progress as children of God.

144

Our Duties.

Conductor—What are our duties?

Lyceum—The obligation to obey the laws of our being.

Conductor—How may they be divided?

Lyceum—Into physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual.

Conductor—Name the prominent physical duties.

Lyceum—We should obey the laws of physical health; eat pure and appropriate food, drink pure water, breathe fresh air, cultivate cleanliness in habit and in person, and take due exercise and rest.

Conductor—What are our intellectual duties?

Lyceum—To cultivate our reasoning and instructive faculties in Truth, and to spread its light abroad that others may be guided thereby.

Conductor—What are our moral duties?

Lyceum—To respect the rights of others, and hold their welfare equal to our own.

Conductor—What are our spiritual duties?

Lyceum—To train our spiritual nature in the God-like qualities of unselfishness, harmony, nobility, purity, truth, wisdom, and love.

Conductor—To whom do we owe our duties?

Lyceum—To ourselves, to our neighbours, and to God.

Conductor—Why to ourselves?

Lyceum—Because it is essential to our existence.

Conductor—Is not such duty selfish?

Lyceum—No; it is not selfish to care for ourselves if we take from no one by so doing; and having cared for ourselves, gives us ability to care for others.

Conductor—What is the duty to ourselves?

Lyceum—Proper self-esteem, and self-reverence, control, and culture.

Conductor—What is our next duty?

Lyceum—To care for those around us.

Conductor—What is our duty to others?

Lyceum—Justice, sympathy, charity, love; and gratitude for loving help received from others.

Conductor—Are there any other duties in this direction?

Lyceum—Yes, allied to those to the individual, are our duties to the world collectively, such as the general health of the community, sanitation, good houses, warm clothing, a reasonable and just distribution of labour and leisure, cultivation of peace and harmony, that happiness and progress may be shared by all alike.

Conductor—What is our duty as spiritual beings?

Lyceum—To love and cherish all created things that evidence the qualities of the great Creator.

Conductor—What are those qualities?

Lyceum—Truth, goodness, beauty, and wisdom.

Conductor—Where are these manifested?

Lyceum—In His works—the Universe; on earth, in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, and in their crowning excellence in Humanity.

Conductor—How shall we show our appreciation and reverence of these.

Lyceum—By seeking to understand nature, and ministering to and defending all helpless living beings.

Conductor—What is our duty to God?

Lyceum—To seek to know Him as far as possible; act according to all the laws of our being; doing cheerfully and resolutely all the obligations before enumerated; and ever living up to the highest and holiest sense of duty that we are able to conceive.

Conductor—Give an epitome of our duties.

Lyceum—We must be faithful to friends, dutiful to parents, gentle to children, and kind to all; respect with charity all ages, nations, classes, and religions; make the good of others the chief and persistent aim of our exertions; honour virtue, seek diligently after truth, and continue in right doing without discouragement from persecution or expectation of reward.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

145 Our Calendar of Saints.

Conductor—Are there any such persons as saints?

Lyceum—Yes, there are many orders of saints.

Conductor—What do you mean by a saint?

Lyceum—One who elevates his kind by his labour and self-sacrifice, briefly, one of the world's noblest workers.

Conductor—What are the orders of saints you speak of?

Lyceum—Saints of religion, philosophy, poetry, and art; warrior saints and saints of science and invention.

Conductor—Name some religious saints?

Lyceum—Buddha, ¹Zoroaster, Jesus, and Mohammed.

Conductor—For what are these canonized by their respective followers?

Lyceum—For uplifting the religious consciousness of their age.

Conductor—Who are among the prominent saints of philosophy?

Lyceum—²Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, ³Descartes, Bacon, Kant,

⁴Spinoza and Spencer.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—Name some of the saints of poetry.

Lyceum—Homer, Sappho, ⁶Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare
Shelley, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Whittier.

Conductor—Name some of the saints of art.

Lyceum—⁷Phidias, the sculptor; Angelo, ⁸Titian, and ⁹Raphael,
the painters; ¹⁰Beethoven, Handel and Mozart, the great musical
composers.

Conductor—Who are the Warrior Saints?

Lyceum—All those who have distinctly sacrificed their earthly
life to save that of another, or to avert some great disaster, or
national calamity; also those who have acted noble deeds of sub-
lime daring, like Grace Darling.

Conductor—Name some of the saints of science.

Lyceum—¹¹Archimedes, ¹²Laplace, Newton, Priestley, Darwen
and Wallace.

Conductor—Who are some of the prominent saints of mechanical
invention?

Lyceum—Watt, Stephenson, Morse, Wheatley, Arkwright, and
Edison.

Conductor—Have the saints been martyrs?

Lyceum—Many have sealed their mission with their life, or great
self-sacrifice.

Conductor—Are they numerous?

Lyceum—The Truth has thousands of such from Socrates to
Bruno, from ¹³Galileo to Paine.

Conductor—Are there any women saints and martyrs?

Lyceum—A great number;—¹⁴Aspasia, ¹⁵Cornelia, ¹⁶Hypatia,
Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and Grace Darling.

Conductor—Are these all the saints?

Lyceum—No; they are only a few from the great host who have
laboured and died for our happiness.

Conductor—Is the list closed?

Lyceum—It increases rapidly from year to year.

Conductor—What do we learn by contemplation of these saints?

Lyceum—The glories of the past, the wealth of the present, and
the prophecy of the future.

Conductor—What is their prophecy?

Lyceum—That it is possible for us to become like them.

Conductor—What offering should we lay on the altar of our saints?

Lyceum—Our affection, reverence, gratitude and well ordered lives.

Conductor—What do they bestow on us?

Lyceum—Light, strength, and hope.

Conductor—With what do they inspire us?

Lyceum—The desire to strive to attain their lofty levels.

Conductor—How will they reward those who thus strive?

Lyceum—By their sympathy and inspiration. HUDSON TUTTLE.

Following are the pronunciation of the most difficult names in
the above recitation:—¹Zō-ro-as'-ter; ²Sō-kra-tēs; ³Dav-cart; ⁴spin-ō-za;
⁵Saf-fo; ⁶ā-te; ⁷Fiu-e-as; ⁸Tit-e-an; ⁹Raf-ā-el; ¹⁰Bāt-hō-ven;
¹¹Ar-ke-mē-dēs; ¹²La-plau-sav; ¹³Ga-lil'-e-ō; ¹⁴As-fā se-a; ¹⁵Kor-nē-le-a;
¹⁶Hī-pā-she-a

Conductor—When we meet together without fear of interference, let us not forget that it is through the sufferings and trials of those martyrs to liberty in olden times that we are enabled to do so. Let us not forget how the priesthood of old tried to stifle free thought. Priestcraft may appear to be changed now, but give it the power and it will persecute again, though possibly in a different form.

Lyceum—When we acknowledge the heroism of our Brothers in the past, let us strive to be worthy of them and follow in their footsteps.

Conductor—Let us consider some of the blessings we enjoy through their labours, and some of the things they have freed us from.

Lyceum—The Church opposed scientific discoveries, and burnt one million of people because the Bible said, “Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.”

Conductor—The Church upheld slavery and fought against religious toleration.

Lyceum—Let us remember Galileo whom the Pope persecuted, and Bruno whom the Inquisition burnt to death.

Conductor—Let us not forget the old Reformers, and Joan of Arc, who because of her visions, was burnt as a witch.

Lyceum—Let us remember Thomas Paine, ostracised by society, and Voltaire, who by his wit killed superstition.

Conductor—For when the soul lay bound below

A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,

Lyceum—And none the word of Truth could know,

O’ergrown with tares and choked with weeds;

Conductor—The monarch’s sword, the prelate’s pride,

The Church’s curse, the Empire’s ban,

Lyceum—By these brave souls were all defied,

Who never feared the face of man.

Conductor—Half-battles were the words they said,

Each born of prayer, baptised in tears;

Lyceum—And routed by them, backward fled

The errors of a thousand years.

Conductor—Let us prize highly the freedom they won for us, and preserve it unalloyed for our children who succeed us.

Lyceum—Let us reverence the messengers of new truths, such as Socrates, Buddha, Mohammed, Jesus, and Swedenborg, the forerunner of Modern Spiritualism.

Conductor—Let us be kind and sympathetic to our spirit-mediums.

Lyceum—Theirs are lives of trial and temptation more acute than those of ordinary humanity.

Conductor—Blest Spirits of the Great Departed aid us and inspire us, and be with us still.

Lyceum—May the night of superstition pass away : Blest Spirits teach us to be free.

Conductor—Let us try to realise how beautiful is the Message that has come to us, dispersing the errors of the Churches.

Lyceum—There is no burning hell, no psalm-singing heaven, but everlasting Progression.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—We know not fully what the Spirit-life is, but this we know, that earth life is a preparation for it.

Lyceum—Here is the seed, there the flower, for every good faculty or aspiration there finds its fruition.

Conductor—Let us remember the one grand duty Spiritualism teaches :—To cultivate and develop our Spiritual Faculties.

Lyceum—Make ourselves fit receptacles for the High and Good to dwell in.

Conductor—Blest are you when men deride you and persecute you, falsely, for then are you doing the will of our Father who is in the heavens.

Lyceum—Fear not the scorn of the world, the sneers of the proud, or the laughter of the foolish.

Conductor—Let us not allow the pure spiritual truths given us, to be overlaid by the falsities of the world. Oh ! Pioneers, keep Spiritualism pure and free.

Lyceum—Let not the false opinions of men, or their religious, social, or political nostrums pollute it. Remember all material things are but half truths, Spiritual Truth alone is pure.

Conductor—For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord,
With lifted song and bended knee;

Lyceum—But now our thanks are chiefly poured
For those who taught us to be free.

147

Spiritual Litany.

Conductor—In order to overcome some of the errors in the world, errors born of ignorance of Nature's laws, spiritual and material, we ask all present to unite with us in fervent aspirations after Truth and goodness :—

O, Angels of Truth, Wisdom and Love ! who are here unseen in our midst, and who are guiding this modern movement, help us in our efforts to free ourselves and all mankind from the tyrannies, sorrows, and impediments of ignorance ;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—From all bigotry, all narrowness of mind, from all error, whether from early teaching or acquired through our ignorance ;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—From all conceit, which would make us think our opinions infallible, and that we know all Truth, and require no one to teach us ; and from that condition of mind which is incapable of progress ;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—From looking upon the laws and customs of the world as the standards of good and evil ;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—From all wish to dominate those weaker than ourselves ; from all cruelty, especially to the animal kingdom ;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—From the evil influences arising from the prayers of those filled with religious bigotry ; and from the prayers of priests to a false God ;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—From the delusions of false forms of religion, which have come down to us through the horrors of persecution and the Inquisition;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—From the Book that supported slavery, burnt witches, and slew occult students in olden times;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—From the hypnotic influence of sectarians, who would lead our reason captive as in sudden conversions, and make us think innocent amusements to be deadly sins;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—From the persecutions of the self-righteous; from the hatred of the cruel; from the plots of those who hate spiritual things;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—From fears of hell; and from the belief in the vengeance of an angry God; from all creeds and dogmas that cramp and hinder the spirit's growth;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—From clothing the Divine Power behind Nature with our own attributes, as in Jehovah the cruel and despotic; or limiting Deity within the capacities of Man, as in Jesus, for such is idolatry;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help and deliver us.

Conductor—May our minds be ever ready for new Truths; may our hearts be filled with Love and Joy; may we abandon the religion of woe, long faces, and self-renunciation, as set forth by the sectarians, and embrace that of Truth, Justice, and Love as taught by Spirit Friends;

Lyceum—Angels of Light, help us so to do.

Conductor—May we rest on the Divine Spirit within us and around us; may we develop the spiritual powers within ourselves; and come into Communion with those high and good Intelligences who can lead us upward and onward on the road to Perfection.

All in Unison—O Great Spirit of the Universe, whom we call Father, send Thy Holy Messengers unto us, may they unlock the door of every heart, enter in and dwell there, and guide us for evermore.—Amen.

148 The Origin of the Lyceum.

Conductor—What do we mean by the Children's Progressive Lyceum?

Lyceum—The Spiritualists' Sunday School.

Conductor—Are such Schools necessary?

Lyceum—Yes; seeing that the teachings of the Orthodox Sunday Schools are not in agreement with what spirit people reveal to us concerning the hereafter, it is absolutely necessary that we have Sunday Schools of our own, in which instruction is given in accordance with spirit teachings.

Conductor—What is the chief object of our instruction or teaching?

Lyceum—To promote health of body, purity of thought and desire, love of truth in all we say, justice in all we do, the cultivation of sweet reasonableness and spirituality.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—Who was it that first established the Children's Progressive Lyceum?

Lyceum—Andrew Jackson Davis, the remarkable spirit seer.

Conductor—What do you mean by a spirit seer?

Lyceum—One who sees spirit people, and things appertaining to the spirit world.

Conductor—How did Andrew Jackson Davis obtain his knowledge?

Lyceum—By visions and visits in spirit to those regions of the spirit world where spirit children are instructed in all that is necessary to fit them for the duties of their life.

Conductor—What did he see?

Lyceum—He saw hosts of spirit children assembled in large and beautiful halls, arranged in groups. Each group was under the tuition of a leader, who imparted information to them, and then invited them to express their ideas upon it.

Conductor—Was this the only method of instruction?

Lyceum—No; he also saw the children going through some beautiful marches, in which were illustrated the motions of the planets round the sun; or some beautiful lesson in geography, etc.

Conductor—Did he observe anything else?

Lyceum—Each group was headed with a banner of a given colour, and each child belonging to that group wore a badge or sash of the same colour as that of their banner.

Conductor—Such a sight must have looked very pretty to the seer. Why was the colour of the sashes and badge the same as that of their banners?

Lyceum—A. J. Davis learned that there is a language of colours which is studied and taught in the Summer-land; and each group wore the colour that symbolised its degree of spiritual unfoldment.

Conductor—Were the marches performed in their halls the same as ours?

Lyceum—No; their Lyceums are surrounded by large and beautiful gardens, where birds sing, flowers bloom, waters ripple, and fountains play, their marches are in the open amongst such scenery, the exquisite loveliness of which is indescribable.

Conductor—What more did he learn concerning them?

Lyceum—He saw the Lyceum members marching in perfect order, over undulating plains, with banners waving, and making the valleys resound with their sweet melodies, while on their way to visit some other Lyceum, who received them with friendly greetings, giving either the right hand symbol of 'Good will;' or the left hand symbol of 'Fraternal love.'

Conductor—Can you inform me when and where Mr. Davis described these visions, and commenced the first Children's Progressive Lyceum?

Lyceum—Yes; it was in Dodsworth Hall, Broadway, New York, U.S.A., on the 25th of January, 1863.

Conductor—The origin of the Lyceum, then, was by spirit revelation, which shows us how God's will is done in heaven. Let us all strive to do it here on earth.

The world is deeply indebted to A. J Davis for his beautiful

revelation, as it shows to mourning parents that spirit children lead a natural life; and are under the tuition of loving teachers, surrounded by such scenery as is pleasing to their natures.

Lyceum—With the help of God, and the angels, we will ever try to realise by our devotion to love, truth, and justice the Divine ideal here upon earth.

ALFRED KITSON.

149 The Attainment of Truth.

Conductor—It is written, ‘The Truth shall make you free,’ so that its attainment is highly desirable.

Guardian—It will free us from the errors of superstition and erroneous traditions, which are often the cause of religious bigotry and strife.

Lyceum—It will free us from all errors concerning our spiritual nature, and our relation to God and mankind.

Conductor—When we desire to ascend a mountain in order to reach an elevated table-land, where we can enjoy an unobstructed vision, and live in a purer atmosphere, we can only do so by patient and persistent effort.

Leaders—We can only reach the high table-land of Truth by patiently climbing the ladder of Progress whose steps lead up to it.

Lyceum—They have been hewn out of the rocky side of the mountain of life by the combined powers of experience, experiment, inspiration, and revelation.

Conductor—What is the first of those steps?

Lyceum—An earnest desire to gain the Truth.

Conductor—Why an earnest desire?

Lyceum—Because with many the desire for Truth is merely a passing fancy which vanishes at the first obstacle that confronts them.

Conductor—What are the chief obstacles which so easily frighten people from seeking the Truth?

Lyceum—They may be likened to two monsters, called Superstition and Tradition, who bind their victims with chains of slavish fear to the past.

Conductor—How are these monsters created?

Lyceum—Through Selfishness and Ignorance.

Conductor—Who guards and feeds them?

Lyceum—Public opinion, which is often influenced by the considerations of self-interest.

Conductor—What becomes of those who fall victims to these two monsters?

Lyceum—They are rendered deaf to the voice of reason, and blind to its clear light, their minds being filled with fear and dread that the steps of progress lead down to the regions of darkness and death, instead of up to light and everlasting life.

Conductor—What is the second step?

Lyceum—A willingness to receive the Truth without saying from what source, or in what manner, or by whom it shall be given us.

Conductor—What is the third step?

Lyceum—Courage to follow the Truth wherever it may lead us.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—Does not this prove a very hard task? May it not cause them to lose the esteem of friends and social position?

Lyceum—Certainly, but if they love their friends and social standing better than truth, they can never reach the high tableland and gain freedom.

Conductor—What is the fourth step?

Lyceum—Willingness to cherish and defend it at all times, and at all cost, prizing it above all that the world can offer in exchange.

Conductor—What is the fifth step?

Lyceum—To live by it daily, and adhere to it at all times, and in all places.

Conductor—What is the sixth step?

Lyceum—To let its beneficent light illuminate the pathway of others.

Conductor—What is the seventh step?

Lyceum—The consistent application of Truth in every department of life to the well-being and elevation of the many, against that of the few.

ALFRED KITSON.

Musical Readings.

The members sing the verses as they occur, and the Conductor reads the portion between them. The music for all these will be found in "THE SPIRITUAL SONGSTER," and the reference thereto is placed immediately under the title.

201

Spiritual Harps.

(Music, S.S. 55.)

Lyceum—1 We come, we come with our harps of gold,
From the far-off Summer-Land,
The crystal river we've crossed again,
We've left an Angel band
To bring to you on our golden harps
Sweet music from afar;
With cadence soft that the Angels sing,
As they glide from star to star.

CHORUS—We come, we come with our harps of gold,
From the far-off Summer Land,
The crystal river we've crossed again,
We've left an Angel band.

Conductor—"We come," is the song of the Angels. These are they who have passed through the trials and temptations of earth-life; who have fought the good fight and conquered; and who now return arrayed in white from their homes in the evergreen fields and glades of the Summer-Land, to watch over us by day and night, and guide us in the paths of righteousness and truth. May they ever instruct us in the way in which their glory came!

Lyceum—2 We come, we come with the echoes caught
From the birds of Paradise,
That wing their way thro' starry worlds,
'Mid pearls beyond all price;
For Angel thoughts are the gems that shine
In the jewell'd realms above,
Where all the pure, the precious pearls
Are the priceless pearls of love.—**CHORUS.**

Conductor—Angelic thoughts—thoughts that are full of love and sympathy for the fallen and erring ones; for those who have "stumbled in the path which we in weakness trod," are the gems that shine and beautify the soul, even while dwelling here on earth; and which constitute its treasures and riches when it passes into the Summer-Land. All selfishness is as dross in our natures, which has to be purged from us in the furnace of suffering; with "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth"; while kind words and actions impart happiness, and never die.

MUSICAL READINGS.

Lyceum—3 We come, we come with our harps o'erstrung
With the flow'rs that cannot die;
That bloom and wave in the scented breeze
Beyond the earthly sky;
Where lilies mingle their perfum'd breath
With the sunlight and the shade;
Where fragrance sweet is the music-tide
Of flow'rs that never fade.—CHORUS.

Conductor—In the evergreen fields and beautiful gardens of the Summer-Land, are flowers of rarest hue, which bloom and wave, shedding their sweet fragrance all around, filling the souls that behold them with joy and gladness. The seeds of these beautiful flowers are sown day by day in the garden of the heart. Do not permit the thorns of selfishness and tares of unkindness to grow rank and cover them up.

Lyceum—4 We come, we come with our harp-strings tuned
To the music of the heart,
Grief's waves to hush in their mighty tide,
When hopes of earth depart;
For ling'ring still on our golden harps
Are the Angels' songs above,
Whose harps and hearts with their magic strings
Ever thrill with lays of love.—CHORUS.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

202

The Voice of Progress.

(Music, S.S. 64.)

Lyceum—1 HEAR ye not now the voice of God,
From the great people's heart resounding?
See ye the light that is abroad,
Proud rulers of the earth confounding?
Our world is waking from her dreams,
To snap her creed-forg'd chains asunder,
Shouting with voice of fire and steam
Deep chorus of progressive thunder.

Conductor—Can ye lengthen the hours of the dying night,
Or chain the wings of the morning light?
Can ye seal the springs of the ocean deep,
Or bind the thunders in silent sleep?
The sun that rises, the seas that flow,
The thunders of heaven, all answer, No!

Lyceum—2 Weak hearts may falter in the shade,
May count the gloom of buried ages,
But live men will not be dismayed
By phantoms dug from dusty pages,
The living, not the dead, are ours,
Whose voices blend thro' death to cheer us,
While heav'n reveals the human flowers,
That bloom upon the borders near us.

Conductor—The wintry night of the world is past,
 The day of humanity dawns at last;
 The veil is rent from the soul's calm eyes,
 And prophets, and heroes, and seers arise,
 Their words and deeds like the thunder go;
 Can ye stifle their voices? they answer, no!

Lyceum—3 Poor toiling millions, meagre fed,
 Are standing now at freedom's portals,
 While daylight blossoms overhead,
 With sweet words from the dear immortals.
 No more shall bigotry enshroud
 Our dearest hopes in endless terror,
 For light long hid behind the cloud,
 Breaks o'er the gloom of ancient error.

Conductor—O priest! O despot! your doom they speak;
 For God is mighty, as ye are weak.
 Your night and your winter from earth must roll,
 Your chains must melt from the limb and soul.
 Ye have wrought us wrong, ye have brought us woe.
 Shall ye triumph much longer? we answer, no!
 Ye have builded your temples with gems impearled
 On the broken heart of a famished world;
 Ye have crushed its heroes in desert graves,
 Ye have made its children a race of slaves;
 O'er the future age shall the ruin go?
 We gather against ye, and answer, no!
 Ye laugh in scorn from your shrines and towers,
 But weak are ye, for the truth is ours.
 In arms, in gold, in pride ye move;
 But we are stronger, our strength is love.
 Can truth be slain with a curse or a blow?
 The beautiful heavens, they answer, no!

Lyceum—4 Kings, priests, and conquerors no more
 Shall chain our souls and steal our guerdon,
 For gory blades shall fall before
 Strong arms that share our common burden.
 Earth's song of peace is on our tongue;
 Archangels lean from heaven to hear it;
 Mind is our king whose name is sung
 In deeds, and tyrants must revere it.

Arranged by ALFRED KITSON.

The Voyage of Life.

(Music, S.S. 73.)

Lyceum—1 Oh, guide thy barque with care, my child!
 A thousand dangers hide,
 Along the current now so mild,
 Whose river thou must ride;
 And golden lights will dance anon,
 To lure thee from thy way;
 Oh, heed them not: push on! push on!
 And tell thy tempters, nay.

MUSICAL READINGS.

Conductor—The barque which thou hast to guide is thy physical body, which is now sailing down the river of life. Along the shores of this river are false lights which will tempt thee to approach their alluring rays. Many have been attracted by them, like the moth to the flame, thinking thereby to gain happiness. But instead of happiness, they found misery; instead of joy, they found sorrow; instead of health and strength, they found sickness and death.

Lyceum—2 Oh, guide thy barque with care, my child !

These dangers cannot harm,
Where thou dost keep thy soul unguil'd,
Thy feelings, pure and warm.
The world may threaten, keep thy boat
Straight, where thine angel beckons;
Push on ! push on ! and thou shalt float
Safe, 'mid a thousand wrecks.

Conductor—If thou would sail safely down this river of life, heed not the temptations that are around thee. Thy angel beckons thee onward and upward, to that which is holy, noble and pure. Thy companions may point the finger of scorn, and even forsake thee because thou refuseth to enter into paths that lead to ruin. But, take heart; be of good cheer, “The friends that depart only purchase despair.” Theirs is the loss, not thine. Be firm in showing them the better way, and their scorn will be turned into praise; their mocking, into self-reproach. Then we would say :—

Lyceum—3 Oh, guide thy barque with care, my child !

The waves will oft run high,
And storms will rage around thee, wild,
And night will hide the sky.
But do not quit the helm, my boy !
Hold on ! hold on ! hold on !
No hurricane can thee destroy,
Until thy work is done.

Conductor—Yes, the storms of strife and passion will often assail thee. But stand firm to the helm of conscience, and thou wilt ever steer safe of dangers. Never quit it, and thou shalt land safe in the harbour of joy and peace of heart. Remember, that angry words call forth more anger, which often ends in strife, while kind words and actions never die. The good they do lasts for ever. Thou mayst not always see the silver lining of the dark clouds, but have faith; it is there.

Lyceum—4 Clouds may shut in like shrouds of death,

Loud breakers at thy bow ;
But courage, and a manly faith,
Will save thee even now ;
These twain will part the clouds, and free,
And show the dawning day ;
Push on ! a voice shall speak to thee,
And point thee out thy way.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

The Angels.

(Music, S.S. 51.)

Lyceum—1 Lo, in the golden sky,
We angel-forms descry;
Celestial hosts descend to-day;
The friends of early years,
From their exalted spheres,
Walk with us on our earthly way.

Conductor—The angels stand by the pure in heart in their transfigured beauty, and surround them with a sphere of light and melody. They come to lead the weary pilgrims from the rude scenes of this life to the mansions of the Summer-land.

Lyceum—2 No more we sigh and mourn
O'er lov'd and loving gone;
They throng around the path we go;
They bless us in our home,
Are with us when we roam,
Our conflicts and our triumphs know.

Conductor—Their presence is marked by an iridescent glory, and their footsteps are luminous long after they have passed. They breathe a holy calm into the wounded heart.

Lyceum—3 The grave hath lost its dread,
To us there are no dead;
But all do live and love as one;
Our doubts and fears depart,
In each and ev'ry heart
The holy will of God is done.

Conductor—The glory of their presence dissipates the darkness of the world; their smiles dissolve the frost of years; they restore the spring-time of the affections, and make life's barren wastes bloom like the gardens of Paradise.

Lyceum—4 Thanks, grateful thanks, we raise
To Him who crowns our days
With blessings numberless and free;
In one united band,
As brothers, hand in hand,
Henceforth mankind in joy shall be.

Meet us Angels.

(Music, S.S. 61.)

Conductor—MEET us angels, at the gate,
With a welcome sweet and warm;
Be it early, be it late,
We shall come through dark and storm,
Weary from our dying pillows,
Strewn with cypress leaves and willows
Plucked to mourn the cherished form.

MUSICAL READINGS.

Chant, Lyceum—Meet us, angels, at the gate,
With a welcome sweet and warm;
Be it early, be it late,
We shall come thro' dark and storm.

Conductor—Meet us where low, holy hymns
Float like balm upon the air;
Where no sullen blaming dims
Those who come sin-tarnished there.
Hail us at that precious meeting,
With some old familiar greeting,
This will set our faint hearts beating
To love's olden, olden prayer.

Chant, Lyceum—Meet us, angels, etc.

Conductor—Meet us with extended hands,
As you used to here below;
Tell us, when you reach those lands,
“Friends, come home! we love you so!”
Then we all can love each other,
Parents, husband, sister, brother;
Knowing fully one another,
Warm as sunlight, pure as snow.

Chant, Lyceum—Meet us, angels, etc.

206 Help Your Fallen Brother. (Music, S.S. 81.)

Conductor—We go our way in life too much alone;
We hold ourselves too much from all our kind;
Too often are we deaf to sigh and moan,
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often, where distress and want abide,
We turn, and pass upon the other side.

Lyceum—1 There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by.
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh! the good we all may do
While the days are going by.

Conductor—The other side is trodden smooth and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie the bruised ones who faint and mourn,
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet a guide:
They lead us all upon the other side.

Lyceum—2 There's no time for idle scorning
While the days are going by;
Be our faces like the morning
While the days are going by.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Oh ! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes !
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

Conductor—It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones ;
To take the smitten, and the sick and sore,
And bear them where the stream of blessing runs.
Instead, we look about, the way is wide,
And so we pass by on the other side.

Lyceum—3 All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one, we leave behind us
While the days are going by.
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.

Conductor—O friends and brothers ! gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears :
God bids you listen to the thrilling call.
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltless by upon the other side.

Lyceum—4 Should misfortune dark come o'er us
While the days are going by,
Think what brightness is before us
While the days are going by ;
Think of heaven where all are blest,
Where no sorrow can molest,
Where we all shall be at rest
While the days are going by.

Arranged by ALFRED KITSON.

207

Rest for the weary.

(Music, S.S. 96.)

Conductor—

I BEHELD a golden portal in the visions of my slumber,
And through it streamed the radiance of a never-setting day,
While Angels tall and beautiful, and countless without number,
Were giving gladsome greeting to all who came that way.
And the gate, forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore ;
And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling ;
And the burden of the chorus was Hope's glad word "Evermore."

Lyceum—1 In the Angel-home in glory,
There remains a land of rest ;
There the loved have gone before us,
To fulfil their soul's request.

MUSICAL READINGS.

CHORUS—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
 There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

Conductor—

And as I gazed and listened, came a mortal wildly weeping :
 “ I have lost my hopes forever ; one by one they went away ;
The idols of my patient love the cold grave hath in keeping ;
 Life is one long lamentation ; I know no night or day ! ”
Then the Angel, softly speaking, “ Stay, mourner, stay thy shrieking :
 Thou shalt find those thou art seeking, beyond that golden door.”
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal’s telling,
 “ They whom thy sad soul loveth shall be with thee evermore.”

Lyceum—2 They are fitting up our mansions,
 Which eternally shall stand,
For our stay will not be transient
 In that happy Spirit Land.—**CHORUS**.

Conductor—

I saw the toiler enter, to rest for aye from labour ;
 The weary-hearted exile there found his native land ;
The beggar there could greet the king as equal and as neighbour ;
 The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the beggar’s hand.
And the gate, forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
 Melodious as the singin’ of one that we adore ;
And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a mortal’s telling,
 While the vision faded from me, with the glad word “ Evermore.”

Lyceum—3 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And its sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout for gladness, O ye mortals !
 Hail with joy the rising morn.—**CHORUS**.

208

Home Affections.

(Music, S.S. 50.)

Conductor—A COUNTRY of true homes is a country of true greatness.

A beautiful home, musical with loving voices, is the nursery of heaven.

Thou shalt rise up before the hoary-headed ; thou shalt listen reverently to the wisdom of the aged ; thou shalt honour thy father, and let thy words to him be full of tenderness.

Thy mother is the guardian angel of thy life ; her virtues are registered indelibly on thy heart ; preserve the integrity of her good name ; bless her with kindness and sympathy.

Lyceum—1 Let us love while we may : for the storms will arise,

As we sail o'er the dim waves of time ;
And the hopes of to-day may be hid from our eyes
By the noon clouds that darken our prime.

We may look for the lost hills of morning, and grieve ;
But the soft hush of twilight will come,
And our souls, on the rose-tinted billows of eve,
Float calmly away to their home.

CHORUS—Let us love while we may : for the storms will arise,

As we sail o'er the dim waves of time ;
And the hopes of to-day may be hid from our eyes
By the noon clouds that darken our prime.

Conductor—Love thy brother as thou lovest thine own soul ; and as often as pleasant emotions kindle to the word expressing thy relation, shalt thou feel that thou are not fighting life's battles alone and single-handed.

Thy sister is the playmate of thy youth. Let her purities be inspirations to virtue; her goodness thy emulation. If she is weak, be thou her defence; if weary, her refuge of peace.

Lyceum—2 Let us love while we live; and our memory will rise

Like a halo of light from the grave,
As the day from the deep lends a glow to the eyes
That are guarding the gloom of the wave.
There's a life in the soul that is better by far
Than the glitter of glory or gold ;
It may fade in the noon, but will shine like a star
When the proud world is darkness and cold.—**CHORUS**.

Conductor—The free and generous impulses of hospitality, the faithful attachment of friends, these, too, sanctify our homes.

Let us, then, ever strive to make our earthly homes happier and brighter, so shall we share in that happiness, and grow more fitted to enter upon those radiant homes of the "Summer-Land," of which Angels and Ministering Spirits tell us.

209 Scatter Seeds of Kindness.

(Music, S.S. 59.)

Lyceum—1 LET us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path,
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

CHORUS—Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by-and-by.

Conductor—To gather up the sunbeams of love and truth as we journey through life, and treasure them in our hearts, is to lay up

MUSICAL READINGS.

spiritual riches which no one can take from us : they will gladden the heart through time, and clothe the soul in angelic beauty through eternity. Let us treasure up the wheat of God's divine truth, and cultivate the roses of love, that they may adorn our Spirit-homes. Let us strive to cast out of our daily lives the thorns of selfishness, the chaff of superstition, and the weeds of idle pleasure.

Lyceum—2 If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane—
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow ?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?—CHORUS.

Conductor—Death to us on earth, is like a thief stealing our loved ones from our side, breaking up the family circle, and causing the pall of grief and sorrow to reign over the household : but to Spirit friends it is like a beautiful Angel bearing the weary ones of earth to their lovely Spirit-homes, there to unfold forever in the light of God's divine love, wisdom, and majesty. We are immortal children of God, and were never destined to dwell eternally on earth, but to learn the lessons it can teach, and then to pass on to the Spirit-Life, where we shall become more perfect through the wise tuition of God's ministering Angels.

Lyceum—3 Ah ! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track !
How those little hands remind us
 As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses,
 For our reaping by-and-by.—CHORUS.

Conductor—The young as well as the aged are reaped by the Angel Death. Those little fingers, ever active in health, become cold and stiff ; those laughing eyes, beaming with life and vivacity, lose their lustre ; the tongue lies silent, the rosy colour flies from the dear cheek and lip, and our little one has gone with the Angels. Then we recall the hasty words and actions which fill us with regret. This teaches us to speak gently to the young. Spirit children often visit us laden with flowers to deck our weary brows and gladden our hearts ; they still twine their loving arms around our necks as of old. Rejoice ! O mourning parents ! we shall meet them all again, and *there will be no more death*; in the meantime let us prize the blessings that are still ours.

Lyceum—4 Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown !
Strange that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone !
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake the white down in the air.—CHORUS.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

The Hereafter.

(Music, S.S. 52.)

Conductor—TELL me, my soul, why art thou so restless? Why dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desires?

The past and the present are thine, and the future shall be.

Look forward to the meeting of the dead, as to the meeting of the absent.

Lyceum—1 There's a land far away 'midst the stars, we are told,
 Where they know not the sorrows of time;
 Where the pure waters wander thro' valleys of gold,
 And life is a treasure sublime.
 'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
 Where ages of splendour eternally roll,
 Where the way-weary traveller reaches his goal
 On the evergreen mountains of life.

Conductor—Thou glorious Spirit-land! O that I could behold thee as thou art,—the region of light and life and love, and the dwelling place of those whose being has flown onward, like a clear silvery stream, into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of eternity!

Lyceum—2 Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
 But our visions have told of its bliss;
 And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fann'd
 When we faint in the deserts of this.
 And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
 When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
 And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
 From the evergreen mountains of life.

Conductor—Wouldst thou learn how thy spirit may enter into the delights of heaven? Learn then this lesson :—

Every noble deed of charity is heaven.

Giving water to a thirsty pilgrim is heaven.

Educating the orphan is heaven.

Watching in midnight hours with the sick, to administer a healing panacea, is heaven.

Placing a wanderer's feet in the right road is heaven.

Removing thorns and stones from a brother's or sister's pathway is heaven.

Shedding sympathy upon the unfortunate, and smiling in a brother's face is heaven.

Lifting up the fallen, and holding them till they can stand alone, is heaven.

Leading our fellow-men into paths of virtue, and inciting them to deeds of charity, is heaven.

Lyceum—3 Oh! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,

But we think where the ransom'd have trod;

And the day never smiles from his palace of light,

But we feel the bright smile of our God.

We are travelling homeward through changes and gloom
 To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom,

And our Guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb

From the evergreen mountains of life.

211

Be Kind to Others.

(Music, S.S. 192.)

Conductor—NEVER kill or torture any living thing for amusement. Whoever would inflict needless suffering on the weak and helpless is a cruel tyrant and an ignominious coward.

Never rob the little bird's nests of their eggs, nor mar even the wing of a butterfly.

He is in ignoble business who steals from his defenceless little friends the birds; they cannot bar their homes, nor conquer their human enemies.

Never mix thou thy pleasure or thy pride with sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

Be just in small things and you will be just in great ones.

Lyceum—1 Be kind to each other

The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.
Then, midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness returned.

Conductor—Treat all playmates as equals by right. *We are all Brothers and sisters; and there is no high, no low, except in spiritual attainments.*

Be generous to make others happy, even with playthings; they are childhood's treasures.

The bud of generosity in the child will unfold into the flower of benevolence in the adult.

Lyceum—2 When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loves sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those you love.

Conductor—Never throw stones at passing travellers, nor at innocent beasts or birds.

Never call any one by an unwelcome nickname.

Try, in everyway you can, to make the world a good and pleasant place to yourself and others.

Laugh, frolic, dance, and be merry; but be ye also innocent.

Lyceum—3 Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing;
But, the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling.
Oh, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

212 Hand in Hand with Angels.

(Music, S.S. 157.)

Lyceum.—1 HAND in hand with Angels, through the world we go ;
 Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones know ;
 Tend'rer voices cheer us than we deaf will own :
 Never, walking heavenward, can we walk alone.

Conductor—How grand and encouraging is the knowledge that we never think a good thought, perform a kind act, or make a noble effort to improve our daily lives, but Angels know it, and come to bear us company ; cheering us when sad, giving strength of heart when weary, and enlightening us when the way is dark with clouds. Thus they walk heavenward with us.

Lyceum—2 Hand in hand with Angels : some are out of sight,
 Leading us, unknowing, into paths of light ;
 Some soft hands are covered from our mortal grasp,
 Soul in soul to hold us in a firmer clasp.

Conductor—There are Angels—messengers of love and goodwill—both seen and unseen. Every man and woman, every boy and girl—who tries to lead others from evil to good, from darkness to light, from falsehood to truth, from cruelty to kindness, from ignorance to knowledge—is an angel living in our midst, helping the unseen Angels to lead us in the right path, that we may become as good, truthful, kind and virtuous as they are.

Lyceum—3 Hand in hand with Angels, walking ev'ry day,
 How the chain may brighten, none of us can say ;
 Yet it doubtless reaches from earth's lowest one
 To the loftiest seraph, standing near the throne.

Conductor—We are all brothers and sisters, and God is the Universal Father. As His children we are rich or poor, as we are good or bad. Fine dresses and jewels, like rags and tatters, belong to this life, and are left behind at death ; while all that is noble, virtuous, good and kind in our lives, we take with us into the Spirit-World. These are the true riches which the Angels look for, and without possessing these we can never be admitted into their society.

Lyceum—4 Hand in hand with Angels, ever let us go ;
 Clinging to the strong ones, drawing up the slow ;
 One electric love-chord, thrilling all with fire,
 Soar we thro' vast ages, higher, ever higher.

Conductor—There is a chain of fraternal love and sympathy which links all together in one family, reaching back to all who have lived on this earth in all times and nations, reaching upward to heaven's immortal heights, and down to the lowest of the low. Let us remember this, and whilst we reach to those above us, also extend a hand to those below, and draw them up also.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

Stand for the Right.

(Music, S.S. 105.)

Conductor—It is a sign of true courage to stand for the right when right is miscalled wrong, and maintain the truth when the weak contend with the powerful. All new truths, and those who maintain them, have to pass through the fires of suffering and persecution before the world learns their value.

Lyceum—1 Stand for the right ! though falsehood rail,
And proud lips coldly sneer,
A poisoned arrow cannot wound
A conscience pure and clear.
Stand for the right ! stand for the right !

Conductor—Truth is more precious and more to be prized than public opinion, and is not to be sacrificed for it, nor for all that persecution can inflict. Truth will live when its persecutors have passed away and are known no more.

Lyceum—2 Stand for the right ! and with clean hands
Exalt the truth on high ;
Thou'l find warm, sympathising hearts
Among the passers by.
Stand for the right ! stand for the right !

Conductor—Jesus was crucified because he taught new truths—truths which made the people free from priestly bondage. Socrates was imprisoned, and compelled to drink poison, for teaching new truths. Galileo was imprisoned, and made to recant on his bended knees, because he taught the people the earth was round. Preachers were burned at the stake, and tortured on the rack, because they taught religious freedom. And the little daughters of John D. Fox were sneered and howled at, stripped of their clothing, and threatened with a cruel death, because the Angel-world could manifest its presence through their mediumship.

Lyceum—3 Men who have seen, and thought, and felt,
Yet could not boldly dare
The battle's brunt, but by thy side
Will ev'ry danger share.
Stand for the right ! stand for the right !

Conductor—But all these persecutions did not stop the truth : the teaching that God is the father of all, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth, lives in the heart of mankind to-day. Socrates was honoured as a god after death. That the earth is a globe, turning on its axis, is a truth accepted now by the whole world. Religious freedom is won, and we can worship God in spirit and in truth. The Angels continue to manifest, show their forms, describe their homes, cause the tearful eye to be dried, and the mourner's heart to be comforted by the knowledge that there is no death. And the names of these martyrs to truth live to-day in the hearts of humanity, whilst their persecutors are looked upon with contempt and scorn. Therefore, let each and all

Lyceum—4 Stand for the right ! Proclaim it loud !
 Thou'l find an answering tone
 In honest hearts, and thou'l no more
 Be doomed to stand alone,
 Stand for the right ! stand for the right !

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

214

The Coming of Angels.

(Music, S.S. 114.)

Lyceum—1 ANGELS bright are drawing near,
 Laden with love !
 List, you shall their voices hear—
 Voices above.
 See ! their forms you can behold,
 Floating in space ;
 Wait, they will us all enfold
 In their embrace.

Conductor—Who are these Angel ministers ? They are the wise and good of every age, of every land, who come laden with love to bless, cheer, and comfort all. They are no longer a cloud of unseen witnesses, for their bright forms are seen with us in our groups, and mingling with us in our marches, in our homes, and in the walks of daily life. And from the Summer-Land they bring us :—

Lyceum—2 Music sweet !—we catch the strain,
 Hark ! soft and low,
 Now it's borne to us again—
 Gentle its flow.
 Life, immortal life, is theirs,
 Joyous its hours ;
 Freed from mortal ills and cares
 It shall be ours.

Conductor—Blessed promise ; “ Freed from mortal ills and cares.” The beautiful and lovely homes of the Angel-world shall be ours, if we are but faithful to our perceptions of right, truth and duty whilst in this world. For merit alone will admit us into the society of the Angels.

Lyceum—3 Thanks to God with souls elate,
 He gives us all ;
 Joyous in His presence wait,
 List to His call.
 'Tis his voice that bids us meet
 Friends outward gone,
 And with gladsome spirits greet
 Earth's rising morn.

Conductor—Cherish this promise within your hearts that it may give you strength when weary ; joy, when sorrow throws her mantle around you ; light, when your way is dark and the mists of doubt surround you ; and you will live and act in the strength and light of the spirit, which shall be as a guiding star to you, soaring high above the darkness and mist, and lead you safely through life into the ways of wisdom, which are ways of pleasantness.

MUSICAL READINGS.

Lyceum—4 Angels bright are coming near,
Bearing their love
Unto us, who, waiting here
Trust God above.
See ! their forms you can behold
Floating in space ;
Wait, they will us all enfold
In one embrace.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

215

Triumph of Love.

(Music, S.S. 110.)

Lyceum—1 TRUTH to the nations round
In converse sweet shall flow ;
While to the spheres of heav'nly light
Their songs of triumph go.

Conductor—The night of superstition with all its dark horrors and gloom, is passing away, and there is a new heaven and a new earth dawning upon the sight of mankind, and all are filled with the light of the spirit of truth, are fed with the bread of life, and refreshed with its living waters.

Lyceum—2 Beams of the shining skies
Shall lighten ev'ry land ;
And they who dwell in angel-courts
Shall the whole earth command.

Conductor—The children of earth are being instructed in the truths and principles of heaven's divine wisdom, which is as a lamp unto their feet, illuminating the pathway of life that they may walk without stumbling.

Lyceum—3 No war shall rage, nor feuds
Disturb those peaceful years ;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

Conductor—“Thou shalt not kill,” is a divine command, and applies to all classes of men, from the King on his throne to the humblest peasant in his cottage. All war is murder, and as such must be atoned for both by those who cause it and those who practise it. “Be ye not deceived, God is not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap !” is the teaching of the Angels, and when humanity has learned it, then :—

Lyceum—4 No longer host 'gainst host
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

216

Heavenly Mansions.

(Music, S.S. 126.)

Lyceum—1 Lo, in our heavenly Father's house
Are many mansions true,
And each shall find his spirit's own
With fruit of love, or hates o'ergrown
As each doth here pursue.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Conductor—The blessed hope of “a home in heaven,” has infused energy and courage into many a weary and care-worn heart, who has suffered bitter wrong and cruel injustice from this fickle, unsympathetic world; and thus strengthened, they have persevered in the right, leaving to others the shamming and cunning; letting the light of wisdom shine in their daily actions, conscious that their guardian Angel smiles approvingly on their efforts, and that they will one day lay aside their physical bodies and enter the spirit-world, there to receive the reward of their labours.

. *Lyceum*—2 Each soul must seek its kindred kind,
Of gross or pure desire;
All selfish lusts and passions vile,
Whatever doth the soul defile,
Still feed its cankering fire.

Conductor—The kingdom of heaven is not like the kingdom of earth. Here it is wealth, place, and power that opens the gateway leading to the higher circles of society, honour, and homage. In the spirit world wealth consists of truth, right, and love; truth, the language; right, the actions; and love for all. Those who are rich in these qualities are rich in spiritual wealth, and at physical death take their place amongst the good, wise, and bright ones in spirit-land, whilst the selfish, the untruthful, and the unjust associate with those of like nature, and dwell in the darkness and gloom of the lower spirit-spheres.

Lyceum—3 But those of sweeter, holier loves,
The balmy life shall breathe
Of joy from wisdom’s lofty throne,
Whose wondrous glory, shining down,
Doth glory more inwreathe.

Conductor—Heaven is not a place of inglorious ease and idleness. The soul, freed from the care of the body, its sustenance, clothing, and shelter, enters on nobler aims, and higher aspirations. It is ever invited to be up and doing, making its heavenly home more lovely, its surroundings brighter, and its spirit-raiment whiter. There are the good aspirations and longings of earth to satisfy; lofty ideals to realize; ignorant spirits to teach and lead from darkness into light; little children to train and educate; and wayward mortals to guide, guard, and protect. Thus the good, in the spirit-world, are ever employed, and find their greatest happiness in doing good to, and for, others. Therefore, let us each and all strive to become spiritually rich, and pray :—

Lyceum—4 O Father, teach us Thy pure truth,
And fill us with Thy love,
That we may find our resting-place,
With holy ones of every race,
In Thy pure climes above.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

Walk with the Beautiful.

RECITATION AND CHANT.

(Music, S.S. 69.)

Lyceum—1 WALK with the beautiful and with the grand ;
 Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter.
 Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
 But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her.
 Walk with the beautiful.

Conductor—Beauty is the robe of divinity itself, the privilege of Angels. There is a spiritual beauty gleaming from the features of the good and pure, which transfigures them into a divine expression.

Beauty, called into being by the genial warmth of goodness, and inspired by the soft radiance of joy, expands into bloom in the sweet atmosphere of love.

Lyceum—2 I hear thee say, “ The beautiful ! what is it ? ”
 Oh, thou art darkly ignorant ! be sure,
 ’Tis no long, weary road its form to visit,
 For thou canst make it smile beside thy door.
 Then love the beautiful.

Conductor—Spiritual love gives grace to every movement, light to the eye, sweetness to the mouth, colour to the cheek, and beautiful animation to the whole figure.

Absolute purity of heart and life is the richest human possession.

Lycuum—3 Aye, love it : ’Tis a sister that will bless,
 And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely.
 The Angels love it, for they wear its dress ;
 And thou art made a little lower only.
 Then love the beautiful.

Conductor—“ Give ear,” said the old Aryan of India, “ to the instructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth sink deep into your hearts, O my children ! So shall the charms of your minds add lustre to the elegance of your forms ; and your beauty, like the rose it resembles, shall retain its sweetness when the bloom is withered.”

Lyceum—4 Thy bosom is it mint, the workmen are
 Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee ; believe
 The beautiful exists in everything.
 Thou makest it so ; do not thyself deceive,
 But seek it, everywhere.

Are we not Brothers ?

(Music, S.S. 143.)

Lyceum—1 HUSH’D be the battle’s fearful roar,
 The warrior’s rushing call !
 Why should the earth be drenched with gore ?
 Are we not brothers all ?

Conductor—Wherefore the wisdom of the civil law, binding us to rob, maim, starve, or destroy our fellow-men? Wherefore the moral worth of a church, or a state that sacrifices life to preserve its authority? Wherefore the charge of guilt to him who slays only one, but plaudits of glory to the hero who slays his thousands?

Lyceum—2 Want, from starving poor depart!
Chains, from the captive fall!
Great God, subdue th' oppressor's heart!
Are we not brothers all?

Conductor—The life of man is sacred. There is a higher law: “Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you.” The government is for the people, not the people for the government; man is before and above his institutions. Suffer rather than inflict suffering.

Lyceum—3 Sect, clan, and nation, oh, strike down
Each mean partition wall!
Let love the voice of discord drown.
Are we not brothers all?

Conductor—Every man is bound to assist his comrades and to work with them as a brother, instead of against them as an enemy, making love the guide as well as the crown of human achievements, “Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.”

Lyceum—4 Let love and truth and peace alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven at length its work may own,
And men be brothers all!

219

Knowledge.

(Music, S.S. 78.)

Conductor—Who would tarry on the lowlands of ignorance? Are not the highlands of knowledge more broad, bright, and beautiful?

Let us go up where the breezes are fresh on the mountains of knowledge, and light floods the landscapes, where there are no treacherous pitfalls, and where we may see and know that our feet are sure.

Wisdom smiles under her coronet of stars, and beckons us onward and upward. Lead us onward, O evangels of Truth!

Lyceum—1 Blend your voices full and strong,
In a grand redemption song,
And we'll sing the praise of noble clear-brow'd learning.
How the night will fade away
In a bright and peaceful day
When we all can sing the pleasant song of learning!

CHORUS—Oh, rally at her call !
 She has laurels for us all,
 Which time cannot blight with decay.
 We can wear them thro' the gate,
 Where the gentle angels wait,
 And point to the land far away.
 Then join in the song of learning
 And march to the gates of day.

Conductor—There is no danger so appalling as that of ignorance. Groping in its darkness, we stumble upon all conceivable sorrows and follies.

The violation of the laws of physical existence fills countless graves with forms which the spirits should have worn much longer for its highest good. In ignorance we unwittingly scar and stain our souls with sins which pain and weaken us both here and in the Spirit-World. Lead us onward, O Divine Wisdom !

Lyceum—2 Oh ! the world has suffered long
 ' Neath the crushing heel of wrong,
 While ignorance blocked up the road to learning ;
 But her dusky form must fall ;
 For we rally, one and all,
 Where the stars shine round the brow of noble learning.

—CHORUS.

Conductor—Ignorance involves nations in war, and lays low their champions of honour, amidst the wailings of broken homes and hearts. Who can number the millions who have perished by her hand ?

The root of all evil is ignorance and selfishness. Lead us onward, O Divine Wisdom !

Lyceum—3 In the majesty of worth,
 Angel forms will walk the earth,
 When we all can sing the pleasant song of learning.
 Whencever a truth is said,
 Woo its brightness to your head ;
 For the saviour of the world is noble learning.—CHORUS.

(Music, S.S. 153.)

Conductor—To do good, which is really good, a man must act from the love of good, and not with a view of reward here or hereafter, for, “*whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.*” Fidelity to conscience is an essential precept; we are to do unfalteringly, and without speculating as to consequences, whatsoever it requires; the highest truth we see we must fearlessly utter.

Do the duty which lies nearest thee, the next will then be clearer.

Lyceum—1 Walk in the light ! so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love,
 His spirit only can bestow
 Who reigns in light above.

Conductor—To keep our souls in patience, to strive unceasingly with evil, to live in self-negation and continual sacrifices of desire, to give strength to the weak, sight to the blind; to bring light where there is darkness, and hope where there is bondage; to do all this through many years unrecognised of men, content that they are done with such force as lies in us,—this is our highest duty. Then—

Lyceum—2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find

Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In Whom no darkness is.

Conductor—Oh! it is great, and there is no other greatness, to make some work of God's creation a little better, more fruitful, more worthy of God; to make human hearts a little wiser, happier, more manful, more blessed.

“ Nay, falter not; 'tis an assured good
To seek the noblest; 'tis your only good,
Now you have seen it; for that highest vision
Poisons all meaner choice for evermore.”

Then let us—

Lyceum—3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own

Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Conductor—Ever remember the reward of holier actions comes not to us in this life, and is not given by the hands of humanity:—
The Spiritual Kingdom is not of this world.

Lyceum—4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see

A path, though thorny, bright,
For God, by nature, dwells in thee,
And God himself is light.

Compiled by H. A. KERSEY.

221

Welcome to Angels.

(Music, S.S. 157.)

Lyceum—1 WELCOME, angels, pure and bright,
Children of the living light,
Welcome to our home on earth,
Children of the glorious birth.

Conductor—Those who earnestly strive to do right, have ever bright angels around them, whose “living light” of spirituality and goodness illuminates the homes we have on earth. If we place our ambition's goal in the life hereafter, and make this earthly span of existence the sincere and careful preparation for it, our transition to spirit-life will indeed be a “glorious birth,” when *from* mortality we put on the robes of immortality, in the presence of the waiting angels.

Lyceum—2 Welcome, messengers of God,
Teaching not of anger's rod;
Love for all earth's weary throng
Is the burden of your song.

Conductor—Not only must we cry “Welcome” to the angel messengers, but we must fit ourselves to receive their messages, and become more worthy to receive their teachings.. We should “love one another,” and thus help to form a universal brotherhood of harmony and love. Nightly, the weary throng of earth pour out their petitions to the all-wise God and heavenly Father, who heeding their requests, sends angels to minister, whose only song is that of love to all on earth with happiness and joy.

Lyceum—3 Come ye from the realms of light,
Where the day knows not the night,
Where the gems of love alone
Are around your spirits thrown.

Conductor—Coming from the spirit-realms of light eternal, angelic hosts bring us the knowledge that actions, words, and thoughts, weave our spiritual conditions around us; if we engage in evil doings, or indulge in unholy thoughts, we are surrounded by the darkness of night, but when we struggle to become just and pure, then we are bounded in on all sides by streams of light from the eternal realms of light and glory. The gems of love become our rightful inheritance, and so we gradually advance higher and higher, until in fulness of heart we can truly sing—

Lyceum—1 Oh, we joy to feel you near,
Spirits of the loved and dear;
Chains of love around us twine,
Gems of beauty all divine.

Connective readings by W. H. WHEELER.

222

Catch the Sunshine.

(Music, S.S. 120.)

Lyceum—1 CATCH the sunshine; tho’ it flickers
Thro’ a dark and dismal cloud,
Tho’ it falls so faint and feeble
On a heart with sorrow bowed;
Catch it quickly; it is passing,
Passing rapidly away,—
It has only come to tell you
There is yet a brighter day.

Conductor—“Catch the sunshine” of angelic love now beaming upon the earth, chasing away the darkness of error’s night, which has caused earth’s children to grope their way in the gloom of superstition, shutting out the Father’s love for His children, and debarring our guardian angels from manifesting their presence to lead us heavenward.

Lyceum—2 Catch the sunshine! tho’ life’s tempest
May unfurl its chilling blast,
Catch the little hopeful straggler,
Storms will not for ever last;
Don’t give up; and say “Forsaken!”
Don’t begin to say, “I’m sad!”
Look! their comes a gleam of sunshine;
Catch it, oh, it seems so glad.

Conductor—“The workers win,” so “don’t give up and say forsaken,” but go right on; pass right through the “stormy billows,” and doubt not joy shall come at last. The trials of this life are as a span in duration compared with the joys of eternity. Every victory gained over wrong, every triumph over evil, will help to bring out the soul’s true worth, and make us nobler and more worthy of the joys that are to come, in the eyes of the angelic throng, when life’s trials and battles are ended. So

Lyceum—3 Catch the sunshine! don’t be grieving
 O’er that darksome billow there;
 Life’s a sea of stormy billows,
 We must meet them e’vrywhere;
 Pass right thro’ them, do not tarry,
 Overcome the heaving tide;
 There’s a sparkling gleam of sunshine
 Waiting on the other side.

Conductor—This “sunshine” of angelic love illuminates the darkened mind, and casting its light o’er life’s stormy sea, help us to see dangers ahead, and prepare for them. It gives increased strength of mental and moral vision, and helps us to descry the harbour in the distance, to which we steer with certain hopes of reaching, and Angels hover near until the voyage is ended. And when the weary sailor sets his feet on the shores of the Summer-Land, they greet him with the welcome song :—“Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the harvest of thy labours.” Then

Lyceum—4 Catch the sunshine! catch it gladly,
 Messenger in Hope’s employ;
 Sent thro’ clouds, thro’ storm and billows,
 Bringing you a cup of joy;
 Don’t be sighing, don’t be weeping :
 Life you know is but a span;
 There’s no time to sigh or sorrow,
 Catch the sunshine when you can.
 Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

Conductor—1 When the Angel Death has removed some loved one from our midst, we grieve because the earthly senses can no longer discern them, but cease to regard the grave as their resting place, for WE KNOW they are not there, but have arisen to a brighter and fairer world than ours. In their Spirit-homes they often think of us, and frequently visit us, speaking grand words of hope and comfort to cheer our drooping souls; so that we can truly sing :—

Lyceum—1 They are winging, they are winging,
 Thro’ the thin blue air their way;
 Unseen harps are softly ringing
 Round about us night and day.

MUSICAL READINGS.

Could we pierce the shadows o'er us,
And behold that seraph band,
Long-lost friends would bright before us
In angelic beauty stand.

Conductor—Under their loving tuition and guardian care our spiritual senses of sight and hearing are often developed, they appear to us, and we see and recognise them; they speak to us, and we hear and understand them, and in the rapture of our newly acquired powers we joyfully exclaim :—

Lyceum—2 Lo ! the dim, blue mist is sweeping
Slowly from our longing eyes,
And our hearts are upward leaping
With a deep and glad surprise.
We behold them, close beside us,
Dwellers of the Spirit-land;
Mists and shades alone divide us
From that glorious seraph band.

Conductor—Thus death is robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory; WE KNOW our friends still live, for they manifest in various ways their presence amongst us, and prove conclusively their continued existence; as they live so shall we live also, therefore with deep fervent gratitude we give thanks to our Father God for this glorious Comforter :—

Lyceum—3 For we know they hover round us
In the morning's rosy light,
And their unseen forms surround us
All the deep and silent night.
Yes, they're winging, they are winging
Thro' the thin blue air their way;
Spirit-harps are softly ringing
Round about us night and day.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

224 Press on, Ye Brave and True.

(Music, S.S. 15.)

Lyceum—1 Press on, press on, ye brave and true,
On till the dawning of the new,
When liberty, with clarion voice,
Shall waken worlds to glad rejoice;
When freedom with her praiseful songs
Shall cancel all of slavery's wrongs,
And echo through immensity
Their own eternal victory.

CHORUS—Press on, press on, ye brave and true,
On till the dawning of the new,
When liberty with clarion voice,
Shall waken worlds to glad rejoice.

Conductor—Press on, oh ! sisters and brothers all, until the wrongs of this old earth are righted. Press on until earth's children are freed from the bondage of man-made creeds and dogmas, with all

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

their coercive power over man's reasoning faculties, and fettering of the soul's holiest aspirations; breeding discord, envy, and hatred on earth, and often deluging the ground with blood.

Lyceum—2 Press on until those truths are born,
Life promised at the early morn;
Faint not nor weary by the way,
But gather courage day by day.
What tho' you tread the tangled thorn,
Or brave the world's malignant scorn?
What tho' the "Pilates" crucify,
And dangers darkly multiply?—CHORUS.

Conductor—Invested interests—priestly and otherwise—will raise their cry of alarm; they may revile, scorn, and persecute you; you may have to tread the tangled thorns of their selfishness; or with weary feet the unbeaten track; but faint not, nor weary by the way, your footsteps will be a guide to other travellers, and they will rejoice and bless you because your labours made the road smoother for them. Then we would tsk you—

Lyceum—3 Is life not worthy all the cost?
Is not more gained than can be lost?
Is immortality a dream?
And truth a transient, fleeting beam,
As sunshine on the silver stream?
Will hope, and truth, and love, but seem
Bright angels of the summer hours.
Winged for heaven's immortal bowers?—CHORUS.

Conductor—Most assuredly life is worth all the cost, and far more is gained of immortal treasures by uplifting humanity than can be lost on earth. Immortality is a grand reality, and truth will live when even nations have fallen into decay. So press on until the truths of Spiritualism, individual responsibility for all actions done, eternal progress for all, the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, are fully and universally recognised.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

225 The Cruse that Faileth Not.

(Music, S.S. 21.)

Lyceum—1 Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise, and share it with thy friend;
And thro' all the years of famine
There will be enough to spend.
Love divine may fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew,
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

Conductor—To bless others first is the law of the Angels; who, when they desire an added pleasure to their lives, go on errands of love and sympathy; trying to help some needy soul, comfort some weary heart, or impart a ray of hope to some despairing one. They boast not of this but rejoice exceedingly in the good done.

MUSICAL READINGS.

Lyceum—2 For the heart grows rich in giving ;
 All its wealth is living grain,
 Seeds which mildew in the garner,
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
 Is thy burden hard, and heavy?
 Do thy steps drag wearily?
 Help to bear thy brother's burden ;
 Angels bear both it and thee !

Conductor—It is a glorious truth that those who labour most for others are the most blessed. There never was a lesson prepared by a Leader for the edification of his Group, a beautiful song, recitation or reading given by a Lyceumist, without the giver in every instance being the most blessed for his efforts.

Lyceum—3 Numb and weary on the mountains
 Wouldst thou sleep amid the snow?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
 And together both shall glow.
 Art thou stricken in life's battle?
 Many wounded round thee mourn;
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
 And that balm will heal thine own.

Conductor—Those that give most from their store of knowledge, that others may be benefited, receive most in return. If you receive a new truth, or an inspired thought, make it known, and the lives blessed thereby will add to your honour, glory, and happiness. All are blessed in blessing.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

226

Stand Firm.

(Music, S.S. 21.)

Lyceum—1 THERE are moments when life's shadows
 Fall all darkly on the soul,
 Hiding stars of hope behind them
 In a black, impervious scroll ;
 When we walk with trembling footsteps,
 Scarcely knowing how or where
 The dim paths we tread are leading
 In our midnight of despair.

Conductor—As gold is tried and purified by the fierce fires of the refiner's furnace, so is man tried by troubles and difficulties. As too much sunshine will destroy the plants and flowers it brought into life, so will too much prosperity in earthly things destroy all spiritual thoughts and aspirations, and thus prove injurious to the soul's eternal welfare. Therefore a season of grief, gloom and darkness is often a blessing in disguise sent to try us, and draw us nearer the Truth; it separates the gold of our nature from the dross of idle pleasure. So

Lyceum—2 Stand we firm in that dread moment,
 Stand we firm, nor shrink away;
 Looking boldly through the darkness,
 Wait the coming of the day;
 Gathering strength while we are waiting
 For the conflict yet to come;
 Fear not, fail not, light will lead us
 Yet in safety to our home.

Conductor—After a season of gloom, the bright star of Hope lights up our life again, we feel better and stronger for our sorrow and tears, as the flowers do after a shower; and we realise that all the time there was a silver lining to the dark cloud of our grief. The inspired poet hath said—

“ Not enjoyment, and not scrow
 Is our destined end, or way;
 But to ACT that each tomorrow
 Finds us further than to-day.”

Ever let us bear this in mind, and—

Lyceum—3 Firmly stand, tho' sirens lure us;
 Firmly stand, tho' falsehood rail,
 Holding justice, truth, and mercy,
 Die we may, but cannot fail.
 Fail! it is the word of cowards;
 Fail! the language of the slave;
 Firmly stand, till duty beckons!
 Conquer e'en the shadowy grave.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

227

Forgiveness.

(Music, S.S. 190.)

Conductor—ANGRY words are lightly spoken,
 In a rash and thoughtless hour;
 Brightest links of life are broken
 By their deep insidious power.
 Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
 Ne'er before by anger stirred,
 Oft are rent past human healing
 By a single angry word.

Lyceum—1 Forgive and forget! there's no breast so unfeeling
 But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;
 For the best of us all need a friendly concealing,
 Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive.

Conductor—Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
 Bitter poison-drops are they,
 Weaving for the coming morrow
 Saddest memories of to-day.
 Angry words—oh! let them never
 From the tongue unbridled slip;
 May the heart's best impulse ever
 Check them ere they soil the lip!

Lyceum—2 Forgive and forget; why, the world would be lonely,
 The garden, a wilderness left to deform,
 If the flow'rs but remember'd the chilling blast only,
 And fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.

Conductor—Love is much too pure and holy,
 Friendship is too sacred far,
 For a moment's reckless folly
 Thus to desolate and mar.
 Angry words are lightly spoken;
 Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd;
 Brightest links of life are broken
 By a single angry word.

Lyceum—3 Away with the clouds from thy beauteous vision;
 That brow was no home for such frowns to have
 met;
 Oh, how could our tried spirits e'er hope for elysian,
 If heaven should refuse to forgive and forget?

ARRANGED BY ALFRED KITSON.

228

Truth.

(Music, S.S. 190.)

Conductor—WHAT is Truth? That which really exists: the absolute. Search for truth on all occasions, and espouse it in opposition to the world.

For Truth is God's, and hath a power sacred unto itself; a power that stirs the living souls of men, and lifts them up from lowness to light.

Lyceum—1 Great Truths, they come from God!
 In heav'n have birth;
 They spring to light from each prophetic word
 That thrills the list'ning earth.

Conductor—Truth is more precious and more to be prized than public opinion, and must not be sacrificed for it, nor even for persecution.

Search for Truth in every department of being; test, prove and try if what thou deemest *is* Truth, and then accept it as the Word of God; thou must continue this search all thy life, and never cease to test, prove and try if it indeed be Truth.

Then shall ye know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free.

Lyceum—2 With myriad wrongs they wage,
 An endless war,
 And shed their lustre o'er each passing age,
 Like morning's golden star!

Conductor—Let Truth and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worst in a fair and open encounter? Human life is a struggle; good and evil meet and mingle upon the earth and contend as in a battle; error reeleth and staggereth like a drunken man. But be not alarmed—fear not; Truth shall triumph and vanquish her opponents; the terror of the conflict shall pass away as a cloud, and sunshine and peace shall succeed it.

Lyceum—3 Great souls are filled with love,
Great brows are calm,
Serene within their might, they soar above
The whirlwind and the storm.

Conductor—Righteousness shall flow like a river, and human hearts shall be the temples where Angels dwell.
Let us then brave the world: be firm, and hold “**THE TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.**”

Compiled by H. A. KERSEY.

229

Natural Worship.

(Music, S.S. 191.)

Lyceum—1 The night has gathered up her moonlit fringes
And curtains grey,
And orient gates, that move on silver hinges,
Let in the day.

Conductor—Nature calls with many voices to worship in **her** temple,—a temple consecrated to the good of Humanity.

God is here, and the quick soul feels His presence in the midst of His Temple.

“ When God reveals His march through Nature’s night,
His steps are beauty, and His presence light.”

Lyceum—2 The morning sun his golden eyelash raises
O’er eastern hills;
The happy summer bird, with matin praises
The thicket fills.

Conductor—“ The groves were God’s first temples.”

Nature’s great heart beats under our feet and over our head.

The currents of all pervading life flow into every form of the natural world, and therefore do all forms partake of the divine energy.

“ In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.”

Lyceum—3 And Nature’s dress with softly tinted roses
And lilies wrought,
Through all its varied unity discloses
God’s perfect thought.

Conductor—“ Tongues in trees, books in runnings brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”
“ Each moss,

Each shell, each crawling insect, holds a rank
Important in the plan of him who framed
This scale of beings.”

“ Go mark the matchless working of the power
That shuts within the seed the future flower;
Bid these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell,”

"How mean the order and perfection sought
 In the best product of human thought,
 Compared to the great harmony that reigns
 In what the Spirit of the World ordains!"

Lyceum—4 Oh, drop, my soul, the burden that oppresses,
 And cares that rule,
 That I may prove the whisp'ring wildernesses
 Heav'n's vestibule!

Conductor—"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

"Thou art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee;
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine."

Lyceum—5 For I can hear, despite material warden,
 And earthly looks,
 A still small voice, and know that thro' His garden
 The Father walks.

Conductor—"God of the granite and the rose!
 Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
 The mighty tide of being flows
 Through all Thy creatures back to thee
 Thus round and round the circle runs,
 A mighty sea without a shore,
 While men and angels, stars and suns,
 Unite to praise Thee evermore."

Compiled by H. A. KERSEY.

230

Seeds of Promise.

(Music, S.S. 20.)

(*By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas."*)

Lyceum—1 Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds,
 Along the fertile field,
 For grain will grow from what you sow,
 And fruitful harvest yield.

CHORUS.—Then day by day along your way
 The seeds of promise cast;
 That ripen'd grain from hill and plain
 Be gather'd home at last.

Conductor—Let these words be a daily admonition unto you—"That grain will grow from what you sow, and fruitful harvest yield." No amount of faith, or belief, in any theory, doctrine, or tenet, can save you from the consequences of what you say and do. No one can rob you of the joy and happiness that will come to you as the harvest of loving thoughts, words and deeds. It does not require

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

wealth or high social position to do good, the poorest and humblest in the land can sow and plant in the garden of the heart; it only requires that we "do unto others as we desire them to do unto us," and—

Lyceum—2 Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years,
The seed will surely live;
Tho' great the cost, it is not lost,
For God will fruitage give.—CHORUS.

Conductor—Sow the weeds, and vile weeds will flourish; sow the flowers, and flowers will bloom; sow the Truth, if thou the Truth wouldest reap; who sows the false, shall reap the vain; sow love, and taste its fruitage pure; sow peace, and reap its harvest bright. For—

Lyceum—3 The harvest-home of God will come,
And after toil and care,
With joy untold, your sheaves of gold,
Will all be garner'd there.—CHORUS.

Conductor—"In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwarts this one great end,
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend."

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

231

How to Live.

(Music, S.S. 57.)

Lyceum—1 He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain.
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heav'nly gain.
Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give:
Else is that being but a dream;
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Conductor—Live to do good; learn the lessons of life that thou mayest the better shun its evils, and assist those who are around thee to do the same. Let thy wants be governed by thy necessities; keep a strict guard over thy tongue that it may not needlessly wound the feelings of others. Every temptation wisely scan and hold thy passions under firm control.

Lyceum—2 Be thou in truthfulness array'd;
Hold up to earth thy torch divine!
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let steps of charity be thine.
Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go:
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Conductor—Let all thou sayest bear the stamp of truth, so shall all who know thee—even thine enemies—respect thy words. Let thy actions be just towards ALL, and so shalt thou be a living example to the wrong doer. Remember that whatever we sow, that must we also reap.

Lyceum—³ Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldest reap;
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.
 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And find a harvest home of light.

Conductor—“Let each man do his best.
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly—Angels could no more.”
 Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

232

Steps of Progress.

(Music, S.S. 89.)

Lyceum—¹ STEP forward, dear friends, and keep time with the Truth !
 Be manly as men in the ardour of youth;
 Step forward, not backward, nor even aside,
 At bidding of custom, ambition, or pride;
 Step boldly, but truly, erectly, and well,
 The fruit of your labours the future will tell;
 If you are but faithful, and never despair,
 But live for the truth, and its glory declare.

Conductor—Why dwell in the lowlands of ignorance and superstition when Truth stands waiting to lead you up the mountain of light and beauty, to climb which is a perpetual feast to the soul?

Let the weak-kneed and the craven-hearted stay where they are, bowing and worshipping at the shrine of time-honoured error, as custom has taught them; but the brave heart and strong must toil upward to “fairer scenes and brighter hopings.” So let us—

Lyceum—² Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the Right,
 Leave error behind you, like Angels of light;
 Step firmly, but gently, nor even in ire,
 The bush on Mount Horeb burned not in the fire.
 Step onward and upward, what others have done
 But opens the way to fresh labours begun;
 Oh, learn the great truth that Right shall prevail;
 If you will but step, all oppression shall fail.

Conductor—Too long has might ruled the actions of men; Right is now demanding her place, and under her sceptre the wrongs of this old earth will be righted. Food for the starving, homes for the outcast, happiness for all, shall yet prevail, and the will of God be done on earth as it is in Spirit-land, if you will but step onward and upward in the battle of Right against Might.

Lyceum—3 Step forward, dear friends, and keep time with the Good
That cometh to you in your loftiest mood;
Step gently, but nobly, on errands of peace,
'Till slavery, warfare, and hatred shall cease.
Step truly, and firmly, and boldly, but light!
Ne'er crushing a worm by your cautionless might;
Step kindly, but step, and you'll surely proceed,
The True, and the Right, and the Good will succeed.

Conductor—Noble souls : those who are yearning for the True, the Right and the Good, are ever assisted by bright Spirits, who inspire them with good thoughts and quicken them to loftier ideals, aims, and purposes. Let us be brave, follow the True, the Right, and the Good, and make them the aim and end of our unceasing endeavours.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

233

Fold us in your Arms.

(Music, S.S. 66.)

Lyceum—1 COME ye Spirits true and faithful,
To our home, oh, wend your way;
Bless us with your loving presence,
Guide us onward day by day;
Give, oh give us peace and union,
Feed our souls with love divine;
Sprinkle o'er us sparkling dew-drops,
From the fount of Life sublime.

Conductor—Oh ! Angels of Light and Wisdom, we solicit your presence with us this day, that you may illuminate our minds, quicken our understandings, and strengthen our adherence to Truth. May your light chase away the mists of doubt and superstition, so that the light of God's divine truth, as taught and manifested by you, may be ours through life.

Lyceum—2 We are lonely, we are weary,
Hungry, thirsty, sick and sore !
Rest and soothe, refresh, renew us,
Upward lead us we implore.
Never can we thrive without you,
Life is dreary, dark and sad;
But with loving Angels near us,
Earth is cheery, hearts are glad.

Conductor—The ways we travel ye have trod; you have experienced the ruggedness of life's pathway; your feet have been pierced with its thorns. You have hungered for spiritual food, and thirsted for the water of life; and have suffered for the Truth's sake. Your earthly experiences have fitted you to be the ministering messengers of love and sympathy to the weary-hearted ones of earth. We therefore beseech you to draw near to us and—

Lyceum—3 Fold us in your arms, lov'd Angels,
 And caress us as of yore;
 Lift our thoughts to heav'n's bright portals,
 Teach us of the Spirit-shore.
 Fill our homes with joy and brightness,
 Keep our hearts with love aglow;
 Walking hand in hand with Angels,
 Peace on earth man soon shall know.

Conductor—Oh! Great Spirit of the Universe,—send thy Holy Messengers unto us, may they unlock the door of every heart, enter in and dwell there, and guide us for evermore. **AMEN.**

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

234 Waiting on the other side.

(Music, S.S. 58.)

In Memoriam.

(By permission from J. Burnham's "*Children's Hosannas.*")

Lyceum—1 LIKE the leaves that fade and wither
 In the Autumn's chilly breath,
 We have watch'd our friends departed,
 Passing thro' the vale of death.

CHORUS—One by one, one by one,
 They have crossed the rolling tide,
 But our footsteps they are waiting,
 Waiting on the other side.

Conductor—As the sun sets at even to rise in radiance on another shore, so at the change called "death" doth the soul quit its mortal frame to rise in newness of life in the glorious Spirit Land; which is not, as has been erroneously taught, a far off region, but close round us.

Lyceum—2 Hearts that help'd us bear our burden,
 Hands that toil'd from day to day,
 From the field of earnest labour
 Now have borne their sheaves away.—*CHORUS*.

Conductor—They have entered upon their harvest, the seeds of which were sown on earth by their adherence to Truth and Duty. Their hearts will ever beat in unison with ours; and they will frequently return to help us to fight life's battles, and bear its burdens. They will never cease to labour in the spiritual vineyard of Truth, Justice and Love.

Lyceum—3 While we dwelt on earth together,
 Precious moments we have seen;
 Friendship's tears, like dews of morning,
 Keep their mem'ry fresh and green.—*CHORUS*.

Conductor—Greater thoughts, grander feelings, nobler aspirations and possibilities are the blessings of the change called "death." It gives to all the facilities for realising their highest ideal, and outgrowing their earthly imperfections; the budding of their divine nature which on earth won our love, esteem, and respect, will come

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

to fuller fruition and greater perfection in the Spirit World. And through the knowledge we have received of the "life beyond the tomb," we know that—

Lyceum—4 Where the tree of life is waving,
By the river bright and clear,
Soon with Angels we shall gather,
Soon their voices we shall hear.—CHORUS.

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

235 Have Faith in One Another.

(Music, S.S. 164.)

Lyceum—1 CHERISH faith in one another,
When you meet in friendship's name;
For the true friend is a brother,
And his heart should throb the same.
Though your path in life may differ,
Since the hour when first ye met,
Still have faith in one another,
You may need that friendship yet.

Conductor—How cheering and sustaining is the pure love and devotion of our friends in the hour of need; the season of grief and suffering. Their loving sympathy and support helps us to lighten the load of care and sorrow, and to cause a rift in the dark cloud that o'ershadows us, disclosing the silver lining; and hope is born anew within our bosoms.

Lyceum—2 Oh, have faith in one another,
When ye speak a brother's vow;
It may not be always summer,
Not be always bright as now;
And when wintry clouds hang o'er ye,
If some kindred heart ye share,
And have faith in one another,
Oh, ye never shall despair!

Conductor—Pure friendship is like gold passed through the refiner's furnace; trials and difficulties bring out its true worth. It feels a brother's sigh, and with him bears a part; in the period of prosperity it is not envious, but rejoiceth to see its friend happy, and joy flows from heart to heart.

Lyceum—3 Then have faith in one another,
And let honour be your guide:
Let the truth alone be spoken,
Whatsoever may betide.
The false may reign a little season.—
Doubt ye not it sometimes will—
Still have faith in one another,
And the truth shall triumph still.

Conductor—“ Let love and truth and peace alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own;
And men be Brothers all ! ”

Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

236 Trust in God and do the Right.

(Music, S.S. 13.)

Lyceum—1 COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night,
 There's a star to guide the humble,
 "Trust in God, and do the Right."
 Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
 "Trust in God, and do the Right."

Conductor—"He who seeks the Truth and trembles at the dangers he must brave, is not fit to be a freeman, he at best is but a slave." The lover of Truth, Right, and Justice, stops not to count the cost of these gems, but treasures them in his heart as too valuable to be exchanged for the smiles of public opinion.

Lyceum—2 Perish policy and cunning!
 Perish all that fears the light!
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 "Trust in God, and do the Right."
 Trust no party, sect, or faction,
 Trust no leaders in the fight;
 But in ev'ry word and action,
 "Trust in God, and do the Right."

Conductor—The moral hero must strike at all systems of policy and cunning which have for their aim the enrichment of the few by the enslaving and impoverishment of the many. The freedom, improvement and progress of Humanity, must be the grand aim of life's labours; it is useless to sit down and assert our belief in the Brotherhood of man, we must up and act it in our lives.

Lyceum—3 Trust no lovely forms of passion,
 Fiends may look like angels bright;
 Trust no custom, school, nor fashion,
 "Trust in God, and do the Right."
 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
 Inward peace and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,
 "Trust in God, and do the Right."

Conductor—In this glorious battle for right and freedom, the reformer's best and truest friend is God, whose holy Angels will never desert, betray, or weary of him. Through all the vicissitudes and trials of earthly life they will bear him company to the end, and in his darkest hours of adversity they will stand the closer to him. At his birth into the higher life they will accord him a welcome most sweet to his soul, because of his struggles for the Right and True.

Lyceum—4 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man, and look above thee,
 "Trust in God, and do the Right."

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night,
 There's a star to guide the humble,
 "Trust in God, and do the Right."
 Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

237**We all might do Good.**

(Music, S.S. 172.)

Conductor—

When you go out in the morning to begin the work of the day,
 Don't neglect the little chances you find along the way;
 For in lifting another's burden, and speaking a word of cheer,
 You will find your own cares lighter, and easier far to bear.

Lyceum—1 We all might do good,
 When we often do ill,
 There is always the way,
 If there be but the will;
 Though it be but a word,
 Kindly breath'd or express'd,
 It may guard off some pain,
 Or give peace to some breast.

CHORUS—We all might do good
 When we often do ill,
 There is always the way,
 If there be but the will.

Conductor—

What if you are in a hurry, and your business a pressing load,
 Would you pass by a suffering brother fainting beside the road?
 For the help you might give him,—by only crossing the way,
 To carry a bit of sunshine—will brighten his cloudy day.

Lyceum—2 We all might do good
 In a thousand small ways,
 In forbearing to flater,
 Yet yielding due praise;
 In spurning all rumour,
 Reproving wrong done,
 And treating but kindly
 The hearts we have won.—**CHORUS**.

Conductor—

We find 'tis the little things, the little crosses and cares,
 The little golden chances which make up the sum of the years:
 If we take them with heart of courage, and do the best we may,
 They will be like a host of angels, flitting about our way.

Lyceum—3 We all might do good,
 Whether lowly or great,
 For the deed is not gauged
 By the purse or estate,
 If it be but a cup
 Of cold water that's given,
 Like the Widow's two mites,
 It is something for heav'n.—**CHORUS**.

MUSICAL READINGS.

Conductor—

And our lives will be the richer, and sweeter, and better here,
For the helping one another, and speaking the words of cheer;
Then let us be true to duty, though sometimes hard is the way,
For we find true happiness comes, through loving service each day.

Arranged by ALFRED KITSON.

238

Do Not Wait.

(Music, S.S. 98.)

(*By permission from J. Burnham's "Choral Praise."*)

Lyceum—1 Do not wait for joys to come,
 Sadly pining by the way;
 Make the joys of heav'n your own;
 Gather them from day to day.

CHORUS—Do not wait for joys to come;
 They are falling by the way;
 Do not wait, they're passing on,
 Gather, gather, gather, gather,
 Gather them from day to day.

Conductor—It is folly to let the joy which the present offers thee pass by untasted, because it is not that which thy heart is longing for; whatever the future has for thee will come in due season. Therefore accept the joys of the present, let them make thy heart and life bright and cheerful; so shalt thou be better able to appreciate those in store for thee.

Lyceum—2 Gently as the falling dew
 Drops in pearls upon the earth,
 So the angels bring to you
 Purest joys of richest worth.—*CHORUS*.

Conductor—True happiness is not a gift, but is the consciousness of some little good done towards brightening the lives of others. Opportunities for such are strewn along life's pathway; and as we acquit ourselves worthily of them, it will appear almost as if Angels were dropping pearls of joy on our way, for our hearts and lives are made blessed and happy thereby.

Lyceum—3 Softly as the gleam of dawn,
 Falls upon the brow of night,
 Come the rays of heav'nly morn,
 Filling all the earth with light.—*CHORUS*.

Conductor—“Beware what earth calls happiness; beware All joys but joys that never can expire; Who builds on less than an immortal base, Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.” Connective Readings by ALFRED KITSON.

God Speed the Right.

(Music, S.S. 141.)

Conductor—When earth produces, free and fair,
 The golden waving corn ;
 When fragrant fruits perfume the air,
 And fleecy flocks are shorn,—
 While thousands move with aching head,
 And sing this ceaseless song :—
 “ We starve, we die, oh ! give us bread ! ”
 There must be something wrong.

Lyceum—1 Now to heav’n our prayer ascending.
 God speed the right !
 In a noble cause contending,
 God speed the right !
 Be our zeal in heav’n recorded,
 With success on earth rewarded,
 God speed the right !

Conductor—And when production never ends,
 The earth is yielding ever :
 A copious harvest oft begins,
 But distribution never ;
 When toiling millions work to fill
 The wealthy coffers strong ;
 When hands are crushed that work and till,
 There must be something wrong.

Lyceum—2 Be that pray’r again repeated,
 God speed the right !
 Ne’er despairing, though defeated,
 God speed the right !
 Like the great and good in story
 If we fail, we’ll fail with glory,
 God speed the right !

Conductor—When poor men’s tables waste away
 To barrenness and drought,
 There must be something in the way
 That’s worth the finding out.
 With surfeits one great table bends,
 While numbers move along,
 While scarce a crust their board extends—
 There must be something wrong.

Lyceum—3 Be patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right !
 Ne’er th’ event nor danger fearing,
 God speed the right !
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heav’n’s own time succeeding,
 God speed the right !

Arranged by ALFRED KITSON.

240 Never Give up the Right Way.

(Music, S.S. 30.)

Lyceum—1 NEVER give up the Right Way,
 'Twill brighten by-and-by,
 In ev'ry time of trial
 Our Spirit Friends are nigh ;
 Though evil counsels darken,
 And evil passions try,
 Never give up the Right way,
 'Twill brighten by-and-by.

CHORUS—Never give up, never give up,
 Never give up the Right Way,
 'Twill brighten by-and-by.

Conductor—Though sometimes you may wander—
 Beneath the shades of night,
 And, while held in sorrow's keeping,
 Your eyes grown dim by weeping,
 May fail to see the light.
 Yet, do not be discouraged
 For Angels are your friends ;
 They will ever walk beside you—
 Tho' the world may wrong and chide you,—
 Like dew their love descends.

Lyceum—2 Never give up the Right Way,
 Tho' narrow, steep, and straight,
 For at the end are watching
 Our Angel Friends who wait ;
 And so, if sorrow's darken,
 And selfish pleasures fly,
 Never give up the Right way,
 'Twill brighten by-and-by.—**CHORUS.**

Conductor—Though sin and wrong may gather—
 To bind you in their chain,
 Failing oft in life's best duty
 You may miss its truest beauty
 And bear its deepest pain.
 Yet ever noiseless gliding—
 Through all the clouds and gloom,
 Come the loving and the holy
 To the needy ones and lowly
 With gifts of fadeless bloom.

Lyceum—3 Never give up the Right Way,
 Though tempted oft and long,
 Remember who is near thee,
 With hand so kind and strong ;
 Whatever then may darken,
 Whatever fade and die,
 Never give up the Right way,
 'Twill brighten by-and-by.—**CHORUS.**

Conductor—Then do not be discouraged—

For angels bring you cheer;
When life's evils have assailed you,
When your mortal loves have failed you,
Then you will know them near.

Arranged by ALFRED KITSON.

241

Angel Care.

(Music, S.S. 102.)

Lyceum—1 SOFT and low those Angel voices,
Come to breathe in love a pray'r,
And the weary heart rejoices
In sweet thoughts of Angel care.

CHORUS—Going with us, caring for us,
As life's journey we pursue;
Going with us, caring for us,
Till our distant homes we view.

Conductor—How cheering the thought, that the Angels of God
Do bow their bright forms to the world they once trod;
Do leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

Lyceum—2 Come, to breathe on us a blessing,
As in harmony we meet,
And with friendly hands caressing
Us, as we their presence greet.—*CHORUS*.

Conductor—They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
In wisdom to guide some poor wanderer home,
Some brother to lead from a darkened abode,
And give him sweet rest in the home of his God.

Lyceum—3 Come, to make our burdens lighter,
By their teaching how to live;
Teachings purer, better, brighter,
Than our earthly friends can give.—*CHORUS*.

Conductor—They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these Angels of heaven.

Lyceum—4 Come to lead us on for ever
Up progression's shining road,
Where the soul shall weary never,
'Midst the wondrous works of God.—*CHORUS*.
Arranged by ALFRED KITSON.

242 Are they not Ministering Spirits ?

(Music, S.S. 88.)

Lyceum—1 SPIRIT friends are at the threshold,
Waiting for the op'ning door;
Seeking for a recognition
Of the loved ones gone before.

MUSICAL READINGS.

Messengers of joyful tidings,
Dear companions of our youth,
Richly laden with the blessings
Of eternal love and truth.

Conductor—When we think of those whom we have loved and lost as being far away beyond the clouds, we close the door of our sweetest affections to them; and it is in vain that they try to make us know they are present with us, anxious to dry the mourner's tear, to cheer the sorrowing heart, and plant joy and gladness in its place.

Lyceum—2 Angels hov'ring o'er the border,
Urg'd by souls of purest love
Radiant with celestial glory,
Beaming o'er them from above.
Welcome from the land of beauty,
Where our hopes can never die;
Blessed mission, proof divinest,
Of our immortality.

Conductor—Death has not changed them into superior beings. They retain all the characteristics by which we have known and loved them, and which makes them human and sympathetic in their new abodes. Death has only freed them from their cumbersome bodies, and all that appertains to it; and placed them in a world of greater facilities to unfold their divine nature.

Lyceum—3 Father, mother, sisters, brothers,
Wait to touch the magic chord;
Sweetest notes of fond affection,
Thrilling with the Spirit word.
Heav'nly sunbeams now are flashing
Through the breaking clouds of earth,
Earnest of the soul's fruition,
At its new transcendent birth.

Conductor—Let us open wide our hearts unto them. Let us purify ourselves of all that will bar their approach. Let us offer our physical bodies as instruments through which they can make their loving presence and message known; but in so doing we must ever strive to make ourselves worthy of their mission, by aspiration and moral and spiritual cultivation—then we can truly sing—

Lyceum—4 Fairer scenes and brighter hopings
Wean us from the world to-day;
To a land of pure delighting,
Where all tears are wip'd away.
To the home of the immortals
Far above the silent tomb,
Where the pleasures are eternal,
And the roses ever bloom.
Connective readings by ALFRED KITSON.

Lyceum Songs.

N.B.—The Music (both Sol-fa and Old Notation) for all these Songs will be found in "THE SPIRITUAL SONGSTER," and the reference thereto is placed immediately under the title of each Song.

301

Marching Song.

(Music, S.S. 127.)

- 1 We are marching on, we are marching on,
 Will you come and march along?
There is room enough in our ranks for all,
 We will welcome you with song.
Our banners float in the light of love,
 And our hearts are warm and true,
Our lessons came from the better land,
 Far away in the soft sweet blue.
- 2 We are marching on, we are marching on,
 And our feet grow sure each day;
We can catch a breath from the landscapes bright
 To which we march away.
There are voices ringing back to us,
 All glad with their cheerings sweet,
And who would fear, when we almost hear
 The tramp of the Angels' feet?
- 3 We are marching on, we are marching on,
 But not in idleness;
This world of ours is a place to learn,
 To toil, to love, to bless.
So day by day we must grow in soul,
 In wisdom, strength, and truth,
As we march along to our cheery song,
 Thro' the pleasant paths of youth.
- 4 We are marching on, we are marching on,
 To the fair lands bathed in light,
Where wisdom rules in majesty,
 And Heav'n is doing right.
We ask no pledge that a crown of gems
 Upon our brows shall glow,
For the silver flow'rs of immortal bow'rs
 Within each heart will grow.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

302

Sing all together.

(Marching Song—Music, S.S. 97.)

- 1 SING, for the Angels from God's brighter lands,
Link with the lowly their dear loving hands,
The roses of love, and the lilies of truth,
They bind for a crown on the forehead of youth.

LYCEUM SONGS.

CHORUS—Sing all together, sing, sing, sing !
Sink like a chorus of woodbirds in spring,
Sing and be happy, sing and be gay,
The fuller of music, the brighter the day.

2 Gaily to music our hands shall keep time,
Happily bounding our thoughts flow in rhyme,
Working together in movement and word,
The deeps of our souls shall in concert be stirr'd.—**CHORUS.**

3 If errors oppress us, with quickness and tact
Together in crushing them out we will act,
At pleasure's sweet fountains fraternally drink,
And sweetness and pow'r in one chain we will link.—**CHORUS.**

4 With muscles made strong by the lessons we learn,
And minds made clear, right from wrong to discern,
The banners of Truth shall be grandly unfurl'd,
And float in the blue o'er a truth-loving world.—**CHORUS.**

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

303

Marching to Zion.

(Marching Song—Music, S.S. 169.)

1 COME, ye that love our God,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, Beautiful Zion !
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad.—**CHORUS.**

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.—**CHORUS.**

4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching through the Father's ground
To fairer worlds on high.—**CHORUS.**

ISAAC WATTS.

Sweet Summer Land.

(Music, S.S. 128.)

- 1 OH, home of love ! we sing of thee,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
In joyous tones of melody,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
Thy skies are clear, thy fields are fair,
And flow'rs perfume the balmy air,
And all is bright and radiant there,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
- 2 Oh, we would touch thy radiant shores,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
And find thy bright and glowing bow'rs,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
We'd sail across thy silver seas,
We'd hear thy streams and murmur'ring trees,
We'd feel thy gentle, fragrant breeze,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
- 3 We know thy homes are bright and fair,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
We know our lov'd ones gather there,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
And troops of children dance and play,
And weave bright flow'rs in garlands gay,
And gain fresh beauty day by day,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
- 4 Oh ! let the voices that we love,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
Speak from the radiant home above,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
Oh ! let us feel the glory there,
Encompass us like summer air,
And keep us from all sin and fear,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
- 5 With chain of love entwine us now,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
And bind thy peace upon our brow,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
Then 'mid the din of earthly care,
Then in temptation's dreary snare,
We'll feel thy calm and soothing air,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
- 6 Thy flowers shall strew our earthly way,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
Bright eyes shall make our night as day,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.
We'll tread with courage then, and faith ;
For every rugged way earth hath
May be to thy bright shore a path,
Summer-land, sweet Summer-land.

Be Happy.

(Opening Song—Music, S.S. 11.)

1 BE happy, be happy ! For bright is the earth!
 With sunshine, and music, and love ;
 Each day it grows richer in wisdom and worth,
 And more like sweet heaven above.

CHORUS—Then let us be happy ! sunny and bright in the face,
 Oh, let us be happy ! earth is a beautiful place.

2 Be happy, be happy ! for fountains most sweet
 Are gushing along the bright years,
 And pathways all pleasant are waiting our feet,
 With joys more abundant than tears.—CHORUS.

3 Be happy, be happy ! who loves the black clouds,
 Which lower in their boding so deep ?
 'Tis better to walk in bright raiments than shrouds,
 'Tis better to smile than to weep.—CHORUS.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

The Lyceum Band.

(Closing Song—Music, S.S. 123.)

1 OUR Lyceum, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet band of liberty,
 Of thee we sing ;
 Band where our songs resound,
 Band where no creeds are found,
 But deeds of love abound,
 And pleasure bring.
 God bless our little band !
 Firm may we ever stand,
 Stand for the right !
 May all we say and do,
 May all our teachings show
 Our sympathy for woe,
 Our search for light !

2 Let us our voices raise
 To God in songs of praise,
 The God of Truth !
 May our young hearts be meek,
 May we for wisdom seek,
 When we together meet,
 Now in our youth.
 Unfurl our banners all,
 And to the Angel's call
 Gladly we come.
 Let us our voices raise
 In songs of joyful praise,
 For heav'n's immortal days
 And purer home.

307**Invocation to Angels.**

(Opening Song—Music, S.S. 103.)

- 1 OH, ye who once were mortals, enrob'd like us in clay,
Come down from heav'n's bright meadows, and be with us to-day ;
Instruct us, loving Angels, the way your glory came,
And wreathè about our foreheads truth's glowing ring of flame.
- 2 Bring down a breath from Eden, and let us breathe it in,
Till its surpassing sweetness makes us forget to sin !
Our hearts are reaching upward, like singing larks in spring,
And every soul is willing to learn the truths you bring.
- 3 Come down, oh blessed Angels, make earth and heaven one,
And when our paths are shadow'd, be ye our rising sun ;
Unfold us in God's wisdom, His beauty and His love,
And may the earth-life fit us to be like you above.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

308**The Angels' Lesson.**

(Closing Song—Music, S.S. 103.)

- 1 COME let us sing together, as leaves sing on a tree,
When thro' the swaying branches the wind pipes merrily ;
Let us repeat a lesson our Angel guides impart,
That he shall be most blessed who keeps the purest heart.
- 2 We learn a loving spirit will beautify the face,
And fashion ev'ry feature to soft angelic grace ;
While sinful thoughts and feelings will spoil the brightest eyes,
And mar the lips of childhood, though steeped in rosy dyes.
- 3 Then let us join together, and try with all our might,
Amid earth's dust and tumult, to keep our mantles white ;
To think and do no evil, to hurl no venom'd dart,
For he shall be most blessed, who keeps the ~urest heart.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

309**Members' Parting Song.**

(Music, S.S. 103.)

- 1 Our hearts are bound together, a chain of chaliced blooms,
Wooing the dews of heaven, and rich in sweet perfumes ;
The skill of angel fingers combined the circlet fair,
And bade us be love's lilies, the dusky earth shall wear.
- 2 We love our march and music, our banners bright unfurl'd,
Our lessons and our teachers, and all the great wide world ;
Our souls behold God's goodness, and blossom into prayer—
Prayer which shall speak in actions of kindness everywhere.
- 3 We part, and may each member, wherever he may go,
Work for the poor and sinful, but keep as pure as snow !
Our confidence is boundless, for though we walk with men,
Angels will watch and guide us until we meet again.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

310

God Speed the Right.

(Opening Song—Music, S.S. 141.)

- 1 Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending,
 God speed the Right !
In a noble cause contending,
 God speed the Right !
Be our zeal in heav'n recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
 God speed the Right !
- 2 Be that prayer again repeated,
 God speed the Right !
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
 God speed the Right !
Like the great and good in story,
If we fail, we'll fail with glory,
 God speed the Right !
- 3 Be patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the Right !
Ne'er 'th event nor danger fearing,
 God speed the Right !
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heav'n's own time succeeding,
 God speed the Right !

311

Closing Hymn.

(Music, S.S. 141.)

- 1 As we part our prayer ascendeth,
 God speed the Right !
To success each effort tendeth,
 God speed the Right !
Be our hopes in heaven recorded,
With its joys our toils rewarded ;
 God speed the Right !
- 2 Still our onward course pursuing,
 God speed the Right !
Every foe at length subduing,
 God speed the Right !
Truth, our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
 God speed the Right !

312

Summer Land.

(Music, S.S. 33.)

- 1 THERE is a land I long to see,
Where loving friends now wait for me,
Where clouds of sorrow, grief and pain,
Can never come to us again.

CHORUS—Oh ! Summer-land, sweet Summer-land !

Upon thy shores I long to stand ;
To float upon thy azure sea,
Dwell in the home prepared for me,
Embrace my loved ones o'er and o'er,
And be with them for evermore.

2 I long to tread the forest aisles,
And meadows where bright verdure smiles,
Thro' valleys plough'd by laughing rills,
And o'er the em'rald-tinted hills.—CHORUS.

3 Sweet Summer-land ! oh ! may I be
Prepar'd to view thy glories free.
Oh ! may I be so free from guile
My soul may mirror back thy smile.—CHORUS.

313

Anniversary Song.

(Marching Song—Music, S.S. 18.)

1 WE have come unto the mountain, and the city of our God,
To the ways of truth and beauty by the souls perfected trod,
And the resurrection trumpet shall not wake us from the sod,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS—Glory ! Glory Hallelujah ! Glory ! Glory Hallelujah !
Glory ! Glory Hallelujah ! As we go marching on.

2 Break the bread of consolation to the souls oppress'd with care,
Ever in our Father's mansions there is bread enough to spare ;
Surely none need faint with hunger while we have such blessed fare,
As we go marching on.—CHORUS.

3 Bind we up the broken-hearted, and confirm the feeble knees,
For the kingdom has been opened to the least of such as these,
And we need not ask Saint Peter to be ready with his keys,
As we go marching on.—CHORUS.

4 Set the little children marching with their banners in their hands,
Gently drill them into service with the brave old vet'r'an bands,
Till the tramping of their army shall be heard in distant lands,
As we go marching on.—CHORUS.

5 Deepest thunders of Progression are now shaking tyrants' thrones,
For the breath of inspiration wakes "the valley of dry bones" ;
And the ancient altars crumble while the "king of terror" groans,
As we go marching on.—CHORUS.

6 Shout we then our loud hosannas to the land beyond the sea,
Till the people of all nations shall be, through the truth, made free,
And shall join the swelling chorus in our song of jubilee,
As we go marching on.—CHORUS.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

314

Clap your hands for joy.

(Music, S.S. 48.)

1 FROM realms supernal, fair and bright,
They of the second birth,
On holy errands wing their flight
To ev'ry home on earth.

CHORUS—Clap your hands for joy, cheerful songs now bring,
Ev'ry little girl and boy;
Angels love to hear little children sing,
Clap your tiny hands for joy.

2 To sorrowing souls they bear a joy,
To cheerless souls a love,
To weary hearts they tidings bring
Of holy rest above.—**CHORUS.**

3 The darksome hearth they light with smiles,
The lonely home they throng,
Till the lone pilgrim wakes to bliss
In list'ning to their song.—**CHORUS.**

4 They go with champions of the Right,
They nerve the struggling arm;
They watch above their path, and shield
Their ev'ry step from harm.—**CHORUS.**

5 They lead the way to victory sure,
E'en though upon the sod
The body falls, they guide the soul
In triumph on to God.—**CHORUS.**

Arranged from J. S. ADAMS.

315

Forward Press to Conquer.

(Music, S.S. 99.)

1 FORWARD, press to conquer,
Girt with truth and right;
In the Angel's service,
Guided by their light.
Hearts and hands united,
Erring souls to win—
Back to light and virtue—
From the night of Sin.

CHORUS—Forward press to conquer,
Girt with Truth and Right;
In the Angels' service,
Guided by their light.

2 Darkened souls are sighing
In the wilds of sin;
Toss'd by angry passions,
Surging from within;

On we to their rescue,
 Saving work to do ;
 We will draw them kindly
 To the good and true.—CHORUS.

3 With the help our Father
 Sends us from above,
 We'll proclaim the gospel
 Of His boundless love.
 Fill'd with inspiration,
 Truth and love our cry,
 We will toil for Justice,
 And her foes defy.—CHORUS.

4 Angel bands o'ershadow—
 They will lead us on ;
 Be our strength in battle,
 Till earth's work is done ;
 Then when death o'ertakes us,
 Oh ! what joy in store ;
 We shall meet our loved ones
 On the Brighter Shore.—CHORUS.

A. D. WILSON.

316**The Homeland.**

(Music, S.S. 76.)

1 THE Homeland ! ah ! the Homeland !
 The land of the Freeborn,
 There's no night in the Homeland,
 But aye the fadeless morn.
 We're sighing for the Homeland,
 Our hearts are aching here,
 There's no pain in the Homeland,
 To which we're drawing near.

2 Our God is in the Homeland,
 With Angels bright and fair—
 There's no sin in the Homeland,
 And no temptation there.
 The voices of the Homeland
 Are ringing in our ears,
 When we think of the Homeland,
 Our eyes o'erflow with tears.

3 Our lov'd ones in the Homeland
 Are calling us away.
 To restful peace in the Homeland
 And the life beyond decay.
 There's no death in the Homeland,
 There's no sorrow above ;
 Angels bring us all to the Homeland
 Of God's Eternal love.

H. R. HAWKES.

317

The School of Progress.

(Music, S.S. 65.)

1 TRUTH is the leader of our band,
 Come join the pleasant group,
Love holds us with her gentle hand,
 We are a happy troop.

CHORUS—In Progression's school the graces dwell,
 That school of life we love so well;
Our grateful praise will ever swell
 To the golden school of Love.

2 Humility lends winning grace,
 And Virtue lingers near,
While Purity with spotless face,
 And Hope abideth here.

CHORUS—In Progression's school, &c.

3 Benevolence here blends her voice
 With Charity's sweet strain,
Faith and Fidelity rejoice,
 With Peace and joy they reign.

CHORUS—In Progression's school, &c.

4 Immortal flowers we'll twine for thee
 From realms of beauty grand,
We'll cull them fresh from Life's fair tree,
 School of the Summer-land.

CHORUS—In that bright world where Angels dwell,
 There shall this anthem ever swell,
To Him who doeth all things well,
 In the school of Life and Love.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

318

Home, Sweet Home.

(Music, S.S. 86.)

1 'MID pleasures and palaces, where'er we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS—Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
 There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home.

2 An exile from Home, splendour dazzles in vain—
 Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
 Give me these, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.—**CHORUS.**

J. HOWARD PAYNE.

319

Good Night.

(Parting Song—Music, S.S. 23.)

- 1 WITH heaving sigh and swelling heart
We sing this farewell strain,
For soon the time will come to part,
Yet we shall meet again;
Meet here or on some brighter shore,
Where parting songs are sung no more.
Good night, good night, good night!
- 2 How sweet the hours have passed away
Since we have gathered here,
Bright sunshine from love's golden day
Has filled our souls with cheer.
And though we now are forced to part,
We shall remain but one in heart.
Good night, good night, good night!
- 3 While with dear friends the flight of time
Seems like a blissful dream,
When souls we love from some fair clime
Float with us down life's stream,
The vision fades and breaks the spell,
With fond regret we say, " farewell!"
Good night, good night, good night!
- 4 Since coming here our hearts have grown,
We feel our souls expand,
Since now we know we still are known
And loved in Angel-land,
Where parting scenes no more shall come,
Safe in the soul's sweet Summer Home.
Good night, good night, good night!

B. M. LAWRENCE.

320

Open Wide the Gates.

(Music, S.S. 29.)

- 1 COME, sweet Angels, while we sing,
To each soul some message bring;
Lift our thoughts to that bright shore,
Where dull care shall come no more.

CHORUS—Meet us here, oh, meet us here,
From the soul's eternal home;
Greet us here, oh, greet us here,
Open wide the gates and come.

- 2 Come with peace and fill each soul,
Make us feel the calm control
Of bright Angels from above,
Where the only law is love.—CHORUS.
- 3 Come and heal the aching heart,
Love and peace to each impart,
To the weary toil-worn breast
Give a foretaste of sweet rest.—CHORUS.

4 Guide the careworn pilgrim here,
Check the sigh and dry the tear—
To that bright celestial shore
Open wide the gates once more.—CHORUS.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

321**Lead us, Loving Angels.**

(Music, S.S. 54.)

1 FATHER, we are weary pilgrims,
Plodding on our way,
And we need Thy guarding Angels
For a guide each day.

CHORUS—Father, hear us ! unto thee we pray :
Let Thy loving Angels lead us,
Lest we lose our way.

2 Teach us that our strength is weakness
When compared with Thine,
And although to err is human,
To forgive's divine.—CHORUS.

3 May we each become less selfish ;
When our souls are grown,
We shall feel a brother's welfare
Equal with our own.—CHORUS.

4 Earth will then become like heaven ;
Wrong will reign no more ;
Men will walk and talk with Angels
From the other shore.—CHORUS.

5 Father, we are weary pilgrims,
Plodding on our way,
And we pray that guarding Angels
Guide our feet each day.—CHORUS.

322**Wave the Banner.**

(Music, S.S. 26.)

1 SEE the mighty hosts advancing
O'er the mystic sea ;
Creed and faith are now retreating,
Thought is growing free.
Wave the banner ! light is breaking
Through the midnight gloom ;
Lo ! the Angel bands are making
Bridges o'er the tomb.

2 Dark the deeds of superstition
Settled into night,
Groped the world for weary ages,
Vainly seeking light.

Wave the Banner ! truth is shining
 From the shores above ;
 Every cloud has silver lining,
 Every heart has love.

- 3 Hark ! the sound of spirit voices
 Echoes from the sky ;
 Thro' the earthly care and grieving
 Joy is hovering nigh.
 Wave the banner, shout in gladness,
 Error has been slain ;
 Wipe away the tears of sadness,
 Truth has come to reign.
- 4 See, the foemen are dispersing,
 Right must never yield ;
 Falsehood slinks away a craven,
 Knowledge holds the field.
 Wave the dear old banner gaily
 'Neath the noonday sun,
 Heaven's doors grow wider daily,
 Creed its race has run.
- 5 Mighty souls are working with us,
 Holy hands clasp ours ;
 Not alone we do the labour
 Planting truth's fair flowers.
 Wave the banner ! out before us
 Lie the spotless years ;
 Angel helpers bending o'er us
 Wave it from the spheres.

EMMA TRAIN.

323

Greeting Song.

(Opening Song—Music, S.S. 149.)

- 1 FROM the dear domestic circle,
 From the fireside ever bright,
 We are coming to our duties,
 With a feeling of delight ;
 From the gentle looks and voices
 Of our parents fond and dear,
 We are coming for instruction,
 And we gladly gather here.
- 2 To the bright and cheerful school-room
 We will come from day to day,
 In the quest of useful knowledge,
 We will study while we may ;
 Here our teachers smile upon us,
 Needful aid they freely give,
 And their memory we will cherish,
 We will cherish while we live.

LYCEUM SONGS.

3 Here we may not always linger,
Happy School-days soon must end
And with feelings full of sadness
Friend must bid adieu to friend ;
Then a greeting song together
In our school from day to day,
Kind regards to one another,
That shall never pass away.

E. R. LATTA.

Doxology.

(Music, S.S. 75.)

324 PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him by soothing grief and woe;
Praise Him, as Angels praise above,
Praise Him, with wisdom, truth, and love.

325 Thou God of Peace, before we part,
Send some kind Angel to each heart.
Lead us, we pray, with loving hand,
Until we reach the Summer-land.

326 Dear Angel-guides, may your sweet peace
Remain with us till this life cease,
Then bear our souls to that bright shore
Where loved ones meet to part no more.

327 **Thanksgiving.**

(Music, S.S. 75.)

(*To be Sung before Tea at Public Gatherings.*)

We thank Thee ! Giver of all Good,
For life and health, and daily food—
For hope and immortality,
And Angel-guides who lead to thee.

328 **Welcome to all.**

(Music, S.S. 165.)

(*By permission from J. Burnham's "Anniversary Gems."*)

1 WELCOME, thrice welcome, cherish'd friends,
A kind and cordial greeting,
Each joy that from above descends
Be with our cheerful meeting ;
Welcome to all whose love sincere
Has join'd our youthful hearts to cheer,
Welcome to all whose love sincere
Has joined our youthful hearts to cheer.

CHORUS—Old friends and new, tried friends and true,
 Welcome, welcome, all of you,
 Old friends and new, tried friends and true,
 Welcome, welcome, all of you.

2 Welcome to classmates, teachers kind,
 Who make our toil a pleasure;
 May each reward and blessing find
 In heav'n's bounteous treasure:
 Welcome to all who guide to-day
 Our footsteps in this earthly way.
 Welcome to all who guide to-day
 Our footsteps in this earthly way.—**CHORUS.**

3 Welcome, dear friends, we say once more,
 And when life's ties are riven,
 May Angels on the joyful shore
 Sing welcome home to heaven:
 And welcome songs our coming wait,
 Sweet echoes from the pearly gate.
 And welcome songs our coming wait,
 Sweet echoes from the pearly gate.—**CHORUS.**

329**Anniversary Greeting.**

(Music, S.S. 74.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

SOLO OR QUARTET—1 WHILE fields are deck'd with beauty,
 And trees and flowers bloom,
 Our hearts laugh out in gladness,
 Forgetting winter's gloom.

SEMI-CHORUS—To all a loving welcome
 We sing in cheerful lay,
 Who join in celebrating
 Our annivers'ry day.

CHORUS—We come to meet you with merry, merry lay !
 We come to greet you this annivers'ry day !

SOLO OR QUARTET—2 To God, Who in His kindness
 Has watch'd us thro' the year;
 We render grateful homage;
 Oh ! may He meet us here.

SEMI-CHORUS—Grant that our lives from childhood,
 Until their latest days,
 Be given to His service,
 That we may walk His ways.—**CHORUS.**

SOLO OR QUARTET—3 Then let each heart be happy,
 And cheerful be the lay;
 God's blessing richly dowers
 Our annivers'ry day.

SEMI-CHORUS—And may our school united,
 On earth a golden chain,
 Without one link dissever'd
 Be found in heav'n again.—**CHORUS.** . . . **M.F.**

330 We are trying to follow the Angels.

(Music, S.S. 142.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Anniversary Gems."—adapted.)

1 ON the journey of life we are going,
As pilgrims we're marching along;
We are trying to follow the Angels,
And we brighten our way with a song.

DUET—We are trying to follow the Angels,
Oh, come and follow them too;
We are pressing onward and upward,
And would gladly welcome you.

CHORUS—Oh, come, oh, come, oh, come and follow them too,
We are pressing onward and upward,
And would gladly welcome you.

2 Oh, how often we're met by temptation,
Tho' young, we're fighting 'gainst wrong;
But praying, we look to the Angels,
Who put in our mouths a new song.—**DUET & CHORUS.**

3 'Tis little we do for the Angels,
For we are not mighty and strong,
But weak, and we often grow weary,
But we sing as we journey along.—**DUET & CHORUS.**

4 On the journey of life we are going,
As pilgrims we journey along;
Come, join us to follow the Angels,
And help us to sing our glad song.—**DUET & CHORUS.**

331 God folds them in His Bosom.

(Music, S.S. 101.)

In Memoriam.

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Anniversary Gems.")

1 GOD folds them in His bosom
Thro' all the happy hours;
He gathers to His own dear home
The well belov'd of ours:
For, oh, He loves them dearly,
His choicest gems are they;
He guides them with a gentle hand
Along the heav'nly way.

2 His voice so sweet and tender,
So heav'nly in its tone,
That when He calls they follow Him,
And leave us here alone;
Yet not alone, for ever
And ever by our side,
In gentle offices of love
The little Angels glide.

Waiting on the Other Side.

(Music, S.S. 58.)

In Memoriam.

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

1 LIKE the leaves that fade and wither
 In the Autumn's chilly breath,
 We have watched our friends departed,
 Passing thro' the vale of death.

CHORUS—One by one, one by one,
 They have crossed the rolling tide,
 But our footsteps they are waiting,
 Waiting on the other side.

2 Hearts that help'd us bear our burden,
 Hands that toiled from day to day,
 From the field of earnest labour
 Now have borne their sheaves away.—**CHORUS**

3 While we dwelt on earth together,
 Precious moments we have seen ;
 Friendship's tears, like dews of morning,
 Keep their mem'ry fresh and green.—**CHORUS**.

4 Where the tree of life is waving,
 By the river bright and clear,
 Soon with Angels we shall gather,
 Soon their voices we shall hear.—**CHORUS**.

Thou art Gone Before.

(Music, S.S. 17.)

In Memoriam.

1 THOU art gone before us, brother (sister),
 To the blessed Spirit-land ;
 Thou art gone, and soon another
 In thy vacant place may stand.
 Oh, thy pleasant smile of greeting
 Never more shall glad our eyes,
 And thy voice the hymn repeating,
 Never more with ours shall rise.

2 But thy spirit may be near us
 Sometimes, brother (sister), on our way,
 And its happier presence cheer us
 In our pray'r, or in our play.
 Peace be with thee, O our brother (sister) !
 In the blessed Spirit-land ;
 Thou'ret not lost, although another
 In thy vacant place may stand.

334

The March of Life.

(Marching Song—Music, S.S. 93.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Anniversary Gems."—adapted.)

1 IN the march of life, thro' the toil and strife,
 Of the winding path before us,
 We have naught to fear from the Spirits dear,
 And their banners waving o'er us,
 If the tempest rise in the dark'ning skies,
 We will yield to no repining ;
 Tho' the storms roar loud, thro' the rifted cloud,
 There's a golden sunbeam shining.

CHORUS—In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife,
 Of the winding path before us,
 We have naught to fear from the spirits dear,
 And their banner waving o'er us.

2 In progression's race, we will take our place,
 We may run and weary never ;
 Daily pressing on till the goal be won,
 Unto Angels looking ever :
 Casting all our care on our God in pray'r,
 He will keep our feet from falling ;
 We will sure obtain, nor have run in vain,
 For the prize of His high calling.—**CHORUS.**

335 There's Rest for Thee at Home.

(Music, S.S. 84.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Anniversary Gems.")

1 WHEN we grow weary, and the way
 Looks dark before our feet,
 We hear our Father softly say,
 In tender words so sweet,
 " Be strong of heart, O child of Mine,
 Work bravely while you roam ;
 Remember at the day's decline,,
 There's rest for you at home."

CHORUS—We're going home some happy day,
 O child, no longer roam ;
 The father's tender voice will say,
 "There's rest for you at home."

2 The way will not seem hard and long
 If trustfully each day
 We sing some brave and happy song,
 And do the good we may ;
 So let us cheer the fainting hearts
 Of weary ones who roam,
 And help them as we gladly sing,
 There's rest for us at home.—**CHORUS.**

3 Kind words to strengthen drooping souls,
 Thank God, we all may give;
 And in each helpful deed we do,
 A nobler life we live;
 So let us do the best we can,
 While through the world we roam,
 Remember, when the work is done,
 There's rest for us at home.—CHORUS.

336 Lyceum Anniversary Song.

(Music, S.S. 68.)

1 We are happy and rejoice, giving thanks with heart and voice,
 And we'll join the swelling chorus, singing loud and clear;
 Ringing out a merry strain, as this day returns again,
 Bringing gladness and rejoicing while we're gather'd here.

CHORUS—Sing, sing, we're happy while we sing,
 Chant the chorus loud and clear;
 Happy hearts are gather'd round,
 And our songs of joy resound,
 While we chant a merry chorus to the closing year.

2 Gentle friends, we turn to you, with a welcome fond and true;
 Happy hearts and smiling faces greet our natal day;
 Listen to the children's song how its notes are borne along,
 Flinging rays of golden sunshine on our earthly way.—CHORUS.
 3 Let our hearts be tun'd to love, while the Angels from above
 Scatter blessings on our pathway as we onward go;
 And when years have roll'd away, may the coming of this day,
 Bring us all a sweet remembrance of the "long ago."—CHORUS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

337 Heart Flowers.

(Music, S.S. 144.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

2 FLOW'RS of the garden, flow'rs of the grove,
 Blessings sent down by the Father in love;
 Oft have your beauties sorrow beguil'd,
 For ye are fair in the eyes of a child.

CHORUS—Gather bright flow'rs, gather bright flow'rs,
 Glory to God who has given us flow'rs, sweet flow'rs.

2 But there are sweet flow'rs found in the heart,
 Ne'er shall their fragrance or freshness depart;
 Planted by Angels, nurtured by grace,
 Changes shall never their beauty efface.—CHORUS.

3 Faith, ever twining round thy dear name,
 Hope, never drooping, but smiling so sweet,
 Love, e'er the same, come sunshine or show'rs,
 Brightest and fairest, the Queen of the Flow'rs.—CHORUS.

4 Now, in our childhood, Father Divine,
Plant in our hearts these sweet flow'rets of Thine;
Earth ne'er afforded Faith, Hope, and Love—
Their native home is the garden above.—CHORUS.

338

Morn amid the Mountains.

(Music, S.S. 19.)

1 MORN amid the mountains,
Lovely solitude !
Gushing streams and fountains
Murmur, "God is good."
Murmur, etc.

2 Hymns of praise are ringing
Thro' the leafy wood ;
Songsters, sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."
Warble, etc.

3 Now, the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood ;
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo, "God is good."
Echo, etc.

4 Wake, and join the chorus,
Child, with soul endued ;
God, whose smile is o'er us,
Evermore is good.
Evermore, etc.

LOWELL MASON.

339

Hail, Festal Morn !

(Anniversary Song—Music, S.S. 107.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Anniversary Gems."—adapted.)

1 WE welcome thy coming, O bright festal morn ;
Hail, festal morn !
Thou comest to gladden and cheer by thy ray ;
Bright festal morn !
Right gladly each other we grasp by the hand,
And warmly we welcome our Lyceum band ;
Hail, festal morn !

CHORUS—Hail, festal morn ! hail, festal morn !
Hail ! hail ! hail ! hail, festal morn !

2 Our leaders and teachers and parents we greet,
This festal morn !
With praises to God, by whose mercy we meet,
This festal morn !
Of unceasing goodness we gratefully sing,
And off'rings of thanksgiving gladly we bring ;
Hail, festal morn !—CHORUS.

3 Thrice welcomed with song, with bright sunshine and
 Hail, festal morn ! [cheer !
The day to the hearts of the children so dear ;
 Hail, festal morn !
Now lift high hosannas, unite in the song,
Re-echo the strains of the sweet Angel throng ;
 Hail, festal morn !—CHORUS.

Adapted from J. Burnham.

340

Joy-Bells.

(Music, S.S. 31.)

i JOY-BELLS ringing, children singing,
 Fill the air with music sweet;
Joyful measure, guileless pleasure,
 Make the chain of song complete.

CHORUS—Joy-bells ! joy-bells ! Never, never cease your ringing ;
Children ! Children ! Never, never cease your singing,
List, list the song that swells, joy-bells ! joy-bells !

2 Joy-bells ringing ! children singing !
Hark ! their voices loud and clear,
Breaking o'er us like a chorus,
From a purer, happier sphere.—CHORUS.

3 Earth seems brighter, hearts grow lighter,
As the gladsome melody
Charms our sadness into gladness,
Pealing, pealing joyfully.—CHORUS.

4 Joy-bells nearer sound, and clearer,
When the heart is free from care ;
Skies are clearing, and we're hearing
Joy-bells ringing ev'rywhere.—CHORUS.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

341 Open the door for the Children

(Music, S.S. 145.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Anniversary Gems."—adapted.)

i OPEN the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in,
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold ;
Open the door for the children
Gather them into the fold.

CHORUS—Open the door, gather them in,
Gather them into the fold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.

2 Open the door for the children,
 See they are coming in throngs !
 Bid them sit down to the banquet,
 Teach them your beautiful songs ;
 Pray you the Father to bless them,
 Pray you that grace may be given ;
 Open the door for the children,
 Theirs is the kingdom of heav'n.—CHORUS.

3 Open the door for the children,
 Take the dear lambs by the hand,
 Point them to truth and to goodness,
 Lead them to bright Spirit-land ;
 Some are so young and so helpless,
 Some are so hungry and cold ;
 Open the door for the children,
 Gather them into the fold.—CHORUS.

342**I am Free.**

(Music, S.S. 49.)

1 I AM free, I am free, I have broken away
 From the chambers of night to the splendours of day ;
 All the phantoms that darken'd around me are gone,
 And a Spirit of light is now leading me on ;
 Earth appeareth in garments of beauty new dress'd,
 Brighter thoughts, brighter feelings spring forth in my breast.

2 Happy voices, happy voices float in music above,
 All creation is full of the glory of love ;
 God of truth ! it is Thou who has sent forth each ray
 Of the sunshine that blesses and gladdens my way ;
 From the depths of my spirit to Thee I will raise,
 Ever onward, ever upward, bright anthems of praise.

343**Spirit Rappings.**

(Music, S.S. 28.)

1 RAP, rap, rap ! Rap, rap, rap ! Rap, rap, rap !
 Who is it rapping to-night ?
 Only invisible friends,
 Come from those chambers whose light
 Radiantly earth-ward descends,
 Those whose dear forms you have cover'd from sight,
 And marked by a marble shaft solemn and white,
 Have come from the land where their life bloom'd anew,
 And lo ! by those raps they are talking to you.

2 Rap, rap, rap ! Rap, rap, rap ! Rap, rap, rap !
 Daintiest fingers of air
 Wake the most delicate sound
 Rapping on table or chair,
 Lov'd ones of earth gather round.

Making us know that our lov'd ones have come,
 Come back to our hearts, and their dear earthly home,
 Forget they will never, thro' glory bath'd years,
 How lonely they left us in sadness and tears.

3 Rap, rap, rap ! Rap, rap, rap ! Rap, rap, rap !

Guests we would honour are here !

Hear the light rappings, and know

Visiting angels are near,

Greeting their earth friends below !

Oh, bid them welcome, in garments of white,
 To hearts which are pure and illumin'd with light ;
 They wander at will o'er two beautiful lands,
 Oh, list to their counsels, and give them your hands.

4 Rap, rap, rap ! Rap, rap, rap ! Rap, rap, rap !

Lov'd ones are rapping to-night ;

Heaven seems not far away ;

Death's sweeping river is bright,

Soft is the sheen of its spray.

Magical changes those rappings have wrought,
 Sweet hope to the hopeless their patter has brought,
 And death is bridg'd over with amaranth flow'rs ;
 Blest Spirits come back from their bright homes to ours.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

344

Dream of Heaven.

(Music, S.S. 35.)

1 I WILL steer my barque where the waves roll dark,
 I will cross the stranger sea,
 For I know I shall land on the summer strand,
 Where my lov'd ones wait for me,
 There are faces there divinely fair,
 That earth lost long ago,
 And Spirits bright whose curls lay light,
 Like sunbeams over snow.

2 There are sunny eyes like thine own blue skies—
 Sunny eyes I've seen before,
 Will sparkle bright as the stars of night,
 When I near the welcome shore.
 There are little feet I lov'd to meet,
 When earth was sweet to me,
 I know will bound when the ripp'ling sound
 Of my boat comes o'er the sea.

3 Ever beautiful land, I dream'd of thee,
 When the summer moonlight fell
 In its silvery show'rs on the nestling flow'rs,
 Sleeping on the greenwood dell.
 And I know I'll see thee oft again,
 When fitful hours have fled ;
 When flow'rs lie low, that used to blow
 'Neath the western sky so red.

KATE HILL,

345**Hear the Angels.**

(Music, S.S. 140.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas."—adapted.)

1 HOLY Angels in their flight,
Travel over earth and sky,
Acts of kindness their delight,
Wing'd with mercy as they fly.

INTERLUDE—Jubilate, jubilate, jubilate, Amen.

CHORUS—Coming, coming,
Hear the Angels coming with sweet music in their train;
Coming, coming,
Hear the Angels singing as they come.

2 Yes, their forms we sometimes see,
They attend and guard our way,
Till we join their company,
In the fields of heavn'ly day.

INTERLUDE AND CHORUS.

3 Had we but an Angel's voice,
And an Angel's heart of flame,
Oh, how sweetly would we sing,
Thro' the world the Father's name.

INTERLUDE AND CHORUS.

346**Spirit Voices.**

(Music, S.S. 26.)

1 HARK ! the Sound of Spirit voices,
Don't you hear their cry?
Shout for glory ! man's immortal
And will never die !

CHORUS—Hallelujah, shout for glory !
Make the welkin ring ;
Blend your voices with the Spirits ;
Truth immortal sing.

2 Deem it not an idle purpose
Bring them back again ;
'Tis a work for human progress ;
Be it not in vain.—CHORUS.

3 Oh, how precious ! dearly loved ones,
Ever near us still,
Ready, willing now to guide us,
And we know they will.—CHORUS.

4 Dear departed, to our watchword
We will faithful be,
Till beneath the Spirit banner
All on earth are free.—CHORUS.

CORTLAND BALL.

347 Shall we know each other there?

(Music, S.S. 62.)

1 WHEN we hear the music ringing,
 In the bright celestial dome!
 When sweet Angel voices singing,
 Gladly bid us welcome home,
 To the land of ancient story,
 Where the spirit knows no care;
 In that land of light and glory
 Shall we know each other there?

Chorus—In the Spirit World so fair,
 We shall know each other there!
 Angel hands will clasp our own,
 And we shall know as we are known.

2 Yes, my careworn soul rejoices,
 And my weary heart grows light;
 For the thrilling Angel voices,
 And the faces now so bright,
 That shall welcome us in heaven,
 Are the lov'd of long ago;
 And to them 'tis kindly given,
 Thus their mortal friends to know.—*Chorus*.

3 O ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
 Droop not, faint not, by the way;
 Ye shall join your lov'd and lost ones
 In the land of perfect day!
 Harp strings, touch'd by Angel fingers,
 Murmur in my raptur'd ear;
 Evermore their sweet song lingers,—
 We shall know each other there!—*Chorus*.

348**Hail! all Hail!**

(Music, S.S. 22.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

1 HAIL! all hail! this hour of gladness,
 Friends and Parents, Teachers dear,
 Banish ev'ry thought of sadness,
 All are welcome, welcome here,
 Children, too, His grace are telling,
 Hear their strains so full and free,
 Ev'ry heart with joy is swelling
 On this anniversary.

LYCEUM SONGS.

Chorus—Hail ! all hail ! this anniversary morning,
 Hail ! all hail ! this joyful, joyful day !
Hail ! all hail ! with grace our lives adorning,
 Celebrate we now with joyful lay.
Hail ! all hail ! this hour of gladness,
 Friends and Parents, Teachers dear,
Banish ev'ry thought of sadness,
 All are welcome, welcome here.

2 Now we chant our glad hosannas
 For the greeting hour is come,
Here we raise our waving banners,
 As we sing our welcome song.
Now our hearts with joy o'erflowing,
 Sing we praise to God above,
For His mercies now bestowing,
 He doth give to us in love.—*Chorus*.

3 May we all, oh, dearest Father,
 Evermore be blest of Thee,
'Till within the golden city,
 Our eternal home shall be.
There to sing Thy praise for ever,
 Songs of gladness full and free,
And with all the franchised millions
 Spend a blest eternity.—*Chorus*.

349

Gentle Words.

(Music, S.S. 10.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

- 1 As gentle words fall on the heart,
 Like dew-drops on the flow'r,
They chase the gloom and care away,
 And cheer the lonely hour.
They sound like Angel-whisperings
 Borne from the world above,
So full of heav'nly hope and peace,
 So full of sympathy and love.
- 2 They bid the sinking heart still hope,
 Revive the drooping breast,
And point the weary ones of life
 To homes of peace and rest.
As gentle words fall on the heart
 Like music on the ear,
They strew the path of life with flow'rs,
 They sweetly dry the falling tear.

350**No Night There.**

(Music, S.S. 154.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

1 THERE is no night there, but one endless day,
 In that beautiful home away, far away;
 Just beyond the river that land I see!—
 Lov'd ones are waiting to welcome thee.

Chorus—There is no night there, no night there,
 God is the light, there is no night there :
 No night there, no night there,
 God is the light, there is no night there.

2 Why are we troubled here below?
 To that beautiful land we soon shall go ;
 Who will meet us? what shall we see
 When we get over the crystal sea?—*Chorus*.

3 Flow'rs are blooming on ev'ry hand,
 Rivers like crystal in that beautiful land,
 Music the sweetest, flow'rs most rare,
 We'll dwell with our Father, there is no night there!—*Chorus*.
 W.K.

351 Beautiful Home so Bright and Fair.

(Music S.S. 171.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

1 BEAUTIFUL home so bright and fair,
 Beautiful home of peace;
 Happy the souls who enter there,
 Beautiful home of peace.

Uprais'd from earth with its cares and strife,
 Sharing the joys of eternal life.
 Happy the souls who enter there,
 Beautiful home of peace.

2 Beautiful home so bright and fair,
 Beautiful home of love;
 Happy the souls who enter there,
 Beautiful home of love.

Never a heart-ache can reach thy shore,
 Dear ones united shall part no more,
 Happy the souls who enter there,
 Beautiful home of love.

3 Beautiful home so bright and fair,
 Beautiful land of light;
 Happy the souls who enter there,
 Beautiful land of light.

Glory and splendour to us unknown,
 Shine on the lov'd ones around Thy throne.
 Happy the souls who enter there,
 Beautiful land of light.

352**The Spirit Sailor Boy.** (Solo.)

(Music, S.S. 94.)

1 A MOTHER parts from her sailor boy,
 Her lone heart knows no hope or joy,
 Although he cries, "To my native shore
 Oh mother, oh mother, I'll soon return once more."
 Long hours and days are gone,
 And years roll on—but still no word
 Of comfort cheers the mother's heart,
 Till one stern voice is heard,
 " Weep on, weep on, thy sailor boy
 Is gone to the land of hope and joy ;
 Lo ! he sleeps 'neath the wave on a foreign shore,
 And he'll return, and he'll return, return to thee ~~no~~ more."
 2 That cold stern voice has falsely shown,
 For sorrowing hearts are ne'er alone,
 And, wafted from the Spirit-shore,
 The lov'd and lost, the lov'd and lost, the lov'd ~~and~~ ~~lost~~ return once
 more.

And the Widow's sailor boy
 Is near, and ever hov'ring round,
 And fondly whisp'ring in her ear,
 " Weep not ! thy child is found."
 An Angel is thy sailor boy
 From lands of hope, and love, and joy
 He comes to say, " Tho' earth life is o'er
 He still returns, he still returns, returns to part ~~no~~ more."

Given by the Spirits through MRS. E. HARDINGE BRITTON.

353**Press on.**

(Marching Song—Music, S.S. 108.)

1 PRESS on ! press on ! press on ! press on !
 Press on ! press on ye sons of light,
 Untiring in your holy fight ;
 Still treading each temptation down,
 And battl'ing for a brighter crown ;
 Press on ! press on thro' toil and woe,
 With calm resolve to triumph go.
 Press on ! press on, with calm resolve to triumph go.

2 Press on ! press on ! press on ! press on !
 Press on ! still look in faith to those
 Who have conquered both sin and death ;
 Then shall ye hear God's word " Well done,"
 True to the last, press on, press on !
 Press on ! press on thro' toil and woe,
 With calm resolve to triumph go.
 Press on ! press on, with calm resolve to triumph go.

354**Children's Day Welcome.**

(Music, S.S. 12.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

1 WE meet with hearts expanding, and words of tuneful praise,
To make this holy Sabbath the brightest of our days;
The flowers in their beauty, the birds with joyful lay
Unite with happy childhood to welcome Children's Day.

Chorus—Rejoice, rejoice, and sing with tuneful lay,
And hail, and hail the happy Children's Day.

2 From ev'ry hill and valley, from city and from plain,
Let countless youthful voices take up the glad refrain !
With words of cheerful greeting we meet you here to-day,
And welcome friends and teachers this glorious Children's Day.—
Chorus.

3 God's tender love and mercy have kept us thro' the year,
And now, again, we gladly bring flow'rs and off'rings here;
We come in life's bright morning, our hearts and lives to lay
An off'ring on God's altar, this sacred Children's Day.—*Chorus.*

J.W.P.

355**By the Beautiful Gate.**

(Music, S.S. 122.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

1 WE speak, we speak of the lov'd and lost,
Who have gone to the land above,
And the mists of the river of death are crossed,
By the rainbow of their love.
Sad hearts are yearning in hall and cot,
To pillow some dreamless head :
But we know the beautiful changes not,
And our darlings are not dead.

Chorus—By the beautiful gate, they watch and they wait,
Till our feet shall cease to roam,
And over the river, that sings for ever,
The dear ones gather at home.

2 The voice of their melody wanders free
Thro' the wail of our broken song ;
And the gleam of their snowy robes we see,
When the earth grows dark with wrong :
We feel the touch of a vanish'd hand,
That thrill'd in the days of yore ;
And leads us on to the Summer-land,
Where they live for evermore.—*Chorus.*

3 We speak when the work of the day is done,
Of the dawning by-and-bye,
And number our treasures, one by one,
In our Father's house on high :

And we often think when our rest shall come,
 Of the meeting there will be;
 When the good and beautiful all go home,
 To the land so bright and free.—*Chorus.*

356

God, Home, and Spirit-Land.

(Music, S.S. 9.)

- 1 GOD, Home, and Spirit-Land !
 For love of thee we band,
 For thee we pray :
 For thee we brave all scorn,
 To thee all eyes we turn,
 Blessing the coming morn
 Of perfect day.
- 2 God, Home, and Spirit-Land !
 Love paints a future grand,
 Links earth and heaven ;
 When Reason's stairway clear
 Brings heav'n to earth so near,
 No demons may walk there,
 Angels are given.
- 3 "Home, Land, and God on high,"
 Motto and battle-cry,
 Song and refrain :
 One with the advent hymn,
 "Glory to God," again,
 "Peace and good-will to men,"
 Hail and amen.

*Adapted from Mary L. Sherman.***357 Are they not Ministering Spirits ?**

(Music, S.S. 88.)

- 1 SPIRIT friends are at the threshold,
 Waiting for the op'ning door ;
 Seeking for a recognition
 Of the lov'd ones gone before.
 Messengers of joyful tidings,
 Dear companions of our youth
 Richly laden with the blessings
 Of eternal love and truth.
- 2 Angels hov'ring o'er the border,
 Urg'd by souls of purest love,
 Radiant with celestial glory,
 Beaming o'er them from above.
 Welcome from a land of beauty,
 Where our hopes can never die ;
 Blessed mission, proof divinest,
 Of our immortality.

3 Father, mother, sisters, brothers,
 Wait to touch the magic chord,
 Sweetest notes of fond affection,
 Thrilling with the Spirit Word.
 Heav'ly sunbeams now are flashing
 Through the breaking clouds of earth,
 Earnest of the soul's fruition,
 At its new transcendent birth.

4 Fairer scenes and brighter hopings
 Wean us from the world to-day ;
 To a land of pure delighting,
 Where all tears are wip'd away.
 To the home of the immortals ;
 Far above the silent tomb,
 Where the pleasures are eternal,
 And the roses ever bloom.

THOS. P. NORTON.

358

Parting Song.

(Music, S.S. 8o.)

1 THE busy day is nearly past,
 Its labours soon will cease ;
 And welcome to our hearts will be,
 The season of release ;
 The dark'ning shadows soon will fall,
 The sun will pass from sight ;
 Then join in this our parting song,
 Good night, good night, good night !

Chorus—Good night, good night,
 But when the shadows disappear,
 We hope again to gather here,
 We hope again to gather here,
 Good night, good night !

2 Let words, ill spoken, be forgot,
 And ev'ry look unkind ;
 And gentle friendship's silver links
 Our hearts together bind ;
 The days we pass in study here,
 Are seasons of delight ;
 Then join in this our parting song,
 Good night, good night, good night !—*Chorus*.

3 When from these pleasant scenes we go,
 To our dear homes away,
 Back to this bright and favoured spot,
 Full oft our thoughts will stray ;
 And thus, though severed far we be,
 Our hearts may here unite ;
 Then join in this our parting song,
 Good night, good night, good night !—*Chorus*.

E. R. LATTA.

359 When the Rosy Beams of Morning.

(Music, S.S. 27.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

1 WHEN the rosy beams of morning,
 Dart across the eastern sky,
 Scatt'ring wide the mists and shadows
 That o'er hill and valley lie;
 Then the birds awake to song,
 Glitt'ring dew-drops kiss the flow'rs,
 Lowing herds together throng,
 Through the bright and peaceful hours.

Chorus—Ring out, joy bells, ring out,
 Our hearts unceasing praise,
 To Him who fills both earth and sky
 With sweetest melodies.

2 While the sun with noontide splendour,
 Bathes the world with floods of light,
 Speeding on its glorious pathway,
 Like a giant in his might,
 Gentle zephyrs stir the trees,
 Lake and sea like silver glow,
 Merry streamlets in the breeze,
 Ripple softly as they flow.—*Chorus*.

3 As the shades of ev'ning gather,
 Slowly over land and sea,
 And the moon in all her glory,
 Shines in sweet serenity.
 Then a calm rests on the deep,
 Flowers close their beauteous eyes;
 Cattle lay them down to sleep,
 And the ling'ring twilight dies.—*Chorus*.

4 While the universe is ringing
 With sublimest harmonies,
 Ever and forever winging
 Heavenward in grateful lays;
 So we join the lofty strain;
 Praise to Thee, our Father God,
 Till yon bright celestial fane,
 Echoes with the song out-pour'd.—*Chorus*.

360**Seeds of Promise.**

(Music, S.S. 20.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

1 OH, scatter seeds of loving deeds,
 Along the fertile field,
 For grain will grow from what you sow,
 And fruitful harvest yield.

Chorus—Then day by day along your way
 The seeds of promise cast,
 That ripened grain from hill and plain
 Be gather'd home at last.

- 2 Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years,
 The seed will surely live;
 Tho' great the cost it is not lost,
 For God will fruitage give.—*Chorus*.
- 3 The harvest-home of God will come,
 And after toil and care,
 With joy untold, your sheaves of gold,
 Will all be garner'd there.—*Chorus*.

J.H.B.

361**Hallelujah, We Sing.**

(Music, S.S. 16.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas."—adapted.)

- 1 THIS festival day we'll be happy and gay,
 As we gather from valley, hill and plain;
 We'll sing of God's love with the Angels above:
 Will you join in the happy, glad refrain?

Chorus—Hallelujah, we sing to our heav'nly King !
 Let us all shout and sing the glad refrain !
 Hallelujah, we sing to our Father and King !
 Hallelujah, again and again.

- 2 Praise God for His care thro' the long weary year,
 For His mercy so boundless, and so free—
 For His wonderful grace in bestowing a place
 In this world, to the children, such as we.—*Chorus*.

- 3 Now, free from all care, we will offer our pray'r
 To our Father, who hears us when we pray;
 We'll praise Him with song as we journey along,
 To our home where 'tis always 'Children's Day.'—*Chorus*

- 4 Then sing, children sing, glad as birds on the wing;
 Swell the anthems of joy along the way;
 Let happiness reign while we chant the refrain,
 On this joyous and happy "Children's Day."—*Chorus*.
 "AMICUS."

362**Now, Good Night.**

(Music, S.S. 87.)

- 1 Now, good night, now, good night,
 Work is ended with the light;
 Golden stars again are gleaming.
 From the arch of heaven gleaning.
 And the moon is smiling bright:
 Now, good night, good night !

2 Gentle night, gentle night,
 Tasks are ended with the light ;
 Night too soon will quickly leave us,
 Dreams that God's bright Angels give us,
 Hasten on the longest night :
 Now, good night, good night !

3 Peaceful night, peaceful night,
 Joys that made the day as bright,
 Shall in dreams not all forsake us,
 Till a new day shall awake us,
 In the realms of pure delight :
 Now, good night, good night !

363

The Lyceum.

(Music, S.S. 92.)

1 GOD bless the Lyceum evermore !
 It is a link 'twixt earth and heav'n !
 God bless the eyes that seeing gave
 To earth His light by Angels giv'n !
 God bless the hearts and hands that toil
 E'en for the little children's sake,
 That out of earth and its turmoil
 A loftier purpose may awake.

2 Oh, little children, for the sake
 Of those you love in heav'n and earth,
 Of all bless'd actions here partake
 Until you breathe that higher birth ;
 Oh, larger children, tho' demands
 Of outward form may bind you here,
 Obey the bless'd Divine commands,
 And seek the little children's sphere.

3 Come unto them and learn with them,
 Come unto Truth and learn her light ;
 Touch but her glorious garment's hem,
 And she's revealed unto your sight ;
 God bless the Lyceum evermore—
 The children and the leaders dear !
 Those who conduct and by whose words
 Wisdom and truth become more clear !

MRS. RICHMOND.

364

They still Love.

(Music, S.S. 72.)

1 O CHILDREN of our Father ! weep not for those who pass,
 Like rose leaves gently scattered, like dew-drops from the grass.
 Aye look not down in sadness, but fix your gaze on high,
 They've only dropp'd their mantles, their souls can never die.

2 They live ! but O, not idly to fold their hands to rest,
 For those who love God truly, are those who serve Him best.
 Love heightens all their labour, and makes all duty sweet;
 Their hands are never weary, nor way-worn are their feet.

3 Thus, by that world of beauty, and by that life of love,
 And by the holy Angels, who listen now above,
 We pledge our soul's endeavour, to do whate'er we can
 To bless our sister woman and aid our brother man.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

365**Fold us in your Arms.**

(Music, S.S. 66.)

1 COME, ye Spirits, true and faithful,
 To our home, oh, wend your way ;
 Bless us with your loving presence,
 Guide us onward day by day ;
 Give, oh give us peace and union,
 Feed our souls with love divine ;
 Sprinkle o'er us sparkling dew-drops
 From the fount of Life sublime.

2 We are lonely, we are weary,
 Hungry, thirsty, sick, and sore !
 Rest and soothe, refresh, renew us,
 Upward lead us we implore.
 Never can we thrive without you,
 Life is dreary, dark and sad ;
 But with loving Angels near us,
 Earth is cheery, hearts are glad.

3 Fold us in your arms, lov'd Angels,
 And caress us as of yore ;
 Lift our thoughts to Heav'n's bright portals,
 Teach us of the Spirit-shore.
 Fill our homes with joy and brightness,
 Keep our hearts with love aglow ;
 Walking hand in hand with Angels,
 Peace on earth man soon shall know. J. M. ALLAN.

366**Closing Song.**

(Music, S.S. 189.)

GOD that madest earth and heav'n,
 Darkness and light !
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night !
 May thine Angel-guards defend us,
 Slumbers sweet Thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This live-long night.

HEBER.

367**The Old and the New.**

(Music, S.S. 60.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

1 The Old, Old Year, with its joys and its sorrows,
 Its cloudy to-days and its sunny to-morrows,
 The songs that we sung, and the tears that we shed,
 The pleasant, the painful, like shadows have fled.

Semi-Chorus—Farewell Old Year, thou canst no longer stay;*Quartet*—With silent tread we see thee pass away;*Full Chorus*—But as thou departest, our song shall be :

Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
 A happy New Year to thee, to thee !
 A happy New Year to thee !

2 The sweet spring flow'rs, and the summer's gay blooming,
 Rejoicing the heart, and the wild wood perfuming,
 The Autumn's ripe fruits, and the Winter so drear,
 Were footprints of love as it walked with the year.—*Chorus.*

3 We'll grateful be for the care of the Father,
 As gladsome and gay in the dear home we gather ;
 And tendrils, the strongest that love ever knew,
 Shall cling round the mother so tender and true—*Chorus.*

4 We'll guard the heart, loving sister and brother,
 Lest some jealous foe our affection may smother ;
 Our pathway will yield both its thorns and its flow'rs,
 But love burning brightly shall ever be ours.—*Chorus.*

5 Farewell, Old Year, with thy joys and thy sorrows,
 Thy frowning to-days and thy smiling to-morrows ;
 Thy mission is ended and empty thy throne,
 We'll crown the New Year with its future unknown.—*Chorus.*

A.A.G.

368**Again we've met.**

(Music, S.S. 56.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Anniversary Gems.")

1 AGAIN we've met, all hail the meeting !
 From eye to eye flows mutual greeting ;
 Let heart to heart its richest store
 Of joy's emotion freely pour.

Chorus—Free let our voices sound,
 And let the chorus ring,
 Till echo, echo, echo far around,
 The joyous notes we sing.

2 We greet our friends with hearts o'erflowing !
 We come with spirits ardent glowing,
 From many a home o'er hill and plain,
 To celebrate with joyous strain.—*Chorus.*

3 Bright smiles of gladness lips are wreathing,
 Our hearts in harmony are breathing
 To God our grateful thanksgiving
 That former ties have not been riven.—*Chorus.*

369 Meet us at the Crystal Gate.

(Music, S.S. 158.)

1 MEET us, Angels, at the gate,
 With a welcome sweet and warm ;
 Be it early, be it late,
 We shall come thro' dark and storm,
 Weary from our dying pillows,
 Faint with surging on death's billows,
 Strewn with cypress leaves and willows
 Pluck'd to mourn the cherish'd form.

Chorus—Meet us, Angels at the gate,
 With a welcome sweet and warm ;
 Be it early, be it late,
 We shall come thro' dark and storm.

2 Meet us, where low, holy hymns
 Float like balm upon the air ;
 Where no sullen blaming dims
 Those who come sin-tarnished there.
 Hail us at that precious meeting
 With some old familiar greeting,
 This will set our faint hearts beating
 To love's olden, olden prayer.—*Chorus.*

3 Meet us with extended hands,
 As you used to here below ;
 Tell us, when we reach those lands,
 “ Friends, come home, we love you so ! ”
 Then we all can love each other,
 Parents, husband, sister, brother,
 Knowing fully one another,
 Warm as sunlight, pure as snow.—*Chorus.*

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

370 Sparkling Water.

(Music, S.S. 133.)

1 MERRY, laughing, sparkling water,
 Down the hill-side flowing free,
 Making all so bright and happy,
 In the vale and on the lea.

Chorus—How I love thee, sparkling water !
 Purest, purest drink for me ;
 Merry, laughing, sparkling water,
 Down the hill-side flowing free.

LYCEUM SONGS.

2 Who would drain the flowing goblet,
Running o'er with ruby wine?
Better far the pledge of friendship,
In those cooling drops of thine.—*Chorus.*

3 See the bird his pinions laving
In thy stream so glad and free;
Though he fills the air with music,
He would languish but for thee.—*Chorus.*

4 From the river or the fountain,
From the brooklet or the rill,
Merrv, laughing, sparkling water,
Thou art welcome, welcome still.—*Chorus.*

371

The Hall of Progress.

(Music, S.S. 152.)

1 Dear honour'd friends we greet you,
Within these walls once more;
Where we have often met you
In happy days of yore;
These walls that rung with laughter,
And echoed joyous strife,
That shap'd the great hereafter
Of many a noble life.

Chorus—The dear old Hall of Progress,
The temple high of fame;
We love it, aye, we love it,
For evermore the same.

2 Bright, happy, smiling faces,
We greet you all so dear,
And mourn the vacant places
Of those we see not here;
For many have departed
On life's unceasing quest,
While some have ceased from labour,
And laid them down to rest.—*Chorus.*

3 Though in the distant future,
Our paths may parted lie,
Fond mem'ries we will cherish
Of happy days gone by;
To you, dear, patient teachers,
Our guardian, guide and friend,
Our grateful thanks we'll render,
'Till life with us shall end.—*Chorus.*

Adapted from W. A. CHRISTY.

372**Children's Day.**

(Music, S.S. 44.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas."—adapted).

1 ALL hail ! sweet day of flowers,
 Of birds' and children's song !
 Flow on, ye happy hours,
 And still our joys prolong !
 As thro' the heav'ns o'er us
 The sun pursues his way,
 We'll raise the thrilling chorus—
 Be glad ! 'tis Children's Day !

Chorus—All hail ! sweet day of flowers,
 Of birds' and children's song !
 Flow on, ye happy hours,
 And still our joys prolong !

2 To open founts of learning,
 Our Cause invites her youth !
 From sin and error turning,
 She bids them learn the truth !
 Then crown the school and college,
 Heed wisdom's beck'ning ray ;
 O may a thirst for knowledge
 Be rous'd this Children's Day !—*Chorus*.

3 Not songs alone, but loving,
 Will Angels' smiles secure ;
 In this, like them, we're striving
 To be both good and pure !
 We offer now our treasure,
 And at their feet we lay
 Both hearts and gifts with pleasure,
 On this our Children's Day.—*Chorus*.

G.E.S.

373**Arise, Let us Go Hence.**

(Music, S.S. 156.)

1 WE pause where the upward winding,
 Leads to an honoured goal :
 We long sought the happy finding,
 Chide not our joy of soul.
 Our gain is a broader vision,
 A loftier, nobler aim ;
 We'll rest not in seats Elysian,
 Work hath a dearer claim.

Chorus—Arise, for life's sun is advancing,
 Speeds to its zenith pride ;
 Let us go while its beams are glancing,
 Hence with the onward tide.

LYCEUM SONGS.

2 A song and a tear are blending,
Joy hath a kindred pain;
To part with hands befriending,
Wakens a sad refrain;
But look o'er the mist in the valley,
Light hath a rainbow flung;
We'll join in the truth's grand rally,
Till the psalm of life is sung.

Chorus—Arise! for the wrong appalling,
Threatens a nation's life;
Let us go, 'tis Humanity calling,
Hence to the battle strife.

3 We'll go to the souls that are dying,
Bearing a healing balm;
We'll go where the brave are lying,
Waving the victor's palm.
Arise! 'tis our own soul's urging,
Longing for heights secure;
Out of the storm and surging,
Bring us, O Father, pure.

Chorus—Arise! 'tis the Angels calling,
“Come, we will guide you o'er;”
Let us go, with glad hearts obeying,
Hence to the changeless shore.

P. H. GOODWIN.

374

Floral Sunday.

(Music, S.S. 41.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas."—adapted)

IN the glowing summer time,
When the year is in its prime,
When the wingéd hosts of air
Make sweet music ev'rywhere;
When the swallows haunt the wall,
When the early blossoms fall.

Chorus—When the flow'rs their censers swing,
Let the happy children sing,
“Hosanna, hosanna,”
To God their voices ring.

2 When the roses climb the bow'rs,
Let them fill the school with flow'rs.
As the children's off'rings sweet,
Lilies lay at Angels' feet;
Ev'ry lily, ev'ry rose,
The eternal goodness shows.—*Chorus*

We all might do Good.

(Music, S.S. 172.)

1 We all might do good,
 When we often do ill,
 There is always the way,
 If there be but the will;
 Tho' it be but a word,
 Kindly breathed or express'd,
 It may guard off some pain,
 Or give peace to some breast.

Chorus—We all might do good
 When we often do ill,
 There is always the way,
 If there be but the will.

2 We all might do good
 In a thousand small ways,
 In forbearing to flatter,
 Yet yielding due praise;
 In spurning all rumour,
 Reproving wrong done,
 And treating but kindly
 The hearts we have won.—*Chorus.*

3 We all might do good,
 Whether lowly or great,
 For the deed is not gauged
 By the purse or estate;
 If it be but a cup
 Of cold water that's giv'n
 Like the widow's two mites,
 It is something for heav'n.—*Chorus.*

376 Now the Winter Storms are over.

(Music, S.S. 45.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Children's Hosannas.")

1 Now the winter storms are over,
 Hark! the vales with music ring;
 Brook and rill their fetters breaking,
 Hail the glad returning spring.

Chorus—Like the merry forest minstrels,
 We would wake our tuneful lay,
 While we gather young and happy,
 On our yearly festive day.

2 Great Creator, kind Preserver,
 Thanks to Thee for all Thy love;
 Thanks to Thee whose eye of mercy
 Watches o'er us from above.—*Chorus.*

3 Father, lead us, gently lead us,
 By thy all-protecting hand,
 In the path whose end will bring us
 To the golden Spirit Land.—*Chorus.*

377 Thou hast Passed the Shadowy Portal.

(Music, S.S. 139.)

In Memoriam.

- 1 THOU hast pass'd the shadowy portal,
Thou hast borne the mortal strife,
Thou hast left this world of sorrow
For a world of heav'nly life;
And our hearts are grieving for thee,
Grieving with intensest pain,
Grieving that we shall not see thee,
Our dear brother [sister] here again.
- 2 How we love thee ! Ah ! we love thee,
Love thee more than words can tell,
Love thee, not, we trust, unwisely,
Lost one ! not, we trust, too well ;
Lost one? No, not lost, for near us
In the spirit still thou art,
And in all our best affections
Bearest still a precious part.

378 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

(Music, S.S. 67.)

- 1 BRIGHTLY beams out Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore ;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

Chorus—Let the lower lights be burning,
Send a gleam across the wave !
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

- 2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar ;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.—*Chorus*.
- 3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother ;
Some poor seaman, tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness may be lost.—*Chorus.* P. P. BLISS.

379**Hail the Day of Jubilee.**

(Music, S.S. 39.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Anniversary Gems.")

- 1 ALL hail the day of Jubilee,
Our Annivers'ry day ;
Our blithest greetings we would bring,
And chant our sweetest lay.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Chorus—Hail, hail, all hail,
The hour of festal glee,
With joy we meet, our friends to greet,
And sing our Jubilee,
And sing, and sing our Jubilee.

- 2 We join, as in the days of yore,
In strains of melody;
With smiles we proffer one and all
The joy of Jubilee.—*Chorus*.
- 3 The wreath of friendship we have twin'd
Around our souls to-day;
And joyful lips would raise a song
To make the sad heart gay.—*Chorus*.
- 4 But sunny hours can never stay
The blight of care or pain,
And death may come with mournful dirge
Ere we shall meet again.—*Chorus*.
- 5 Yet on the shores of living light,
Beyond the narrow sea,
May ev'ry voice in notes of love,
Prolong heav'n's Jubilee.—*Chorus*.

380

Working Time.

(Music, S.S. 38.)

(*By permission from J. Burnham's "Anniversary Gems."*)

- 1 WORK while the day lasts; work while there's room,
Work ere the night shades darken in gloom;
Work for the Father, and work for the good
Of humanity, suff'rинг with sin's weary load.

Chorus Work ! Work !
Up, then, and work while the day beams for man !
Up, work ! work !

- 2 Work while the sun shines; work while you're strong;
Work against error; battle the wrong;
Work for the treasure, and work for the gain,
In God's harvest of souls, o'er the earth's teeming plain.—*Chorus*.
- 3 Work for the sorrowing, work for the glad;
Work—making hearts light, cheering the sad;
Work thro' the darkness, and work thro' the strife,
And God's blessings will be, then, eternity's life.—*Chorus*.

Lyceum Temperance Song.

(Music, S.S. 159.)

- 1 LET the still air rejoice,
Be ev'ry youthful voice
Blended in one !
While we renew our strain
To God with joy again,
Who sends the evening rain,
And morning sun.
- 2 His hand in beauty gives
Each flow'r and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill !
Springs ! which our footsteps meet,
Fountains ! our lips to greet,
Waters ! whose taste is sweet
On rock and hill.
- 3 Each summer bird that sings
Drinks from dear Nature's springs
Her early dew ;
And the refreshing show'r
Falls on each herb and flow'r
Giving it life and power,
Fragrant and new.
- 4 So let each faithful child
Drink of this fountain mild,
From early youth.
Then shall the song we raise
Be heard in future days ;
Ours be the pleasant ways
Of peace and truth.
- 5 Now let each heart and hand,
Of all this youthful band,
United, move !
Till on the mountain's brow,
And in the vale below,
Our land may ever glow
With peace and love.

PIERPONT.

Angel Care.

(Music, S.S. 102.)

- 1 SOFT and low those Angel voices,
Come to breathe in love a pray'r,
And the weary heart rejoices
In sweet thoughts of Angel care.

Chorus—Going with us, caring for us,
 As life's journey we pursue ;
 Going with us, caring for us,
 Till our distant homes we view.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

- 2 Come, to breathe on us a blessing,
As in harmony we meet,
And with friendly hands caressing
Us, as we their presence greet.—*Chorus.*
- 3 Come, to make our burdens lighter,
By their teaching how to live;
Teachings purer, better, brighter,
Than our earthly friends can give.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Come, to lead us on forever
Up progression's shining road,
Where the soul shall weary never,
'Midst the wondrous works of God.—*Chorus.*

D. P. MARCYES.

383

Angels Lead My Footsteps.

(Music, S.S. 70.)

(*By permission from J. Burnham's "Anniversary Gems."—adapted.*)

- 1 THEY tell me there are dangers
In the path my feet must tread;
But they cannot see the Angel
That is hov'ring o'er my head.

Chorus—Oh, for Angels lead my footsteps,
They have made my heart their own;
Or I would not dare to journey
Thro' the wide, wide world alone.

- 2 They tell me life has trials,
And the fairest hopes will flee;
But I place my trust with Angels,
And I know they care for me.—*Chorus.*
- 3 I know my life is sinful,
And my love seems all too small;
But if Angel arms are round me,
I shall win and conquer all.—*Chorus.*

384

A Cheer for the Workers.

(Music, S.S. 14).

- 1 HURRAH for the men who work,
Whatever their trade may be;
Hurrah for the men who wield the pen,
For those who plough the sea,
And those who earn their daily bread
By the sweat of an honest brow!
Hurrah for the men who dig and delve,
And they who reap and sow.
- 2 Hurrah for the sturdy arm,
Hurrah for the steady will;
Hurrah for the worker's health and strength,
Hurrah for the worker's skill.

LYCEUM SONGS.

Hurrah for those who gave us birth,
 Hurrah for the young and old !
The men of worth all over the earth,
 Hurrah for the workers bold.
3 Hurrah for the men that work,
 And the trade that suits them best !
Hurrah for the six days' labour,
 And the one of blessed rest !
Hurrah for the free and open heart,
 Hurrah for the noble aim,
Hurrah for the loving quiet home,
 Hurrah for an honest name !
4 Hurrah for the men who strive,
 Hurrah for the men who save !
Who don't sit down and drink till they drown,
 But struggle and breast the wave,
Hurrah for the men upon the land,
 And they that are on the sea !
Hurrah for the workers bold and brave,
 The good, the true, the free ! J. RICHARDSON.

385

The Sweet Land of Sunshine.

(Music, S.S. 32.)

1 In that sweet land of sunshine,
 Where love reigns supreme,
Where the rose blooms immortal,
 Where death is a dream,
There, in vestments all spotless,
 Sweet Angels recline,
Singing grand choral anthems
 With voices divine.

Chorus—Over there on that shore
 We shall meet some fair morning,
Meet to part never more.

2 In that bright world of sunshine,
 Love cannot decay,
And the sweet blush of beauty
 Will ne'er fade away.
There the heart pure and guileless,
 Shall never seem old,
And the warm grasp of friendship,
 Will never grow cold.—*Chorus.*

3 In that soul-home of sunshine,
 So peaceful and blest,
When this earth-life is ended,
 How sweet to find rest.
There with all who prove truthful,
 Safe on the bright shore
We shall meet some fair morning,
 Meet to part never more.—*Chorus.*

B. M. LAWRENCE.

386**Roses of Life.**

(Music, S.S. 82.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Choral Praise.")

- 1 KING words and sweet smiles are the roses of life
That bloom in the garden of love :
They twine round the heart, and they brighten the home,
Refresh'd by the dews from above ;
Sweet peace and glad joy long linger around
The place so charming and bright,
And bright Angels stoop with gladdening grace,
To whisper glad words of delight.
- 2 No place on the earth is so welcome to me,
Or treasure the heart can bestow,
As tender emotions that swell in the heart,
And smile on the lips as they flow,
No accent so dear, no magic so strong,
To charm the pain of the heart :
No fragrance so sweet, so hallow'd and pure,
As roses of life may impart.
- 3 The roses of life, so precious and fair,
Will bloom in the loneliest spot,
And gladden the hearts of the strangers that pass,
Or brighten the lowliest cot.
Oh, cherish those roses, so thornless and fair,
The flowers that bloom in the heart ;
Their fragrance is balm to the weary and faint,
And life to the famishing heart.

387 Never give up the Right Way.

(Music, S.S. 30.)

- 1 NEVER give up the right way,
'Twill brighten by and bye,
In ev'ry time of trial
Our Spirit Friends are nigh ;
Though evil counsels darken,
And evil passions try,
Never give up the Right Way,
'Twill brighten by and bye.

Chorus—Never give up, never give up,
Never give up the Right Way,
'Twill brighten by and bye.

- 2 Never give up the Right Way,
Tho' narrow, steep and straight,
For at the end are watching
Our Angel friends who wait ;
And so, if sorrows darken,
And selfish pleasures fly,
Never give up the Right Way,
'Twill brighten by and bye.—*Chorus*.

3 Never give up the Right Way,
 Tho' tempted oft and long,
 Remember who is near thee,
 With hand so kind and strong ;
 Whatever then may darken,
 Whatever fade and die,
 Never give up the Right Way,
 'Twill brighten by and bye.—*Chorus*.

388

Lyceum Marching Song.

(Music, S.S. 136.)

Girls—1 We are marching on with badge and banner bright,
 We will work for God and battle for the Right,
 We will praise His name rejoicing in His might,
 While we work for Truth and Right.

Chorus—Then awake ! then awake ! happy song, happy song,
 Shout for joy, shout for joy, as we gladly march along.
 We are marching on and singing as we go
 To the Summer Land where crystal waters flow,
 Come and join our groups as pilgrims here below,
 Come and work for Truth and Right.

Boys—2 In the Lyceum our brave army we prepare,
 As we rally round our noble standard there,
 And the cross for Truth we early learn to bear,
 While we work for Truth and Right.—*Chorus*.

Girls—3 We are marching on the straight and pleasant way,
 That will lead to light and everlasting day,
 To the smiling fields where flowers ne'er decay,
 While we work for Truth and Right.—*Chorus*.

Boys—4 We are marching on, the Angels ever near,
 Will protect us still, their gentle voice we hear.
 Let the foe advance, we'll never, never fear,
 While we work for Truth and Right.—*Chorus*.

Girls—5 We are marching on, and pressing for the prize,
 To a happy home beyond our cloudy skies,
 To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
 While we work for Truth and Right.—*Chorus*.

Boys—6 Then awake ! then awake, our happy happy song,
 We will shout for joy and gladly march along,
 In our Lyceum let each heart be true and strong
 While we work for Truth and Right.—*Chorus*.

389

Do Not Wait.

(Music, S.S. 98.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Choral Praise.")

- 1 Do not wait for joys to come
Sadly pining by the way;
Make the joys of heaven your own,
Gather them from day to day.

Chorus—Do not wait for joys to come,
They are falling by the way;
Do not wait, they're passing on,
Gather, gather, gather,
Gather them from day to day.

- 2 Gently as the falling dew
Drops in pearls upon the earth,
So the Angels bring to you
Purest joys of richest worth.—*Chorus*.
- 3 Softly as the gleams of dawn
Falls upon the brow of night,
Come the rays of heav'nly morn,
Filling all the earth with light.—*Chorus.* M.A.S.

390

Never forget the Dear Ones.

(Music, S.S. 24.)

- 1 NEVER forget the dear ones
Around the social hearth,
The sunny smiles of gladness,
The songs of artless mirth;
Tho' other scenes may woo thee
In other lands to roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Chorus—Never forget, never forget,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

- 2 Ever their hearts are turning
To thee when far away,
Their love so pure and tender
Is with thee on thy way;
Wherever thou may'st wander,
Wherever thou may'st roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.—*Chorus.*

- 3 Never forget thy father,
Who, cheerful, toils for thee;
Within thy heart may ever
Thy mother's image be;
Thy sister dear, and brother,
They long for thee to come;
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.—*Chorus.*

391

Strike your Harps.

(Music, S.S. 111.)

- 1 STRIKE your harps, oh, heav'nly singers,
Till the music soft and low,
Falls in strains of thrilling sweetness
On each heart that dwells below;
Let the grand eternal anthem
Of the soul's unfolded love,
Ring with triumph thro' the arches
Of the Angels' home above.
- 2 Oh, ye weary, suff'ring mortals,
Waiting for the day to dawn,
When your eyes shall catch the glory
Of the soul's eternal morn;
Hear you not the heav'nly chorus,
From the Angel choirs above!
Telling of the life immortal,
Telling of our Father's love.
- 3 Hear you not the voice of Angels,
Floating earthward from on high,
Freighted with that sweet affection,
Which can never fade or die;
All the atmosphere around you
Vibrates with the quicken's power
Of those loving, sweet evangels,
Who attend you ev'ry hour.

ASCHA W. SPRAGUE.

392 Swiftly Time is bearing us away.

(Music, S.S. 90.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Selected Gems," adapted.)

- 1 TIME is passing on, my brother;
Oh, how swift the moments fly!
For our days are but a passage
To the fairer world on high;
Life abideth but a moment,
And our years will not be long,
When the messenger appeareth,
We shall end our earthly song.

Chorus—Swiftly time is bearing us away,
Onward to that bright eternal day;
There to live, and be forever
With the white-rob'd heav'nly throng,
In the presence of our Father,
In that land of light and song.

2 Many sorrows that await us,
 And the trials which annoy,
 Are but mercies sent to fit us
 For that great and final joy ;
 Then improve the passing moments,
 And whate'er thou find to do,
 Do it quickly, for the Father
 Hath assigned this task to you.—*Chorus.*

3 Blessed thought that in the ev'ning,
 When the dark'ning shadows come,
 There's a light which brightly gleameth
 From the “Father's house” at home !
 For the Angels will receive us
 When we reach the Spirit shore,
 With our friends who've gone up yonder
 To the bright for evermore.—*Chorus.*

393 The Veil has been Rent in Twain.

(Music, S.S. 168.)

1 WE remember the time when the world was in doubt,
 When the grave was the symbol of gloom,
 When the souls of the dead, with their bodies, we thought,
 Were asleep in the dark, silent tomb.
 But the veil has been rent—now the lov'd ones return,
 And they publish these tidings afar,
 How the grave to the good is the gateway to bliss,
 And the gates are now standing ajar.

Chorus—Oh, the sweet Angel voices we hear !

Hark ! the love tones are ringing over there ;
 And with joy now we gaze on the spirit form so dear,
 By the light from the other land so fair.

2 We were taught that on earth we should never more know
 Our friends who had passed to that bourne,
 That no traveller comes back to the lov'd ones below,
 All must pass ne'er again to return.
 But this grand precious truth soon will bring peace on earth,
 And good-will from the soul-world of bliss,
 Where the lov'd ones still live and our hearts leap for joy,
 For that land has become one with this.—*Chorus.*

3 How we love the dear songs which the sweet Angels sing,
 And their faces with radiance will glow,
 While the truths which they teach, and the blessings they bring.
 Give a foretaste of heaven below.
 For the dead are alive, and the lost have been found,
 We shall meet them and know them again ;
 From the ever-green shore now they sing to us here ;
 “ Peace on earth and good-will to all men.”—*Chorus.*

B. M. LAWRENCE.

394

The Happy Spirit Land.

(Music, S.S. 118.)

1 WE are bound across the river
 To our homes beyond the tide;
 There to meet the dear departed,
 On the shore the other side.

Chorus—There we'll all meet at home,
 Over on the golden strand,
 We will meet, ne'er to part,
 In the happy Spirit Land.

2 When we reach the shining portal
 Of the city bright and fair,
 Ev'ry heart with joy shall gladden,
 For we'll know each other there.—*Chorus*.

3 We shall know the hands that beckon
 In the throng upon the shore,
 And we'll see familiar faces
 That we've seen in the days of yore.—*Chorus*.

395 Haste to the Field of Labour.

(Music, S.S. 113.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Choral Praise.")

1 OH, wake for the day is passing,
 And swiftly approacheth night!
 The grain in its ripen'd beauty,
 Bends low in the valley bright.

Chorus—Haste to the field of labour,
 Bring the glad harvest home;
 The Kingdom of God is waiting,
 Come, all ye reapers, come.

2 Come now with your sickles sharpen'd,
 Make ready the shining blade;
 The Father Himself is working,
 And calling for earnest aid.—*Chorus*.

3 Oh, come to the work rejoicing,
 And gladly do well your part;
 Our God needeth earnest workers,
 And faithful and true of heart.—*Chorus*.

4 Oh, wake, for the day advances!
 Toil not o'er the falling leaves;
 But now, for the final harvest,
 Bear homeward the golden sheaves.—*Chorus*. R.N.

396 The World is Growing Good.

(Music, S.S. 160.)

1 LET us set the great world ringing,
 With our hopeful merry singing,
 For the earth is full of beauty, far and near,
 On the fragrant air of summer
 We will wake a tuneful murmur,
 That the faint and weary hearted all may hear.

Chorus—O ! the world is growing good,
 For the Right is understood,
 And our little lives are full of brilliant chances ;
 Martyrs have not died in vain,
 And we chant a glad refrain,
 As we follow Truth wherever she advances.

2 Wrong is fleeing earth's high places,
 And we'll shout for honest faces,
 And for hearts as strong as time, and true as steel,
 She is losing all her leases,
 And her systems fall to pieces
 While we cheer for men who reason, learn and feel.—*Chorus*.

3 O, a thousand lights are streaming,
 Brighter far than poets dreaming,
 Thro' the darkness which has shut away the skies.
 Lo ! we see illumined faces
 Lighting up the ether spaces,
 And we meet the earnest gaze of Angel eyes.—*Chorus*.

4 Then we'll raise a ringing chorus,
 For the golden days before us,
 While we work to bring them nearer, day by day,
 Heav'n is not so far above us
 That its inmates cannot love us,
 And lean out to hear us singing on our way.—*Chorus*.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

397**The Angels told Me so.**

(Music, S.S. 173.)

In Memoriam.

1 THO' they may lay beneath the ground
 The form of sister dear,
 I know her spirit hovers round,
 And mingles with us here;
 Her home may be in heav'n above,
 Yet oft to us below,
 She will return to breathe her love;
 The angels told me so !

Chorus—The Angels told me so !
 She will return to breathe her love;
 The Angels told me so !

LYCEUM SONGS.

2 I'll weep not on the silent bier,
 Where all that's dust shall rest,
 Nor shed a needless bitter tear
 To give her heart unrest,
 Lest she may feel my throbbing pain,
 And sorrow o'er my woe;
 I know that she'll come back again;
 The Angels told me so.—*Chorus*.

3 Oh ! see there is a Spirit Light !
 I feel it on my brow !
 My soul is wrapt in sweet delight !
 Oh, there is sister now !
 I knew she would return to see
 Those whom she lov'd below,
 And be a sister still to me;
 The Angels told me so.—*Chorus*.

398

Shoulder to Shoulder.

(Music, S.S. 121.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Choral Praise,"—adapted.)

1 SHOULDER to shoulder pressing on with pray'r ;
 One the road we journey, one the name we bear !
 One great foe confronts us, 'tis the host of sin ;
 One great faith unites us; only thus we win.

Chorus—Marching, marching, marching on together,
 Working, working, working hand in hand ;
 Marching, marching on to holy warfare,
 On to brightest glory in the Summer land.

2 Shoulder to shoulder, in the work of life ;
 Never room for envy, never time for strife !
 Faithful, true, and earnest on the whit'ning field,
 So shall earnest labour golden harvest yield.—*Chorus*.

3 Shoulder to shoulder, one in blest accord,
 Following one Father, worshipping one God ;
 Closer grows our union ; oh ! the mighty bond !
 One sweet love constraining, one bright home beyond.

Chorus.

399 **Say a Kind Word when you can.**

(Music, S.S. 42.)

1 WHAT were life without someone to cheer us,
 With a word or a smile on our way ;
 A friend who is faithfully near us,
 And heeds not what others may say.
 The bravest of spirits have often
 Half failed in the race that they ran,
 For a kind word, life's hardships to soften,
 So say a kind word when you can.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

Chorus—So say a kind word, say a kind word,
Say a kind word when you can.

2 Each one of us owns to some failing,
Tho' some may have more than the rest;
There's no good in heedlessly railing
'Gainst those who are striving their best.
Remember a word spoke complaining
May blight ev'ry effort and plan,
A kind word would help in attaining,
So say a kind word when you can.—*Chorus*.

3 Oh ! say a kind word, then, whenever
'Twill make the heart cheerful and glad,
But chiefly—forget it, oh, never,—
To one who is hopeless and sad
There's no word so easy in saying,
So begin, if you have not began,
Oh ! never in life be delaying
To say a kind word when we can.—*Chorus*.

400 Voices from the Spirit Land.

(Music, S.S. 179.)

1 OFT-TIMES to earth do the bright ones come
Thro' azure deeps from their starry home;
And in our ears rings their chorus swell,
Sweet as the murmur of ocean's shell;
We hear the music of trembling strings,
And feel the presence of Angel friends.

2 When 'mid the toil and heat of day,
The feet grow weary along the way,
The heavy burden of grief and care
Is sometimes more than the heart can bear;
We hear their whispers at eventide
That hush our griefs and our cares subside.

3 When in the sky are the stars so bright,
And o'er the earth comes the balmy night:
When gentle sleep on the wearied eye,
Like beaded dew on the flow'r's may lie;
They come to us with elysian dreams
Of pearly gates and the living streams.

4 Is there a heart that doth weep and bleed?
Is there a soul that doth meekly plead?
Lo ! one with tenderest smile shall come
Out thro' the gate of the Angel home.
Then peace, sweet peace, shall that soul restore,
And th' heart shall sorrow and grieve no more.

A. J. LOCKHART.

401

Go Forward.

(Music, S.S. 116.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Choral Praise.")

1 Go forward, go forward,
 In the path of right,
 Toil upward, toil upward,
 To realms of peace and light.
 Oh, leave the grov'ling world behind,
 With all its fleeting joys;
 And break the fetters now, that bind
 Thy heart to earthly joys.

CHORUS—Go forward, go forward,
 In the path of right,
 Toil upward, toil upward,
 To realms of peace and light.

2 Go forward, go forward,
 Though the way seem drear,
 But fear not, oh, fear not,
 Thy Father's ever near;
 His faithful hand will guide aright,
 His love is ever true.
 Though wild the storm and dark the night,
 He'll lead thee safely through.—*Chorus.*

402

Sunny Days.

(Music, S.S. 37.)

All—1 SUNNY days of childhood !
 Beautiful ye seem ;
 Fair as spring-tide flowers,
 Bright as summer's beam.
 Days with joy o'erflowing,
 Care nor sadness knowing,
 Must ye pass away ?

Boys—2 Happy days of childhood !
 Swiftly moving on ;
 Into manhood changing,
 Ye will soon be gone :
 Like a streamlet flowing,
 Pause nor stillness knowing,
 Thus ye pass away !

Girls—3 Precious days of childhood !
 Days of promise fair,
 If bedew'd with wisdom,
 Rich the fruits ye bear.
 Sown in God's own keeping,
 Blest shall be the reaping,
 In life's harvest day.

All—4 Sunny days of childhood !
 We no tear will shed,
 When, like spring-tide flowers,
 Youth and health are fled.
 Earthly scenes forsaking
 We shall hail the breaking
 Of an endless day.

W. H. GROSER.

403**Over the River of Light.**

(Music, S.S. 138.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Choral Praise,"—adapted.)

1 THERE's a beautiful land, which we truly can see,
 Over the river of light;
 'Tis the land of immortals, the home of our God,
 Fulness of joy and delight.

CHORUS—Over the river, the river of light;
 'Tis the land of immortals, the home of our God,
 Fulness of joy and delight.

2 We are nearing that land as the days speed away,
 Soon will the journey be done;
 We shall join in the songs that the white-rob'd ones sing,
 Heavenly peace will be won.—*Chorus.*

3 We shall enter the land where our Spirit Friends live,
 Clasp the dear hands gone before;
 We shall dwell in the sunlight of unfading love,
 Safe on eternity's shore.—*Chorus.*

F.M.D.

404**Bright Spirit Star.**

(Music, S.S. 36.)

1 THERE is a star that guides my steps,
 Thro'-out this world of care,
 And gently sheds celestial light,
 O'er mis'ry's dark despair;
 It beckons me to higher life
 With God's Angelic race,
 And in its light so heav'nly bright,
 I see an Angel face.

CHORUS—Bright Spirit Star, sweet Spirit Star,
 Oh, guide my thoughts from earth afar,
 To mansions of the blest above,
 Where reigns eternal peace and love.

2 It comes when tears steal down the cheek,
 And sorrow pains the heart;
 It whispers words of solace sweet,
 No mortal can impart;
 It teaches God's progressive plan.
 That ends not with man's breath,
 And proves the truth of life beyond
 The pale of mortal death.—*Chorus.*

H. MACDOUGALL.

A Glad New Year.

(Music, S.S. 150.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Choral Praise,"—adapted.)

SOLO—1 A GLAD New Year to all we bring,

A glad new year to you.

DUET—And we will join you while you sing,
Our hearts are happy too.TRIO—And we will come with wishes glad
To greet the new-born year;
And we will go and cheer the sad,
And bid them join us here.FULL CHORUS—A happy year to every one,
And wishes glad we bring;
With mirth we crown the year begun,
And joyfully we sing.
With mirth we crown the year begun,
And joyfully we sing.
We sing, we sing, we sing.SOLO—2 We'll go and bring the children in,
The homeless and the poor;DUET—We'll lead them from the ways of sin,
To Angels sweetly pure;TRIO—We'll seek the souls that never pray,
And make some heart rejoice;
We all will work for God to-day,
With heart and soul and voice.—*Chorus.*SOLO—3 We're thankful for our Father's care,
And for His love so free;DUET—And we his constant blessings share,
And grateful, too, are we.TRIO—We all will try and do the right,
And Angels will be near;
Their loving service our delight
Thro' all the coming year.—*Chorus.*

F.E.B.

Angels Come to Me.

(Music, S.S. 151.)

1 THE Angels are coming, I hear them now,
They come to me often and fan my brow;
They hover around when my eyelids close,
Their vigils to keep o'er my sweet repose.2 They come when the shadows of evening play
Their requiem over the close of day;
Their beautiful bright robes of white I see,
And know that such garments mine soon will be.

3 They come to caress me when friends depart,
And scatter the gloom from my sadden'd heart;
They whisper to me of that blissful shore,
Where sickness and parting are known no more.

4 They soon will come over the stream to guide
My spirit across to the farther side;
Where they will present me a wreath to wear,
Prepared by the hands of a dear one there.

S. W. TUCKER.

407

Waiting for Us.

(Music, S.S. 176.)

(By permission from J. Burnham's "Choral Praise,"—adapted.)

1 OFT across life's pathway dreary
Bursts a heav'ly gleam,
As some pilgrim lone and weary
Nears the mystic stream;
Then the sound of voices calling,
From a fairer clime,
Cheers with echoes gently falling
On the shores of time.

Chorus—Waiting for us there
In the glorious Summer Land;
Gather'd with the Angels,
Shouting vict'ry on the strand;
Waiting there to meet us,
As Time's ling'ring shadows flee,
Wait with songs to greet us,
Near the beautiful crystal sea.

2 Friends and lov'd ones gone before us,
To the Summer Land,
Sing the hallelujah chorus
With the Angel band;
They upon our night of sorrow,
Ever looking down,
Watch and wait the joyous morrow
That shall bring the crown.—*Chorus*.

3 From the gift of inspiration
Gleams a hallow'd ray.
Teaching us of true progression,
Angels guard our way,—
Waiting near the sacred portal,
Longing for the day,
When we shall, for life immortal,
Part with dying clay.—*Chorus*.

Adapted from A. S. DOUGHTY.

Guardian Angels.

(Music, S.S. 178.)

- 1 HOLY ministers of light !
Hidden from our mortal sight,
But whose presence can impart
Peace and comfort to the heart ;
When we weep or when we pray,
When we falter in the way,
Or our hearts grow faint with fear,
Let us feel your presence near.
- 2 Blessed Angels ! ye who heed
All our strivings, and our need,
When our eyes with weeping ache,
When our hearts in silence break,
When the load is hard to bear,
When we fail to do and dare,
Make our wounded spirits feel
All your power to bless and heal.
- 3 Never, till our hearts are dust,
Till our souls shall cease to trust,
Till our love becomes a lie,
And our aspirations die,
Shall we cease with hope to gaze
On that veil's mysterious haze,
Or the presence to implore
Of the lov'd ones gone before.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

Sweet Golden Age.

(Music, S.S. 162.)

- 1 BRIGHT days of which the Angels sing,
Speed onward with your endless spring,
And let the golden age come in
Triumphant, with no stain of sin.

Chorus—Sweet golden age ! we long to see
 The perfect reign of harmony.
 Sweet golden age ! when will its light
 Steal down from its celestial height?

- 2 Justice will then have done with wars,
 And valour need not carry scars ;
 Mercy will be a name unknown
 When love sits sceptred on her throne.—*Chorus*.
- 3 How beautiful will life be then,
 When earth can cry “ Behold my men ! ”
 And woman in her perfect state
 Be womanly, and yet be great.—*Chorus*.

THE LYCEUM MANUAL.

4 Then childhood with heaven's dew impearl'd
Will make more bright a sunny world,
And famished faces wild and wan,
Will nowhere haunt the paths of man.—*Chorus.*

5 Mankind will all be brothers then,
Not prince, nor slaves, but only men ;
For love will sanctify all hearts,
And link them by her wondrous arts.—*Chorus.*

6 Not till these lips which sing are dust,
Will dawn that age of perfect trust;
We sow, with labours, pray'rs, and tears,
Truths which will bring those golden years.—*Chorus.*

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

410

Hark ! I hear the Angels.

(Music, S.S. 184.)

1 HARK ! I hear the Angels calling,
'Mid the thunder tones so loud ;
Error's throne is trembling, falling,
Truth presents her with a shroud.
Billows roll 'mid foaming ocean,
Lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Hearts beat high with wild commotion ;
God is speaking to the soul.

2 'Tis no dream of idle fancies,
From the world of spirits brought,
Who are playing games of chances,
That will quickly come to nought,
But 'tis Truth from the Eternal
That is winging now its way
Back to earth, from worlds supernal,
Changing darkness into day.

3 Welcome Light ! and with great gladness
Welcome Knowledge, welcome Truth !
Banish Error, banish Sadness ;
Angels bring us Joy and Youth.
Yes, they bring us strength for duty ;
Bring us wisdom, ne'er to cease ;
Bring us Love, and Joy, and Beauty ;
And eternal reign of Peace !

411

Vesper.

LORD keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
May Angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

412

Life is Onward.

(Tune—"St. Gertrude," commonly known as "Onward Christian Soldiers.") 6s. 5s.

1 LIFE is onward,—use it,
 With a forward aim;
 Toil is heavenly,—choose it,
 And its welfare claim.
 Look not to another
 To perform your will,
 Let not your own brother
 Keep your warm hand still.

CHORUS—Life is onward,—use it,
 With a forward aim;
 Toil is heavenly,—choose it,
 And its welfare claim.

2 Life is onward,—try it,
 Ere the day is lost;
 It hath virtue,—buy it,
 At whatever cost.
 If the world should offer
 Every precious gem,
 Look not at the scoffer,
 Change it not for them.—*Chorus.*

3 Life is onward,—heed it,
 In each varied dress,
 Your own act can speed it
 On to happiness.
 His bright pinion o'er you
 Time waves not in vain,
 If Hope chant before you
 Her prophetic strain.—*Chorus.*

4 Life is onward,—prize it
 In sunshine and in storm;
 Oh, do not despise it
 In its humblest form.
 Hope and joy together
 Standing at the goal,
 Through life's darkest weather
 Beckon on the soul.—*Chorus.*

413

Lord Dismiss Us. (8.7 8 7.)

LORD dismiss us with Thy blessing,
 Place us in Thy Angels' care;
 May we ever feel their presence,
 Round about us everywhere.

414**Light, More Light.**

(Music, S.S. 166.)

- 1 SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurl'd,
Down around the weary world,
Falls the darkness ; oh, how still
Is the working of His will !
- 2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought ;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.
- 4 Holy truth, eternal right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

415**The Helping Hand.**

(Music, S.S. 167.)

- 1 Go forth among the poor ;
Thy pathway leadeth there ;
Thy gentle voice may soothe their pain,
And blunt the thorns of care.
Go forth with earnest zeal,
Nor from thy duty start,
Speak to them words of gracious love,
Blest are the pure in heart.
- 2 Go forth among the sad,
Lest their dark cup o'erflow ;
They have on earth a heritage
Of weariness and woe.
Tears dim their daily toil,
And sighs break out from sleep ;
Change darkness into holy light,
Blest are the eyes that weep.
- 3 Go forth thro' all the earth,
There waiteth work for you,
The harvest truly seems most fair,
But labourers are few ;
With tireless, hopeful love
Fulfil your lofty part,
And yours shall be the blessing too,
Blest are the pure in heart.

416 The Days when we were Young.

(Music, S.S. 181.)

- 1 How happy, in the days of youth,
 Roll'd ev'ry hour away!
When hearts were light and faces bright,
 And all the world was gay.
When ev'ry chord within each breast
 To love and joy was strung;
Oh! all was hope and happiness
 In days when we were young.
- 2 And sweet the flow'rs that deck'd our path;
 All nature's face look'd fair;
Where'er abroad the world we trod,
 What lovely things were there!
While o'er each view, her gorgeous hue
 Fair fancy ever flung;
Oh! all was bright and beautiful
 In days when we were young.
- 3 Then, friendships, sweeter far than all,
 We thought could ne'er decay;
Nor friends belov'd, who faithful prov'd
 Would ever pass away.
Their voice was music to our ears,
 Upon their smiles we hung;
Oh! all the loves and tender ties
 Of days when we were young.

417**The Garden of the Heart.**

(Music, S.S. 182.)

- 1 LEAF by leaf the roses fall,
 Drop by drop the springs run dry,
One by one, beyond recall,
 Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
 And the springs will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain,
 And the summer's sun and dew.
- 2 So in hours of deepest gloom,
 When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in their bloom
 Droop like maidens wan and pale,
We shall find some hope that lies
 Like a silent germ apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
 In the garden of the heart.

3 Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
 That will spring afresh and new,
 When grief's winter shall have fled,
 Giving place to sun and dew;
 Some sweet hope that breathes of spring ;
 Through the weary, weary time,
 Budding for its blossoming,
 In the spirit's silent clime.

C. E. HOWE.

418 Shall we Know the Loved Ones There ?

(Music, S.S. 185.)

1 AND shall we know the lov'd ones there,
 In yon bright world of love and bliss,
 When, on the wings of ambient air,
 Our spirits soar away from this?
 Or must we feel the ceaseless pain
 Of absence in that glorious sphere,
 And search thro' heav'n's bright hosts in vain
 The sainted forms we've cherish'd here?

2 Will not their hearts demand us there,—
 Those hearts, whose fondest throbs were giv'n
 To us on earth, whose ev'ry pray'r
 Petition'd for our ties in heav'n?
 Whose love outliv'd the stormy past,
 And closer twin'd around us here,
 And deeper grew until the last,—
 Say, will they not demand us there?

3 Will they not wander lonely o'er
 Those fields of light and life above,
 If spirits they have lov'd of yore
 Respond not to the call of love?
 And tho' the glory of the skies,
 And seraph's glitt'ring crowns they wear,
 Tho' heav'n's full radiance greet their eyes,
 Still, will they not demand us there?

4 It must be so; for heav'n is home,
 Where sever'd spirits re-unite;
 And from the basement to its dome,
 Are altars sacred to the rite;
 And joy doth strike her golden strings,
 And holier seems that home of bliss,
 As some reft heart from earth upsprings
 To meet in that the lov'd of this.

419 Where the Roses ne'er shall Wither.

(Music, S.S. 186.)

1 WHERE the roses ne'er shall wither,
 Nor the clouds of sorrow gather,

We shall meet, we shall meet,

Duet—Where no wintry storm can roll,
 Driving summer from the soul,
 Where all hearts are tun'd to love,
 On that happy shore above.

Chorus—Where the roses ne'er shall wither,
 Nor the clouds of sorrow gather,
 Angel bands will guide us thither,
 Where the roses ne'er shall wither.

2 Where the hills are ever vernal,
 And the springs of youth eternal,
 We shall meet, we shall meet,

Duet—Where life's morning dream returns,
 And the noonday never burns,
 Where the dew of life is love,
 On that happy shore above.—*Chorus*.

3 Where no cruel word is spoken,
 Where no faithful heart is broken,
 We shall meet, we shall meet,

Duet—Hand in hand, and heart to heart,
 Friend with friend, no more to part,
 Ne'er to grieve for those we love,
 On that happy shore above.—*Chorus*.

420 We are Waiting by the River.

(Music, S.S. 188.)

1 WE are waiting by the river,
 We are watching on the shore,
 Only waiting for the boatman,
 Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Tho' the mist hang o'er the river,
 And its billows loudly roar,
 Yet we hear the song of Angels,
 Wafted from the other shore.

3 Of the bright celestial city,
 We have caught such radiant gleams
 Of its tow'rs, like dazzling sunlight,
 With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 Over there is many a lov'd one;
 We have seen them leave our side,
 And with rapture we shall meet them
 When we too have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed this vale of shadows,
 And have gained the other shore,
 In that realm of light and beauty
 We shall live for evermore.

421

Come, Gentle Spirits.

(Music, S.S. 188.)

- 1 COME, gentle Spirits, to us now,
 Look on with tender eyes ;
 Touch your soft hands upon each brow,
 Sweet Spirits from the skies.
- 2 Come from your homes of perfect light,
 Come from your silv'ry streams,
 Come from your scenes of joy more bright
 Than we e'er know in dreams.
- 3 Oh, speak to us in gentle tones !
 Our hearts are seeking now
 A beauty like to that which shines
 Upon each Angel brow.
- 4 Like holy star-beams on a sea,
 Fill'd bright with happy isles,
 Whence sullen storms for ever flee,
 Where heav'n for ever smiles ;
- 5 They come, and night is no more night,
 Pale sorrow's reign is o'er ;
 For death is but a gate of light,
 And gloomy now no more.

422

Nearer to Thee.

(Music, S.S. 183.)

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee.

LYCEUM SONGS.

- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy giv'n;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

SARAH FOWLER ADAMS.

423

Daybreak.

(Music, S.S. 187.)

- 1 WATCHMAN ! what of the night?
Watchman ! what of the night?
Joy cometh, joy cometh ;
The morn is breaking ;
Truth is making mighty conquests.

Chorus—Lift up your heads, O faithful souls,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

- 2 Freemen ! what of the right?
Freemen ! what of the right?
Great vict'ry ! great vict'ry !
For all the people !
Mind is ruling land and ocean.—*Chorus*.

- 3 Angels ! what of the day?
Angels ! what of the day?
Peace dawneth ! peace dawneth !
With glory shining !
Love is banding all the nations.—*Chorus*.

CONSTITUTION FOR SPIRITUALISTS' LYCEUMS.

Adopted by the British Spiritualist Lyceum Union.

CONSTITUTION.

Article 1.—Title.

The name of this Lyceum shall be
Children's Progressive Lyceum."

Article 2.—Objects.

The objects of this Lyceum are—To promote the Physical and Social Improvement, as well as the Intellectual, Moral, and Spiritual Progress of its members, and to impart a knowledge of the facts pertaining to our personal immortality, Spirit communion, and the naturalness of Mediumship; and for the inculcation of a morality based on right doing; and a religion free from creed; and to assist in ascertaining some higher mode of work-a-day life in which the ideals of the spiritual life may be better lived than is at present possible.

Article 3.—Membership.

Any person can become a member of this Lyceum by assenting to this Constitution, and having his or her name enrolled on the register, by consent of the Committee. Persons desirous of joining this Lyceum for the express purpose of assisting in its work and management, must be accepted by a majority of the Committee.

Article 4.—Officers.

The Officers shall consist of a Conductor, a Guardian of Groups, a Librarian, a Treasurer, a Secretary, a Musical Conductor, a Captain of Guards, two Guards, and a Corps of Leaders. All offices may be filled by either sex, if age and capacity warrant, and Assistant Officers elected as required.

Article 5.—Annual Meeting.

That the Annual Meeting be held in the month of when the financial condition and progress of the Lyceum during the past year shall be reported; the officers for the ensuing year elected; and other general business transacted. Due notice of the meeting must be given in the Lyceum Session on the two previous Sundays.

All officers shall be elected by a majority of votes given by members of the Lyceum present, over twelve years of age; in case of a contest a ballot can be demanded.

Article 6.—Duties of Officers.

Section 1. That the Conductor shall act as the presiding officer. His or her duties during the Lyceum Sessions shall be to announce the order of exercises, superintend the recitations, lead in the calisthenic exercises where no special officer is elected, and otherwise perform such duties as their office involves.

Section 2. The duty of the Guardian of Groups shall be to superintend the several Groups during the Lyceum Session; lead the responses in the recitations; and to keep a register of the officers.

Section 3. The duty of the Librarian shall be to take charge of the printed books, papers, and other business connected therewith, for the Lyceum.

Section 4. The duty of the Treasurer shall be to receive all monies of the Lyceum, and pay such items as may have been duly passed by the Committee; he shall keep a true account of the same in a book provided for the purpose, which shall be produced for inspection to the Committee when required.

Section 5. The duty of the Secretary shall be to make a record of all meetings of the Committee, all business transacted, and attend to its correspondence.

Section 6. The duty of the Musical Conductor shall be to superintend the musical exercises of the Lyceum under the direction of the Conductor.

Section 7. The duty of the Captain and his Guards shall be to take charge of the Hall and ante-rooms, prepare them for the Sessions; distribute and collect the Badges, Books, etc.; prepare the banners for the marches; extend civilities to visitors; arrange the seats, and otherwise assist as the Conductor may require. They should be constantly on the alert, caring for all the details of the Sessions. It is also the duty of the Captain to take charge of the regalia.

Section 8. The Leaders shall be instructors of their respective Groups, mark its members' attendance in their Group registers, and aim to be evangelists of love and truth to the minds under their care.

Article 7.—The Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee shall be formed by each Lyceum as they think best meets their requirements.

Article 8.—Discipline.

No amendment of law shall ever be passed affecting the religious opinions or social standing of any officer or member; no officer or member shall be expelled or suspended except for insubordination, neglect of duty, disorderly conduct, or the inculcation of principles and practices antagonistic to those of the Children's Progressive Lyceum Movement. All such matters to be decided by the Board of Management.

Article 9.—Vacancies.

Vacancies shall be filled *pro. tem.* by the Conductor; permanent vacancies shall be reported to the Committee, who shall elect new officers to fill the positions,

Article 10.—Library.

The Library of the Lyceum shall be for the use of the members, who can borrow one book at a time on application to the Librarian. No book shall be borrowed for a longer period than.....; any detention after which the fine of.....per week shall be incurred, and, after the expiration of....., the book must be returned, and any damage or loss to or of the book made good by the borrower to the satisfaction of the Executive; no more books shall be allowed to such members until their fines are paid. The Library shall be closed during the last week in.....in each year, and all books called in for the purpose of repairs and taking stock.

Article 11.—Auditors.

Two eligible members shall be elected annually as Auditors, to audit the Lyceum Accounts, books, and papers; one of them shall be selected from amongst the officers and the other from amongst the members. Vacancies to be filled up by the Committee.

Article 12.—Revision of Constitution.

The Articles of this Constitution shall not be amended oftener than once in five years, and then only by a two-thirds majority vote of an Annual Conference. All notices of revision must be sent in writing, duly signed by the proposer, to the General Secretary, not less than eight weeks before the Annual Conference at which it is to be considered, and the General Secretary shall send a printed notice to all Lyceums in the Union, setting forth the proposed amendment, and shall publish the same in the Official Organ for the time being, if there is one.



INDEX.

No.	No.
A cheer for the workers ... 384	Catch the sunshine ... 32-222
A clear bright eye 10	Cherish faith in one another ... 38-235
A country of true homes is a 208	
A faith sublime 89	Cherish kindly feelings ... 50
A gentle kind word 84	Children 79
A glad New Year 405	Children in spirit life ... 139
A ladder of light 104	Children's day 372
A mother parts from her sailor ...	Children's day welcome ... 354
	Clap your hands for joy ... 314
A new faith for the old creeds 75	Closing hymn 311
A psalm of life 30	Closing song 366
Again we've met 368	Come, gentle spirits... ... 421
All are but parts of one ... 1	Come let us sing together... 308
All hail the day of Jubilee 379	Come, sweet angels 320
All hail,sweet day of flow'rs 372	Come they, when the shades 12
All Thy works praise Thee 23	Come to our Lyceum 78
Angel care 241-382	Come, ye spirits true 233-365
Angel whispers 12	Come ye that love our God 303
Angels bright are drawing ...	Cometh a blessing down ... 8
	Communion of saints 21
Angels come to me 406	Consider, thou who art ... 127
Angels lead my footsteps... 383	Courage, brother do not 82-236
Angry words are lightly 92-227	
Anniversary greeting ... 329	Daybreak 423
Anniversary Song 313	Dear Angel-guides may ... 326
Are they not ministering 242-357	Dear honour'd friends ... 371
Are we not brothers ... 37-218	Death 28
Arise, let us go hence ... 373	Death and after life ... 138
As gentle words fall on ... 349	Death is the fading of a cloud 28
As the production of the metal 113	Deeds, not words 93
As we part our prayer ... 311	Deeds versus creeds 57
	Did you ever think that angels 77
Backbone 82	Do good 69
Beautiful home so bright... 351	Do not wait 238-389
Be happy 305	Do we want to contemplate 115
Be kind to others 211	Do you hear the loving angels 76
Be kind to each other ... 5	Do young children survive 139
Be not swift to take offence 45	Doxologies 324-326
Better than grandeur, better 42	Dream of Heaven 344
Blend your voices 219	
Blessed are the faithful ... 101	Esteem thyself 131
Bright days of which... ... 409	
Bright Spirit Star 404	Father, we are weary 321
Brightly beams our Father's 378	Floral Sunday 374
Brotherhood 103	Flow'rs of the garden ... 337
Brothers ! be ye who ye may 72	Fold us in your arms ... 233-365
Brothers ! henceforth ... 119	Footsteps of Angels 64
By the beautiful gate ... 355	Forgiveness 227

INDEX.

No.	No.
Forward, Press to conquer ... 315	Home 19
Friends above us 18	Home affections 208
From behind the veil they're ... 53	Home, sweet home 318
From realms supernal ... 314	Hope on, hope ever 55
From the dear domestic circle 323	How pure in heart 66
Gentle words 349	How the busy builders throng 51
Get up early 46	How to live 25-231
Give as God has given thee ... 74	Hurrah for the men 384
Glory be to our Father ... 413	Hushed be the battle's ... 37-218
Go forward 401	I am free 342
God bless the Lyceum ... 363	I beheld a golden portal ... 207
God folds them in his bosom ... 331	I will steer my barque ... 344
God, Home, and Spirit Land ... 356	If men cared less for wealth ... 9
God of the granite 2	If you cannot go on the ocean ... 4
God speed the right ... 239-310	In that sweet land of sun-shine 385
God that madest earth 366	In the angel home 207
Good-night 319	In the glowing summer time ... 374
Great truths 228	In the march of life 334
Greeting song 323	In the sky that is above us ... 18
Guardian angels 408	Invitation to the Lyceum ... 78
Hail, all hail 348	Invocation to angels 307
Hail, festal morn 339	Is thy cruse of comfort ... 225
Hail the day of Jubilee ... 379	It came upon the midnight ... 80
Hallelujah, we sing 361	It is a faith sublime and sure ... 89
Hand in hand 17-212	It is a sign of true courage ... 213
Hark ! hark ! from grove ... 14	Joy-bells 340
Hark, I hear the angels ... 410	Joy shall come at last 68
Hark ! the sound of 346	Keep your balance 71
Haste to the field of labour ... 395	Kind words and sweet smiles ... 386
Have faith in one another ... 38-235	Knocking, knocking 20
Have you had a kindness shown 96	Know that the love of thy-self 135
He liveth long who liveth well 25-231	Knowledge 219
He that loveth pleasure ... 117	Lead us, loving angels ... 321
He who seeks the truth 97	Let it pass 45
Health is wealth 10	Let superstition be destroyed ... 75
Heart flowers 337	Let the lower lights be burning 378
Hear the angels 345	Let the still air rejoice ... 381
Hear ye not now the voice ... 202	Let us be liberal 126
Heavenly communion 86	Let us gather up the sun-beams 209
Heavenly mansions 216	Let us love while we may ... 208
Heavenly wisdom 132	Let us set the great world ... 396
Help others 74	Let's oftener talk of noble deeds 70
Help your fallen brother ... 206	Liberty, equality 122
High hopes that burn 44	
Hold fast 88	
Holy angels in their flight ... 345	
Holy ministers of light ... 408	

INDEX.

No.	No.
Life and death 113	O children of our Father... 364
Life and happiness 134	Oft across life's pathway 407
Life is immortal 134	Oft-times to earth 400
Life is onward 412	Oh, guide thy barque... 203
Life is what we make it ... 70	Oh, home of love 304
Life's builders 51	Oh, scatter seeds ... 230-360
Light, more light 414	Oh, wake, for the day ... 395
Like the leaves that fade 234-332	Oh,ye who once were mortals307
Little children 91	On the journey of life ... 330
Little words of kindness ... 41	One by one 39
Live for something 99	Open the door for 341
Lo, in our heavenly 216	Open wide the gates... ... 320
Lo, in the golden sky ... 204	Our calendar of saints ... 145
Lord dismiss us 413	Our duties 144
Lord keep us safe 411	Our hearts are bound together
Love 118	309
Lyceum anniversary song... 336	Our Lyceum, 'tis of thee ... 306
Lyceum marching song ... 388	Our rights 143
Lyceum temperance song ... 381	Over and over again... ... 94
Make home pleasant 7	Over the river of light ... 403
Man is an immortal intel- ligence 143	
Manifest temperance 110	Parents and children... ... 127
Marching song 301	Parting song 358
Marching to Zion 303	Pass it on 96
Matter and spirit... 111	Physical,moral and spiritual 133
Mediumship 140	Praise God from whom ... 324
Meet us, angels, at the gate 205-369	Precepts 117
Meet us at the crystal gate 369	Press on 353
Members' parting song ... 309	Press on, ye brave and true 224
Merry, laughing, sparkling 370	Pride,anger,and ignorance 119
Mid pleasures and palaces 318	
Ministering spirits ... 22-223	
More than building showy... 7	Rap, rap, rap 343
Morn amid the mountains 338	Reform 124
Natural worship 229	Rest for the weary 207
Nature's revelation 2	Ring out the false 63
Nay, speak no ill ! 67	Ring the bell softly 90
Nearer to Thee 422	Roses of life 386
Never forget the dear ones 300	
Never give up the right 240-387	Saints above hold sweet ... 21
Never kill or torture 211	Say a kind word when you can 399
No night there 350	Scatter seeds of kindness... 209
Not for ever on thy knees... 93	Scatter the germs of the... 52
Not to the man of dollars... 8	See the mighty hosts... ... 322
Now, good-night 362	Seeds of promise... ... 230-360
Now the winter storms ... 376	Self abnegation 135
Now to heav'n our pray'r	Shall we know each other 347

INDEX.

No.	No.
Soft and low those angels ... 241-382	The days when we were young 416
Someone has gone from this ... 90	The divine order 1
Sometime 85	The family of nations ... 128
Song of the Angels 76	The garden of the heart ... 417
Sparkling water 370	The God of nature 81
Speak gently 36	The golden side 58
Speak, no matter what betide ... 97	The happy spirit land ... 394
Speak not harshly 73	The helping hand ... 415
Speak the best we can 67	The hereafter 210
Spirit 106	The hall of progress 371
Spirit friends 53	The Homeland 316
Spirit friends are at the ... 242-357	The kingdoms of nature ... 107
Spirit rappings 343	The Lyceum 108
Spirit voices 346	The Lyceum band 306
Spiritual commandments ... 109	The march of life 334
Spiritual gifts 141	The nature of man 105
Spiritual harps 201	The nature of Spiritualism ... 137
Spiritual litany 147	The new era 14
Stand firm 226	The night hath gathered up ... 229
Stand for the Right 213	The old, old year, with its ... 367
Star of progress 33	The origin of the Lyceum ... 148
Steps of progress 56-232	The pioneers of freedom ... 146
Strike your harps 391	The philosophy of life ... 126
Summer land 312	The presence of angels ... 77
Sunny days 402	The promised land to-morrow ... 44
Sweet are the ties that bind ... 86	The pure, the bright 40
Sweet golden age 409	The religion of health ... 120
Sweet Summer land 304	The religion of humanity ... 112
Swiftly time is bearing us away 392	The religion of use 123
Tell me my soul, who art thou 210	The School of Progress ... 317
Tell me not in mournful numbers 30	The seed which lies inert 3
Thanksgiving 327	The senses 129
The aim of Spiritualism ... 142	The sowers 91
The angel guest 66	The spacious firmament 23
The angels 204	The spirit sailor boy 352
The angels are coming ... 406	The spirits' mission 15
The angels' lesson 308	The sweet land of sunshine ... 385
The angels' song 80	The teachings of Spiritualism 136
The angels told me so ... 397	The ten laws of right 110
The attainment of Truth ... 149	The three rules 102
The beatitudes 101	The true and the false 114
The beautiful 31	The unity and eternity of labour 121
The beautiful land 60	The unseen world 24
The beautiful shore 54	The veil has been rent 393
The busy day is nearly past ... 358	The visible creation 81
The coming of angels ... 11-214	The voice of an angel 16
The conduct of life 125	The voice of progress 202
The curse that faileth not ... 225	The voyage of life 203
	The word of God 115

INDEX.

No.	No.
The workers win... 3	Trust in God 83-236
The world grows old... ... 65	Trust to the future 59
The world hath much of... 31	Truth 130-228
The world is growing good 396	Truth is the leader 317
The world is full of music 47	Truth is the soul's 130
The world would be better 9	Truth to the nations round 215
There are moments 226	Two sides of life 98
There is no death 100	
There is a land I long to see 312	Vesper 411
There is a shady side of life 98	Voices from the Spirit land 400
There is a star that guides 404	
There is a state unknown... 24	
There's many a rest ... 58	Waiting for us 407
There is no night there ... 350	Waiting on the other side 234-332
There's a beautiful land by the 60	Walk in the light 220
There's a beautiful land which 403	Walk with the beautiful ... 217
There's a beautiful shore 54	Wave the banner 322
There's a home for the poor 26	We all might do good 237-375
There's a land far away ... 210	We are bound across the river 394
There's rest for thee at home 335	We are happy and rejoice 336
There's room in the world 27	We are marching on ... 301-338
There must be something wrong 61	We are trying to follow... 330
Things that never die ... 40	We are waiting by the river 420
Think gently of the erring 29	We come, we come 201
This festival day we'll be happy 361	We do not die, we cannot die 100
This is what the angels teach 57	We go our way in life ... 206
This life is a school 79	We have come unto 313
Tho' they may lay beneath 397	We have faith in old pro- verbs 95
Thou art gone before ... 333	We love the Father 62
Thou God of peace 325	We meet with hearts ex- panding 354
Thou hast passed the shadowy 377	We pause where the upward 373
Thou shalt search for truth 109	We remember the time when 393
Thou shalt lay cross and burden 6	We speak, we speak of ... 355
Though we speak 118	We thank thee, giver of all 327
They are winging ... 22-223	We welcome thy coming ... 339
They come at morn and ... 15	Welcome, angels pure... 13-221
They still live 364	Welcome to all 328
They tell me there are dangers 383	Welcome to angels 13
Thy soul is the monarch... 129	Welcome, thrice welcome ... 328
Time is passing on ... 392	What a glorious thing ... 121
'Tis a law of our being ... 27	What are duties 144
To do good which is really good 220	What are Spiritual gifts ... 141
Trip lightly 49	What are the two great ... 111
Triumph of love 215	What do we chiefly learn... 133
	What does history disclose 128
	What does Spiritualism prove 136
	What I live for 34
	What is a Medium 140
	What is a reform 124

INDEX.

No.	No.
What is death 138	When the day of life is dreary 68
What is man... 105	When the hours of day ... 64
What is noble 43	When the roses ne'er shall 419
What is our baptism... ... 120	When the rosy beams ... 359
What is Spiritualism... ... 137	When this old earth is righted 6
What is truth 228	When we grow weary ... 335
What is wisdom 116	When we hear the music... 347
What is the bond of union 103	When we meet together ... 146
What is the first step... ... 104	When you go out... 237
What is the law of liberty 122	When you see a fellow mortal 82
What is the lowest kingdom 107	Where there's a will... ... 95
What is the lowest rule ... 102	While fields are decked ... 329
What is the Lyceum 108	Who is a wise man 132
What is the principle ... 123	Who would tarry on... ... 219
What is the religion of humanity 112	Wisdom 116
What is the spirit 106	Wisdom orders all things well 87
What is the sweetest and best 114	With heaving sigh 319
What might be done 48	Words and acts of kindness 41
What should be the first ... 131	Work for the night is coming 35
What were life 399	Work is prayer 72
When earth produces 61-239	Work while the day lasts... 380
When old wrongs from earth 87	Working time 380
When once you seize the right 88	
When the Angel Death ... 223	Your mission 4



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